February 23, 1935

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Mexico's Hottest Dictator

By George Creel

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FEB. 23, 1935

1935's MAJOR TOOTH BRUSH IMPROVEMENT

ROUND END BRISTLE

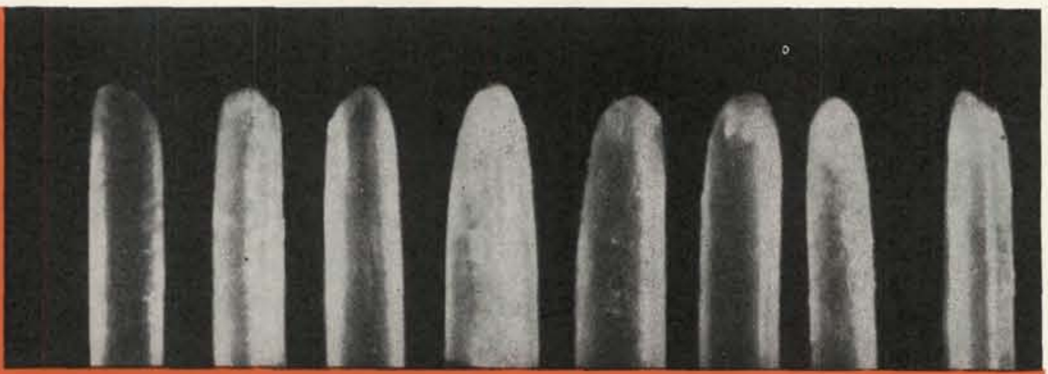


Photo-Micrograph of **ROUND-END BRISTLE** Magnified 19.75 Times

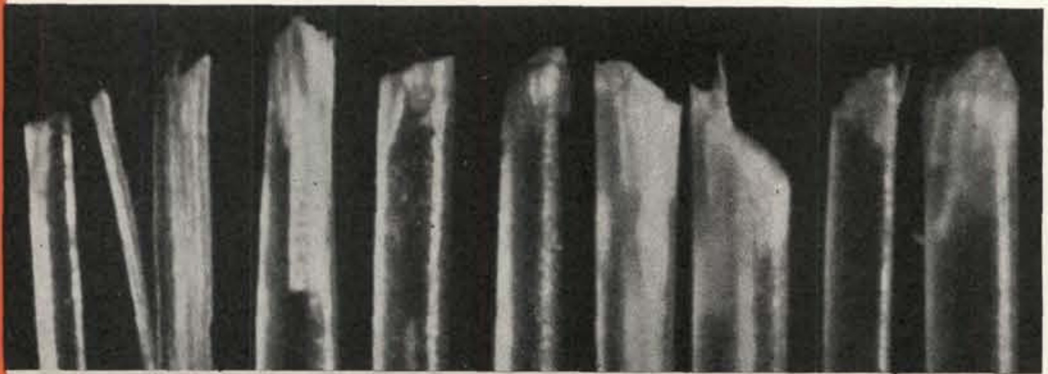
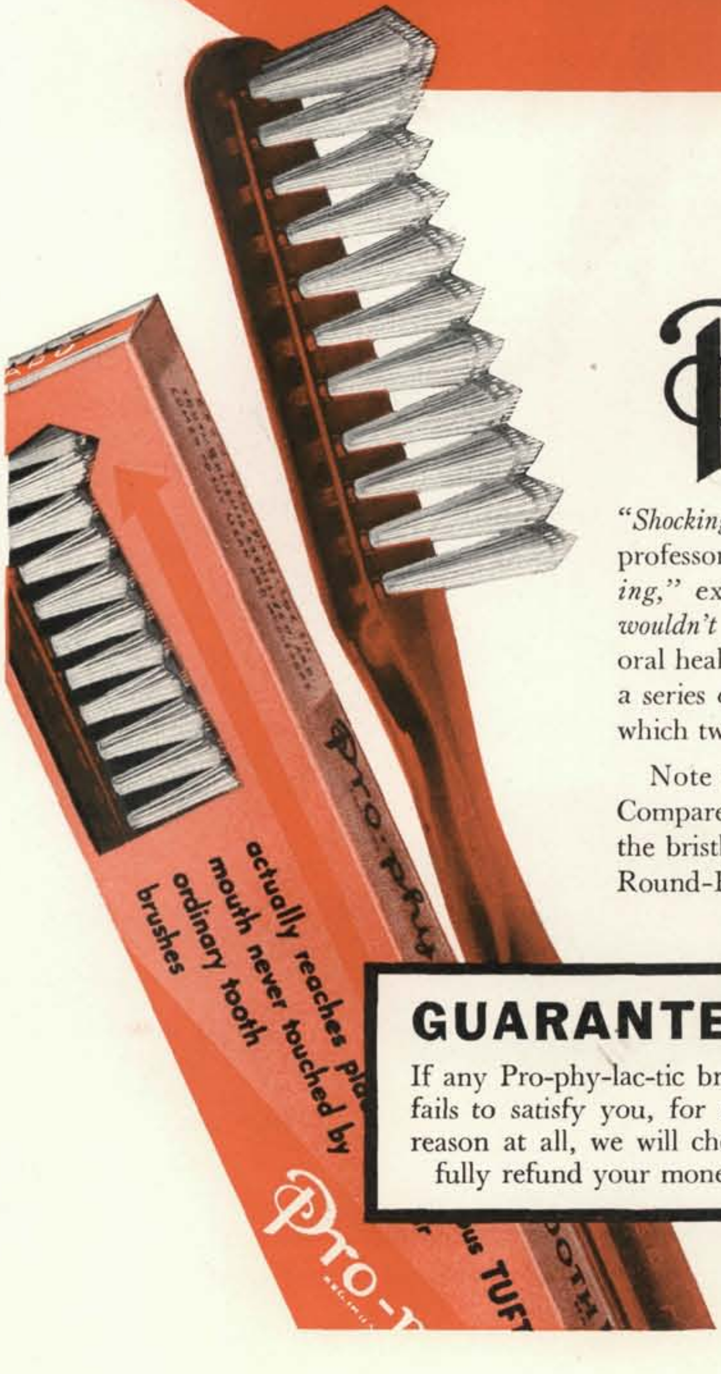


Photo-Micrograph of **ORDINARY BRISTLE** Magnified 19.75 Times


Pro-phy-lac-tic
actually reaches places mouth never touched by ordinary tooth brushes
TUFTED TOOTH

EXCLUSIVE WITH

Pro-phy-lac-tic

"*Shocking,*" was the comment of a well-known professor in a famous dental college . . . "*Amazing,*" exclaimed an eminent dentist . . . "*I wouldn't have believed it possible,*" said another oral health authority. All three had been shown a series of unretouched photo-micrographs, of which two are reproduced above.

Note the startling difference for yourself. Compare the saw-edges, spears, and prongs of the bristle in an ordinary tooth brush with the Round-End bristle in the new Pro-phy-lac-tic. A series of microscopic tests show that every tooth brush *except the new Pro-phy-lac-tic* has these jagged, sharp, split ends. Which do you want on your gums . . . saw-tooth or Round-End bristle? Remember, before you answer, that this amazing new invention of Round-End bristle is only one of many exclusive Pro-phy-lac-tic benefits. Only in our brushes do you get Perma-Grip, the invention which ended bristle picking for all Pro-phy-lac-tic users by "welding" the bristles into the handle. Pro-phy-lac-tic, too, gives you that famous tuft on the end of the brush, which enables thorough cleaning of the back teeth.

For a modern tooth brush that cleans better, protects the gums, and lasts longer, try the new TUFTED Pro-phy-lac-tic. Its *Round-End* bristles are finer quality, full of life and resistant to moisture. There are four sizes of the TUFTED Pro-phy-lac-tic, *Regular Adult* and *Small-type for Adults,* 50¢. *Youth's,* 35¢. *Child's,* 25¢. All in the familiar yellow and red box.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY, *Florence, Mass.*

GUARANTEE

If any Pro-phy-lac-tic brush fails to satisfy you, for any reason at all, we will cheerfully refund your money

64% of all Tooth Brushes sold in the United States [SURVEYS INDICATE] are TUFTED type

All His . . .

yet he uses a 25¢ toothpaste

Mr. Pyne is a member of the famous Pyne family of Princeton tradition. Globe-trotter, golf enthusiast, international host, one of his hobbies is the collection of rare paintings and porcelains. Mr. Pyne is the recipient of numerous decorations from the Courts of Europe.

Mr. Percy Rivington Pyne, 2nd, of Princeton, N. J., Roslyn, L. I., and New York City, tycoon, philanthropist, art collector, and sportsman finds Listerine Tooth Paste superior.

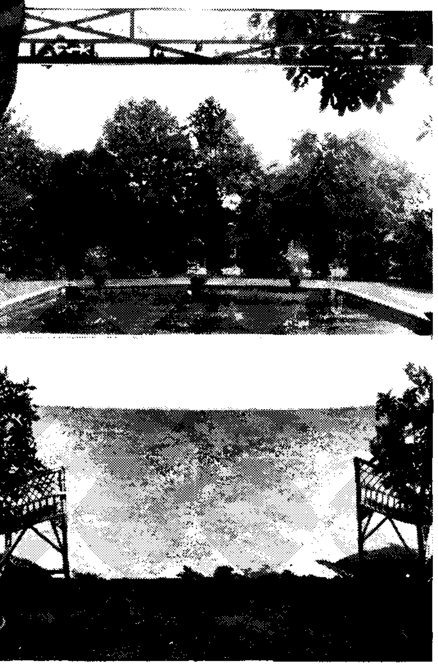
It is no accident that men such as Mr. Pyne, with wealth and tradition behind them, are constant users of Listerine Tooth Paste.

They are in the habit of buying critically, wisely, and with quality always in mind. Mere price could not attract. Only definite, clear-cut results appeal. Of Listerine Tooth Paste, Mr. Pyne's opinion is that:

Listerine Tooth Paste seems to meet all the necessary requirements—and that is why I like it.

If you have not tried this remarkable tooth paste, by the makers of Listerine, do so now. Note how quickly it attacks stains, discolorations, and tartar. How ably it removes film. See how thoroughly it cleans. See also how teeth gleam and sparkle after its use. And don't forget to look for that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and invigoration you associate with Listerine itself.

Listerine Tooth Paste comes in two economical sizes: Regular, large, 25¢ size, and Double Size, 40¢. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

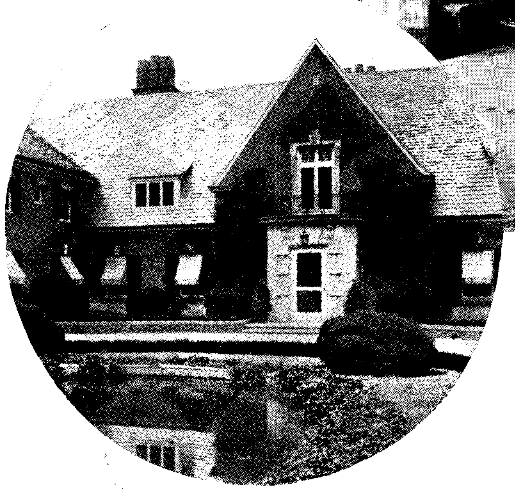


The spacious pool in Mr. Pyne's garden at Rivington House, Roslyn, Long Island.

(below) *The dining room in Mr. Pyne's Roslyn home. In the background the priceless Raeburns, a part of Mr. Pyne's magnificent collection of art treasures.*

The notable picture of Miss Arabella Reynolds by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

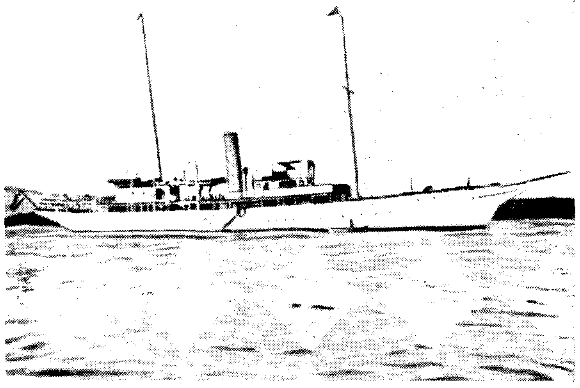
The entrance to magnificent Rivington House.



LISTERINE

TOOTH PASTE

Large Size . . . 25¢ — New Double Size . . . 40¢



Yacht Mr. Pyne chartered on his last Mediterranean trip.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

WHEN a young man, living in New Jersey, decides to become a cotton planter and Southern gentleman, you're safe in falling back upon the police maxim, *cherchez la femme.* The woman in this case was one Sally Beth, hailing from some unspecified point south of the Mason-Dixon line and temporarily living in exile among the Yankees. Her sojourn was made tolerable by a cloud of admirers.

To triumph over such competition would require an action of unusual and heroic enterprise. Stew (Gaylord) Ormsby performs it in "The Siren's Call," a scintillating short story by Richard Connell.

EARLY last year a bill legalizing betting on horse races was passed by the General Assembly of Rhode Island and signed by the governor, thus becoming law. Immediately things began to happen. A fine race course sprang into existence. Thousands of people flocked into the state. Hundreds of thousands of dollars changed hands.

At the end of the season Rhode Island added up the account and discovered that business done at the track exceeded her most optimistic estimates. And yet something was wrong with the picture. Rhode Island felt that she had sold her virtue and had been paid in counterfeit coin. Frank D. Morris explains the situation in "Rhode Island Picks the Wrong Horse."

NOBODY would expect a girl as pretty as Carlotta Brown to be responsible. But she was. Alone among Senator Brown's children she felt an obligation to protect the family name from any breath of scandal. That's why no one learned of the exciting incidents that lay behind her own romance. The headline ran, "Weds Statesman's Daughter," but Lucian Cary goes beyond the headlines in his swiftly moving short story.

THERE was no reason for the charming Miss Mott to suspect that the signature "Buttercups and Daisies," which appeared in her column in the paper, concealed a band of sinister criminals. And yet the lack of that suspicion very nearly cost her life and that of her uncle, Inspector Wragge. E. Phillips Oppenheim describes their shocking experience in "Behind Barred Doors."

RICHARD SHERMAN writes the Short Short Story. May Edginton and Alan LeMay continue the serials. And T. R. Ybarra, Edward Shenton, Quentin Reynolds and Freling Foster provide a variety of goodies. All for you.

This Week

●

February 23, 1935

Cover by Joseph Morgan

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FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
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Pluck and Luck. James Michael Curley, the man you can't beat. Page 16

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KYLE CRICHTON
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Keep Up with the World. A few fast ones. Page 28

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Rabble-Rouser. Page 70

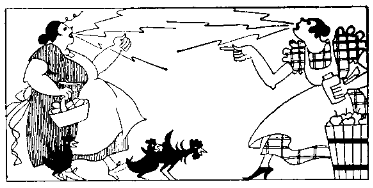
●

Any Week

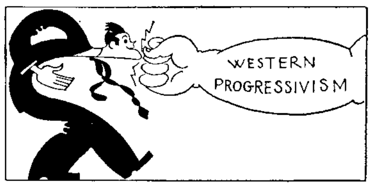
WE'RE very sorry, Mrs. Etting, but you'll have to apply to better brains than we have around here. However, in the event that some of you readers have the answer, we gladly set forth the collection of questions Mrs. Etting of Birmingham, Alabama, flings at us. "As I get it," says she, "we little folks will be exempt from taxation and the burden of financing the federal, state, county, township and municipal governments will be placed upon the rich. Also, the money the rich have accumulated will be confiscated and divided among us poor. Moreover, if we vote for the politicians offering this we poor won't have to work hard because most of the cost of living will be saddled upon the rich. But," concludes Mrs. Etting, "what happens after the rich have been forced to take over our taxes and split up their money with us? Where does the next split come from? Will the rich have to go to work to earn more? If so, who will they work for—the poor?"

IF YOU have the answer to those don't relax. We have another for you. This one's from Mr. Will Pleasant of Denver, Colorado. "As you probably saw in the latest elections," says Mr. Pleasant, "nobody got overheated about balancing the federal budget. The opposition told us that if the budget wasn't balanced the whole governmental structure would collapse. Well, suppose they did balance the budget. What would happen? Or what wouldn't happen?"

MRS. T. INGSWORTH of Toledo, Ohio, is among the latest skeptics. Time was when Mrs. Ingsworth and the wife of a farmer near by were the very best of friends. Caught in the current economic tides, they agreed upon a bit of cooperation. Mrs. Ingsworth, a first-class canner and preserver, agreed with her friend to trade canned stuff and preserves during the winter for eggs from her neighbor's hennery. News came to Mrs. Ingsworth that her friend's hens were on strike and that the eggs were coming from the grocer's crates. Someone told the egg lady that Mrs. Ingsworth was buying canned tomatoes and so forth from the stores and emptying them into jars. And that was the end of that.



"OUT here in California," says Mr. T. J. McIlhenny of San Francisco, "we knew that Governor Merriam wasn't going to be as liberal as his campaign managers said. We elected him anyway because we thought that it would cost us too much to be as liberal as Mr. Sinclair. And now we're kicking because the man we elected doesn't want to be as liberal as he said. But we knew that before we elected him. We didn't know what might happen under Sinclair. In other words we, the people, are willing to take it on the chin provided we know in advance that it is going to be the chin. This is what is known as western progressivism."



MR. H. B. MARTIN of Amarillo, Texas, tried to balance his budget not long ago. Darned thing refused to stay balanced. Says he, "I thought of doing without Collier's. I informed your subscription man I never wanted to see him again. But then I made the mistake of picking up the current issue. Ah, well. The hell with the budget!"

YOU might as well have a go at a problem Mr. A. P. Pedick of Winona, Minnesota, stumbled into not long ago. "I was riding on a train carrying many CCC fellows and college students," reports he. "I must say that in manners the CCC fellows were five to one ahead of the college boys. All the college boys talked about for three or four hours was their college-trained minds, their high intellects and their social rating. Not only did these students give everyone a pain in the neck but they smoked so much I could scarcely breathe."

CAN'T tell what you'll run into. Mrs. O. G. Rushin of Tallahassee, Florida, says she hired a nice-looking young fellow from a transient camp and has found him to be one of the best gardeners she ever saw. "He is also a good chauffeur," says Mrs. Rushin, "can cook and loves to paint the porch. He can play the piano, sing classical music and is in constant demand for bridge. Somebody suggested he might be one of Mr. Roosevelt's young men getting first-hand information."

WHERE'S Rex Tugwell these days?

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Prevent Diphtheria!

"The inoculation was perfectly simple. He didn't mind it a bit. This young man will never have diphtheria!"

THE number of deaths from diphtheria dropped, on an average, about 1,000 each year—approximately from 14,000 to 4,000—throughout the United States from 1923 until 1934. In those cities and towns where inoculation of pre-school children is the rule and not the exception, the danger from diphtheria is steadily decreasing. In fact there are many large communities where no deaths from diphtheria have occurred over a number of years.

Antitoxin, discovered years ago, was a partial victory over diphtheria. It usually relieved the severity of an attack of the disease and helped to save many lives. With the extensive development of toxin-antitoxin or toxoid inoculations, a preventive method for blotting out this disease has been found. All children should be protected against diphtheria when they have reached the age of six months. Inoculation gives the great majority complete and lasting immunity against the disease. Whether a child lives in the city or in the country, a nearby doctor can give him the inoculation.

Not all of the diphtheria tragedies are due to lack of information or to negligence on the part of parents. In some cases mothers are under the impression that their children are in no danger of contracting this disease because of the devoted care given them. They are reluctant to have their healthy children immunized. Parents should realize that the utmost care may not protect their boys and girls from this preventable disease. Successful inoculation in infancy will protect them.

Nearly two-thirds of the fatal results from diphtheria occur between the ages of six months and six years. Those who recover from an attack may even then be left with permanently damaged hearts. Inoculation is a simple matter, soon over with, and leaves no scar. If you have children of your own who have not been inoculated, protect them at once.

Metropolitan will mail, free, its booklet "Diphtheria and Your Child." Address Booklet Dept. 335-C.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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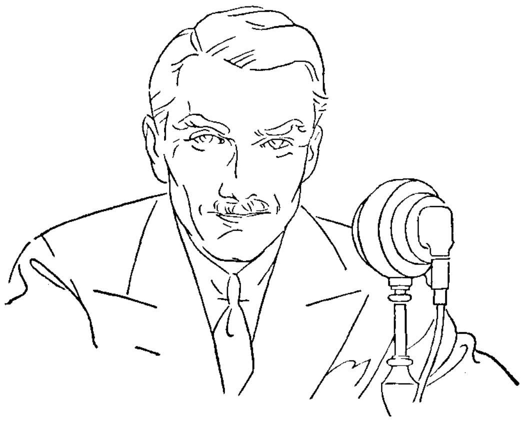
PHILCO PERFORMS A GREAT PUBLIC SERVICE FOR MILLIONS EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR



Boake Carter, Philco's News Commentator, who broadcasts five nights each week over key Columbia stations, speaks his mind.

Hello Everyone, Boake Carter speaking:

"Didn't it ever strike you," wrote the chief engineer of an American merchant steamer to me the other day, "that your daily news broadcast is the only way that thousands of sailors at sea know what is going on in the world? You and Philco are performing a service for us that cannot be estimated."

You notice he writes "Philco is performing a service." He's right! Consider the thousands of business offices Philco-equipped to follow congressional activities, presidential speeches and the like. Consider the farmers isolated in rural sections who follow the day's grain, hog and produce market reports over their Philcos, and who otherwise would usually average a day late on quotations.

Look into the women's clubs, or the tens of thousands of kitchens in the nation's homes and see how Philco has lightened the average housewife's burden.

Old people, along in the twilight of life, often write me to say that of all radios they ever listened to, Philco is the only one they really enjoy, because of its clear, brilliant tone. To them, it means an escape from a soundless world of deafness.

The blind feel the same way. They cannot see and thus their hearing becomes acute and highly sensitive. Thus, they can always detect an imperfect radio. But blind people enthuse over Philco High-Fidelity instruments. Their tone is perfect to the super-sensitive hearing of the blind.

Think of the service Philco renders the bed-ridden, the hospitalized, the wounded war veteran, to all of whom Philco means escape from an unromantic world.

Music teachers have found that Philco gives the truest and clearest reproduction of musical tones. Music students are known to progress faster because of the help and service given them through Philco's Patented Inclined Sounding Board.

Mothers have told me that since all-wave reception was perfected by Philco, their children's knowledge of geography and pronunciation of foreign languages have advanced in leaps and bounds.

Among most people you'll find real affection for Philco, because, they explain, Philco radios not only bring them entertainment but render to millions of people every day of their lives, a real, genuine service.

That's what that chief engineer of the steamer meant when he wrote: "Philco is performing a service for us."—Boake Carter.

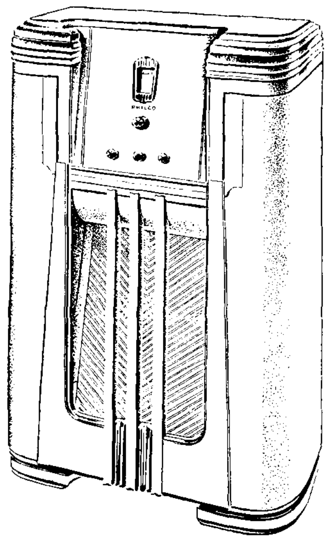
PHILCO 16x . . $175

World-wide reception plus tone such as only PHILCO can give. PHILCO'S Patented Inclined Sounding Board is the greatest single development in scientific sound reproduction.

1 Its slant directs the straight-traveling high tones up to ear level, giving brilliance and clearness, otherwise lost.

2 Its large baffle area brings out all low tones, giving mellowness and depth.

RESULT: All music and speech are distinct and natural, as if the artists were present "in person."



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PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY RADIO

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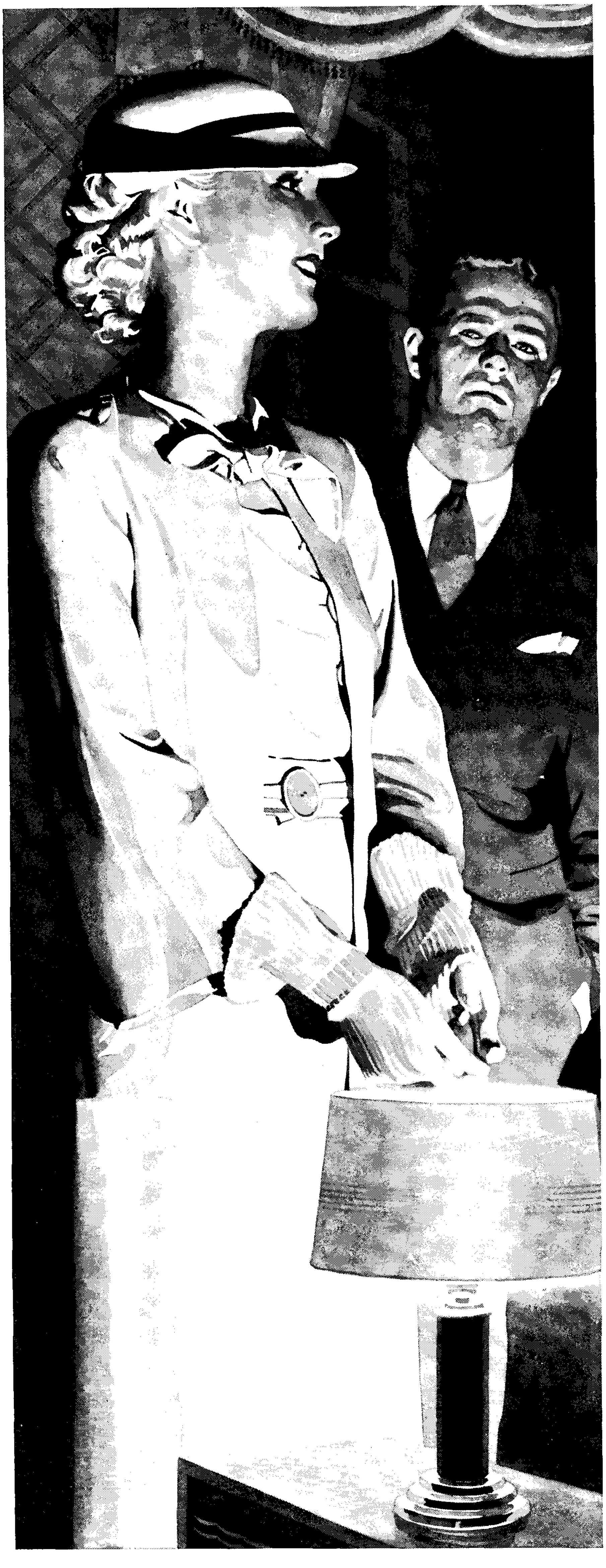
Collier's The National Weekly for February 23, 1935



Ed was stripping off her fancy fabric gloves. Indigo was propped up against the door, smiling at something she had said

Hard and Smart

By C. S. Montanye

ILLUSTRATED BY
RONALD McLEOD

Once, just once, Joe Sherry really loved. And once, just once, he was awarded the well-known double-cross. The story made even the cops gasp

JOE SHERRY closed the door leading from the balcony to his private office.

"Who's the doll with Indigo?" he asked Peter Burchell.

"Brunette?"

"Blond. Big blue eyes. Peaches and cream complexion. Swell pair of gambs. She's dressed in dark green and has four bracelets on one arm and two on the other."

Burchell shook his head. "Must be somebody new. I don't know her."

"I'm going to," Sherry said, crossing to the desk and helping himself to a cigarette. He blew the match out and changed the subject. "By the way, what was it you dropped in for, Pete?"

Burchell, a tall, loosely built man, unbuttoned his overcoat. He had a gaunt, empty face with wrinkles around his eyes.

"I'm worried about that Decker matter. It don't look so open and shut any more. I understand Charlie Vannis of the Homicide is sniffing at it again. That ain't so good. He's a bloodhound once he gets started. Heard anything?"

Sherry listened to the faint beat of his dance orchestra playing in the Cocktail Promenade downstairs. Fourteen instruments including a harp. The best and smoothest band along Broadway.

"I haven't heard a thing," Sherry said precisely. "Vannis hasn't been around here. What are you worrying about? Only three people know what really happened to Harry Decker. You're one, Indigo's another, and I'm the third. We're not talking, so it's still shut."

Burchell slipped a toothpick between his lips. He chewed on it thoughtfully.

"I don't like the looks of it much. I keep thinking about it all the time. If Vannis is on the job how do we know what he's got up his sleeve—"

"Cut it out!" Sherry's hand tightened over Burchell's shoulder. "Pull yourself together. Nobody's going to hurt you."

"Yeah, but—"

Sherry pushed him away. For a minute he stood half in shadow, half in light. He was a slender, brown-haired youth with a hard, attractive face. His dinner suit was molded to his trim, lithe figure. He didn't resemble the ordinary hard-boiled night-club proprietor. He looked like one of good breeding, glossed over with a thin veneer of Broadway.

"GO downstairs, get yourself a drink and stop jittering. Forget Charlie Vannis. That monkey couldn't find a wardrobe trunk in a telephone booth."

"If they reach for us," Burchell said under his breath, "we won't have a chance. They'll put us on the sparks before we can open our faces."

"*Get out!*" *Sherry snapped impatiently.*

He shut the office door after Burchell left, and went back to his desk. He dropped into the swivel chair beside it. For a minute his eyes were troubled. Then he shook himself mentally. Pete Burchell was always grousing about something. He was only happy when he had worries. There was nothing to be alarmed about. Suppose Charlie Vannis was nosing around. That didn't mean so much. There wasn't a shred of evidence, nothing concrete or conclusive, that tied them up with the Decker affair.

Sherry went downstairs. His place was well filled with the after-theater crowd. People called to him. They nodded and smiled as he went along the main aisle. He spoke to a waiter.

"That's no way to pile dishes. Want to break the lot of 'em?"

"No, boss."

"Do it this way next time." He made a few changes. "Get the idea?"

He went on to a table at the edge of the dance floor. Indigo, as they called the former blues singer, was propped up in one of the ornate chairs. He was shorter than Sherry. He had an unhealthy, sallow complexion, dead black hair and eyebrows. A black, narrow mustache decorated his short upper lip. The skin was drawn tightly over his prominent cheek bones. He wore a double-breasted brown suit, a blue shirt and tie and polished tan shoes.

Sherry's gaze focussed on the blond girl who sat tapping out the rhythm of the dance tune with the tip of her stilt-heeled slipper. Sherry tried to place her. He knew, by sight and reputation, nearly all of the attractive women who played the hot spots. Somehow he had the feeling the girl was out of the cast of a floor show. Indigo had the knack of picking up pretty ones.

"Hello, Joe. I didn't see you coming." Indigo spoke to the girl. "Toots, I want you to meet Joe Sherry."

She raised her blue eyes, her soft, red mouth curving into a smile.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Sherry. Indigo's always talking about you."

"I hope he says nice things."

Indigo laughed.

"What do you think I want—a broken neck?"

"Get a load of Pete," Sherry said to him briefly. "He's low."

Indigo got up.

"Still worried? I'll fix him." To the blonde, he added: "Pardon me a minute. I've got a little job."

SHERRY sat down in his chair.

"I don't think I got the name straight."

She looked across at him, her blue eyes cloudy. He was conscious of some perfume she wore. She used too much of it but, in a way, it seemed to express her personality. Like herself, the scent was colorful, individual.

"My name's Edwina Baldwin. That's a mouthful, isn't it? But nobody ever calls me anything but Ed or Toots."

"What's your grift?"

"You mean what do I do?"

"Yes, what do you grind at?"

"I'm rehearsing with Spiegle's floor show. It's called Broadway Fancies. It goes in at the Studio on the fifteenth. It's really a swell show. The Inverdale English Dancing Pinwheels are with it. It's the best floor show I've ever been in."

"Then you've been in others?"

"Two. I only came to New York a year and a half ago. I hail from Pennsylvania, near Allentown. My old man runs a garage and filling station there."

Sherry smiled thinly.

"I run a filling station here." A pencil slid into his fingers. He folded the wine card in half. "What's your telephone number? I want to stop around and take you out to lunch tomorrow."

"But I'll be rehearsing until one-thirty."

"I'll drop in at the hall then. Where are you working, Bryant or Hollander?"

Indigo came back.

"He's all right. He went on uptown to see some rib he knows."

"I've just been making a date with Toots for tomorrow," Sherry said. "I like her. She's a nice little girl. We're going to have a lot of fun together."

"Oh, are we?" the blonde echoed.

Indigo grinned.

"I thought you'd go for her, Joe. Yes, she is nice, but you'd better buy her a wrist watch. All she does is ask what time it is."

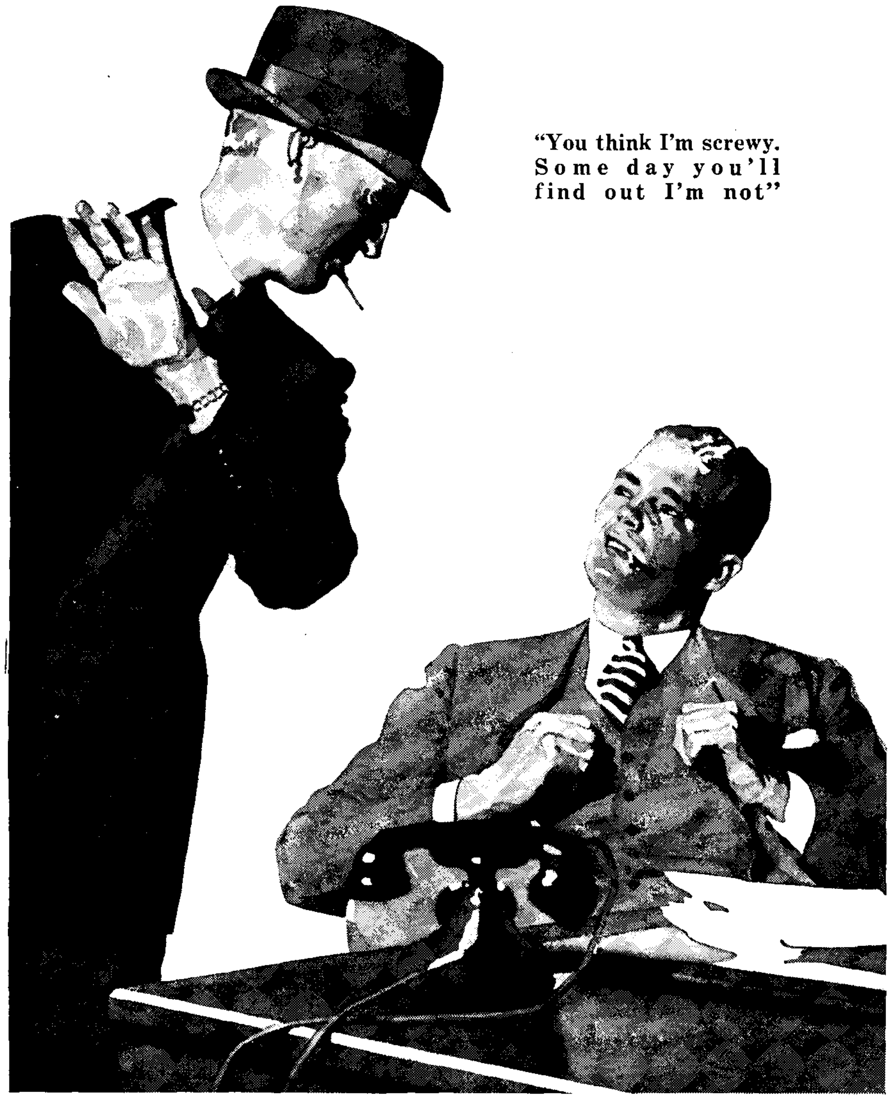
Sherry was in the outer room of one of the rehearsal halls at Hollander's when she came out, carrying a small satchel containing her dancing clothes. She was hot and tired. Sherry liked her looks even better that way than he had the night before at his place. Her mouth was free from the smear of lipstick. No false animation pepped her up. She seemed younger without the green gown and bracelets. Today she wore a printed silk dress that didn't overemphasize the curves and contours of her figure. Youth dowered her with a radiance undimmed by her weariness.

"Somebody ought to tell Al Laidlaw about how Lincoln abolished slavery. Al's putting on the routines. Honest, when he blew the last whistle I was ready to be carried out on a shutter."

"I know what you need," Sherry said.

"So do I—a new pair of legs."

"I didn't mean that. Those stems look pretty good as they are. I was thinking about something to eat—and drink."


"You think I'm screwy. Some day you'll find out I'm not"

"YOU'VE got a nerve," she said, when they faced each other across a table in a grill around the corner from the rehearsal hall. "I mean, cutting in on Indigo this way. Up until last night I thought I was his girl. Seems like I've made a mistake."

"What I want I usually take," Sherry told her coolly. "I've always been like that. That's why I've got dough. I'm not afraid of the breaks. I gamble, play my chances to win. I've got a night club that's kicking in a profit every week. They told me I couldn't pay off the nut—that I'd fold up before I got going. That didn't stop me any. I'm somebody on this boulevard. I'm Joe Sherry."

"You must be smart," the blonde said.

"Smart? I've got steel traps looking like advertised deadfalls. I use my brain. They can't stop me."

The blue eyes surveyed him musingly.

"You've been in jail."

"I did two years and six months. That was before I got smart. What about it?"

She shook her head a little.

"Nothing much. Indigo did a stretch, too."

"Yes, and so did Peter Burchell and a lot of other guys who are capering around the stem. I didn't bring you here to talk about prison. I want to find out why I tumbled for you last night. What makes you different from other girls? Why did I keep thinking about you whenever I woke up last night? That's what I want to figure out. Maybe you can help me do it."

He saw her the next day, the day after that and twice over the week-end. There was something about her that fascinated him. She was like the springtime with a delicate appeal to the senses. She seemed to breathe the soft air of romance, to contain the promise of enchantment and rapture. She was like thistledown dancing along through sunny spaces. She seemed to laugh at him and yet, at the same time, to lead him on. He followed the childish, carefree and happy lure of her.

A WEEK after they met he sat in the bandbox living-room of her tiny apartment watching as she evolved order out of chaos. The night before, she had entertained several of the girls rehearsing with her. There were glasses to collect and wash in the kitchenette, bottles to be put away. The defunct volcanoes of high-heaped ash trays had to be emptied. She thumped the gay pillows on the couch into some semblance of shape.

"You're a big help, Joe."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Stop looking at me like that."

"You're worth looking at. Is your hair natural or do you use stuff to give it that golden shine?"

"What do you think?"

"I think," Sherry said abruptly, "I'm going to marry you."

Her glance was quick, almost startled. Laughter lighted the blue eyes.

"You're kidding!"

"I'm on the level. I've seen a lot of dolls in my time, but I've never turned sappy like this before. I mean it. I'm in love with you."

She searched his hard, good-looking face curiously. She dropped her cheesecloth dust rag on a chair and balanced herself lightly on the arm of the couch.

"You—want—to marry me?" she repeated, as though she hadn't heard right.

Sherry got up and went over to her.

"Next week. It'll be April. April's my luck. I got out of the poogie in April. I started my night club in April. It's the best month of the year—for me. How about it, Ed? Want to take a chance?"

After a space she saw how serious he was. The corners of her mouth drooped. She was passive and unresisting when he took her in his arms. Her kisses aroused in him not hunger demanding renewal but surfeit that would demand more surfeit. Kisses that were more a promise than a fulfillment—kisses like charity, creating want by holding back nothing.

"It's all settled then?" He could feel her breath on his face, the quick, excited beat of her heart. "One thing, play square with me, Ed. I'm a swell citizen when the going's good, but a lot of grief when things turn sour. I'll give you the best of everything, but you've got to treat me right. Listen, compared with me an elephant's a mouse when it comes to remembering. Don't forget that."

She opened her blue eyes and looked dreamily up at him.

"You're a fast worker. I—I haven't even said I would marry you and already you're laying down the law."

Sherry laughed.

"April," he half whispered. "April's my luck—we'll get married next week."

THEIR witnesses were Indigo and Peter Burchell. When they left the Municipal Building they walked across City Hall Park. Ed hung on Sherry's arm, the sun in her face. When they reached Broadway Sherry nodded toward the taxis parked on Chambers Street.

"Beat it. Much obliged for your services. See you later."

"Then there's no lunch?" Burchell asked. "I thought when folks got tied it was something like a wake. You know, a little chow to finish things off."

"Come on," Indigo cut in. "Let's lam back to civilization. I feel like an immigrant down here."

Sherry led the way to the cab parked behind the one Burchell and Indigo took.

"Times Square," he said to the driver. He reached over and picked up the hand he had slipped the diamond band on. "Happy?"

"I got a big kick out of it."

"Where do you want to go on a honeymoon—Bermuda, Europe, Niagara Falls? You name it."

She looked surprised, forgetting for a moment that she had left the floor show Spiegle was putting in the Studio. She stared up the canyon of lower Broadway. Bermuda—Europe. It was like childhood days when she had played London Bridge and they had asked her to choose between a solid gold piano and a chariot with diamond wheels.

"Do we have to go away? Can't we stay here?"

Sherry's arm went around her. He exulted in the soft, warm feel of her.

"I guess I knew what I was doing when I tabbed you. I hoped you'd say something like that. Sure, we'll stay here. Why not?"

The apartment he subleased furnished was atop a building near West End Avenue. The Hudson crawled almost at its feet. The Palisades were grim battlements opposite. They could

(Continued on page 48)

Story in Pictures

By W. B. Courtney

Maybe you saw the art exhibit at the Chicago Institute last year or the year before, when you went to the Fair. Maybe you looked it over pretty carefully. But that doesn't mean that you know the story of the cats of San Francisco, or the Lapland reindeer, or the Austrian freight car, or the other important facts that Collier's inquiring reporter, with a fine eye for a picture, herewith presents to you

Whistler's "Portrait of the Artist's Mother" arrives in Chicago for exhibition at the Fair

SOMEWHERE in the greasier parts of San Francisco—dozing, perhaps, where the shadow of a tall mast slants across the Embarcadero; or honing his claws on a bale in the railroad freight yards down Mission Street—there is a veteran tomcat, with shredded gray whiskers and many scarred bald spots who could tell you this story even better than I.

Perhaps, indeed, there are four such cats, or seven, left of the original legion. The encyclopedia points out that a score of years is not an impossible life span for a sound cat. You should not really expect more than seven, however, for life is hard in these commercial streets; and there would be no sense at all in your looking to the window sills of fine apartments upon Nob Hill, since the cats who might tell you this yarn are not the sort of cats who live up there with the quality. But unless you do find one of the cats I have in mind, and speak his lingo, it is my story to relate; for which I bend to Allah, because it's a tale a writing man does not meet every day.

Throughout the early months of the Great War the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco approached its Opening Day—February 20, 1915—with bare walls in the foreign galleries and international wings of the Fine Arts Building. All the promises of European capitals to send over their art treasures were understandably neglected; while in Germany and France, in the Dual Monarchy and in Britain, museum staff men were, according to their ages and soundness of teeth, either handed knapsacks and rifles or left to mumble over ancient vases.

Suppose you had been a young person then, and responsible for hanging those blank walls out in Golden Gate Park? No doubt you would have said oh-oh and braced yourself in expectation of disappointment, romance and some exciting success. That is just what Bob Harshe did—and it *was* his job. Young, enthusiastic and from Missouri; artist in his own right, critic, ambitious first aide to the Chief of the Fine Arts Exhibition—he prowled moodily through empty wings, only the echoes of his own footsteps for company, while his mind's eye read angry handwriting and saw visions of battlefields on plaster that had been reserved for the tangible fruits of peace and culture.

But in his most involved apprehensions of his luckless job it did not occur to Harshe that the far-off kingdom of Norway would be able officially to send her national art collection to the Panama-Pacific Exposition only because the Klondike prospectors of '98 had lacked proteins in their diet; nor could he have guessed that if Norway did not send her exhibit of paintings and sculpture, the alley cats of San Francisco would have remained always just plain ordinary alley cats—instead of devotees of culture, and the only cats in history to attend an art show.

Harshe knew that Norway had assembled in Christiania—now Oslo—a splendid display of the productions of her national artistic genius. Moreover, he had also learned that the little northland country, close to the red edge of fighting and famine, needed her kroner for more practical uses than shipping art overseas. Harshe found this regrettable not alone because of the threatened meagerness of foreign participation, but principally because Norway's collection was both artistically and historically important.

How Norway Came to 'Frisco

He reflected one day, as he looked at the walls that should be Norway, surely there must be in San Francisco enough Norwegian-Americans whose pride in the country of their fathers would make them glad to share out of their mite or their plenty the cost of fetching the art from Christiania. Harshe, knowing that an innocent searcher can make lancinating mistakes in Scandinavian names, as between Swedes and Norwegians, took the city directory and his notion to the Norwegian consul in San Francisco.

The consul said: "Never mind a list. I think it may be necessary for us to see only one man. We shall walk over to his office and on the way I'll tell you about him." The consul needed all of three blocks for his explanation. In the last years of the nineteenth century, he said, more people had gone about the Arctic Circle than ever before in recorded history. This was on account of the Alaskan gold rush, when most of us heard the names Klondike

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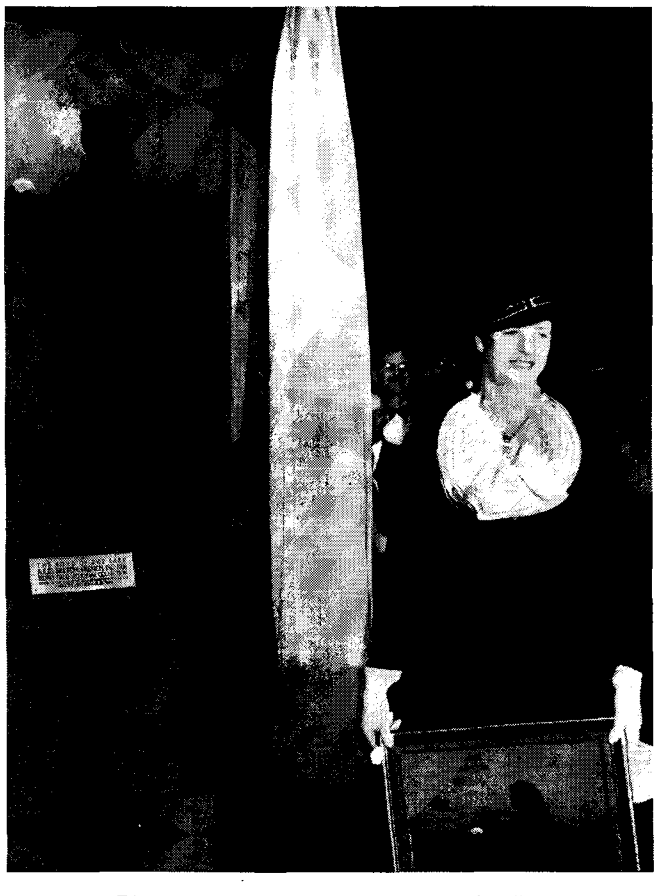


The First Lady at the unveiling of "The Song of the Lark," voted America's most popular painting

Dr. Robert B. Harshe, left, with M. Paul Jamot, Curator of Painting and Drawing of the Louvre

The Scourge of Tabasco

By George Creel

Pausing for a moment in his twin hobbies of persecuting religion and dousing winebibbers, Señor Garrido explained to Mr. Creel the principles of tropical dictatorship. He is himself an accomplished, thoroughgoing dictator—and is he hot? Well, in Tabasco you've got to be

TAKE Mussolini, Huey Long, Hitler and Bishop Cannon, mix them thoroughly and the composite will give a fairly good idea of Tomas Garrido Canabal, for ten years dictator in the tropical state of Tabasco and still retaining his absolute control, although now Secretary of Agriculture in Mexico's new cabinet.

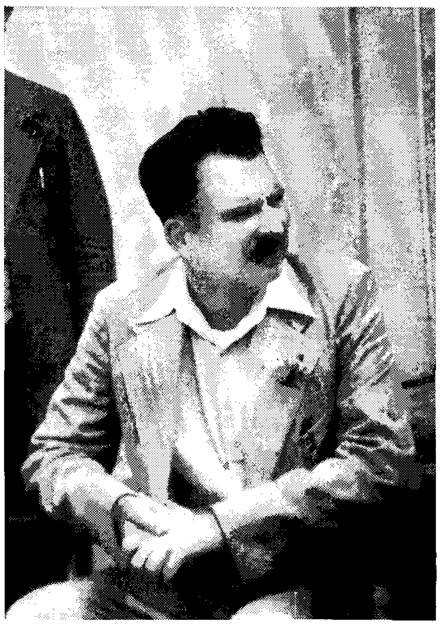
Plutarco Elias Calles may be the Iron Boss, and President Lazaro Cardenas a popular idol, but it is Garrido who looms largest in the Mexican eye and mind today. Go where one will south of the Rio Grande, the name of Don Tomas is on every tongue, innumerable stories being told of his power, eccentricities, ruthlessness and the minute supervision that he exercises over the lives, habits and even thoughts of some 225,000 Tabascans.

In the whole state there are neither churches nor saloons, for Garrido hates religion no less than liquor. As a matter of fact, his favorite outdoor sport is the public burning of altars and images, or, as he phrases it, "*la incineración de fetiches*." Insisting that his people cultivate a taste for classical music, he has forbidden jazz, and the importation of saxophones is sternly banned. On the theory that marriage is purely a social contract, divorce in Tabasco has been made a matter of moments only; children are taught in the open air, and bathing and teeth-brushing stand as great commandments; prostitution rates as an industry; smoking is frowned upon, and Tabascans even munch their chili and beans apprehensively, fearful that any day may see the official issuance of a balanced diet.

Garrido's enemies circulate a printed list of the people he is charged with having murdered, and the City of Mexico is assumed to be filled with men waiting for the chance to avenge the deaths of slaughtered relatives. Whispers make hopeful and significant mention of the fact that his assassination was attempted back in 1926 while on a visit to the capital. Three companions were shot down, but Don Tomas himself escaped with a bullet through the cheek.

Interviewed in his office in the Department of Agriculture, the dictator fails noticeably to live up to his billing. A man of forty-three, bulky enough to make his clothes seem a tight fit, and with fine, even teeth showing white against a wind-burned face, he looks like nothing so much as a Wyoming cattleman in town for Saturday night. Examined more closely, however, the thin lips, the granite lower jaw and steely eyes all bear out his direct descent from one of those pitiless *conquistadores* who rode with Cortes. No hint of the fanatic, but every indication of a sublime assurance that is without doubt as to the justice and wisdom of all he does and thinks.

On the surface, at least, a courteous, cordial man, and certainly most frank. Was it indeed true that he drove every priest out of Tabasco and tore down the churches? And that citizens caught drinking, or even detected with a scent of liquor on the breath, were ducked, belted and jailed? But yes, and with reason! His shrug was eloquent with wonder at such questions. How can any sane person, he demanded, read history without coming to the fixed conclusion that religion and alcohol have ever been humanity's greatest curses?



Don Tomas Garrido Canabal

But why rest content with second-hand report? How much better to go to Tabasco and see for oneself all that is to be seen! A fair land, señor, and most historic. There it was that Cortes fought his first great battle with the warriors of the New World, and from Tabasco came Malinche, that tremendous woman who was in turn the Great Captain's interpreter, counselor and wife. As for the trip, Don Tomas continued persuasively, no more is it necessary to travel to Vera Cruz by train, and then endure the dangers and delays of a sea voyage. By air from the City to Villa Hermosa, Tabasco's capital, is but four hours, and in the state there are trustworthy planes and fifty-two landing fields.

As we left the Tezcuco airport at dawn, a theatric sunrise reddened the snow-capped peaks of Popocatepetl, Ixtacihuatl and Orizaba, and the eight-thousand-foot drop from mountain cold to tropical heat had the swoop of a hawk. With the huddle of Vera Cruz an hour behind, the enchanting verdure of Tabasco lay below, a sea of changing green shot through with brilliant notes of blossoming trees and flights of white herons—the green of the jungle, the green of lily pads matting great lagoons and the green of banana plantations bordering the banks of countless rivers and small streams.

A People Without Religion

A committee of notables waited at the pretty little airport in Villa Hermosa, willing and even eager to show the accomplishments of Don Tomas in his great and splendid campaigns against religion and alcohol. As we reached the town, and rolled smoothly along over a well-paved street, the driver explained proudly that the bricks had come from the cathedral. A tennis court, surrounded by grassy lawns, was shown to me as the site of a church that had been demolished, and on another corner only some piles of stone remained to show the fate of the ancient cathedral. Still farther on, my hosts pointed out a gaping hole in the ground where *un templo* bell, they exclaimed delightedly, had been melted and made into a statue of General Obregon.

Truly, señor, they chatted happily, the "incineration of the fetishes" was a most inspiring occasion. Not only had the entire population gathered in the plaza to join in burning the religious emblems taken from the churches, but hundreds brought images and pictures from their homes to throw on the bonfires. Even children contributed *santitos*, their little saints.

And was there no resistance? I asked. No manifestation of resentment from those who saw the faith of a lifetime mocked and shamed? Not a cry of protest? Not an arm lifted to strike? But no, señor! Such as were hopelessly *fanatico* fled the state in advance, and many older Indians, too ignorant to accept the new order, had quit their villages for the mountains. As one can plainly see, this "purged" the population, leaving only the "rational" behind.

A rather potent incentive to "rationalism," I discovered, were the *Jovenes Revolutionario*, revolutionary youths, everywhere parading the streets in red shirts and red caps. An idea of Don Tomas, this organization of the boys of the state. Sixteen thousand standing shoulder to shoulder against *los fanaticos*, meaning all benighted enough to believe in God. But yes! Of a certainty the *Jovenes* had taken a most enthusiastic part in the "incineration of the fetishes," and more than that, they continued a ceaseless investigation of homes to discover whether any poor *ignorante* still clung to her *santito*.

And the workers? Were they happy under the new conditions? Behold for yourself, señor. Here are the headquarters of the Central League of Resistance, the governing body of all the unions of Tabasco. Observe the murals! One could not help but observe, for every inch of wall space was taken up by paintings that portrayed the evil effects of alcohol, and went to the edge of obscenity in lampooning religion and its priests. Crude, but savagely effective.

The abolition of religion, of course, has profoundly affected the entire marital relation. Where once divorce was unheard of, today men and women can sever the ties that bind them by merely appearing before a judge and announcing their incompatibility. Garrido, however, surrounds this new deal with some safeguards, for no divorce can be granted until the future of the children is provided for, and there is also provision that the man must guarantee the wife against want.

Along with his crusade against religion, Garrido has an equally fanatical hatred of alcohol. The manufacture of rum and brandy was a principal industry of Tabasco, bringing in a revenue of about $100,000 a year, but the dictator refused to let this income turn him aside from his purpose. At first he imposed high license fees on saloons, then permitted only the sale of bottled goods, but several years ago he decreed absolute prohibition.

There in that plaza, my guides pointed out, thousands of bottles of intoxicating liquors were smashed, and barrel after barrel of wines and *aguardiente* poured into the gutters. For the first time there was no triumphant note in the narration, but a deep and poignant undertone of regret. Asked about bootlegging, the entire party stated that it was an unknown industry in Tabasco, and their voices had the mournful sough of winter winds through leafless trees.

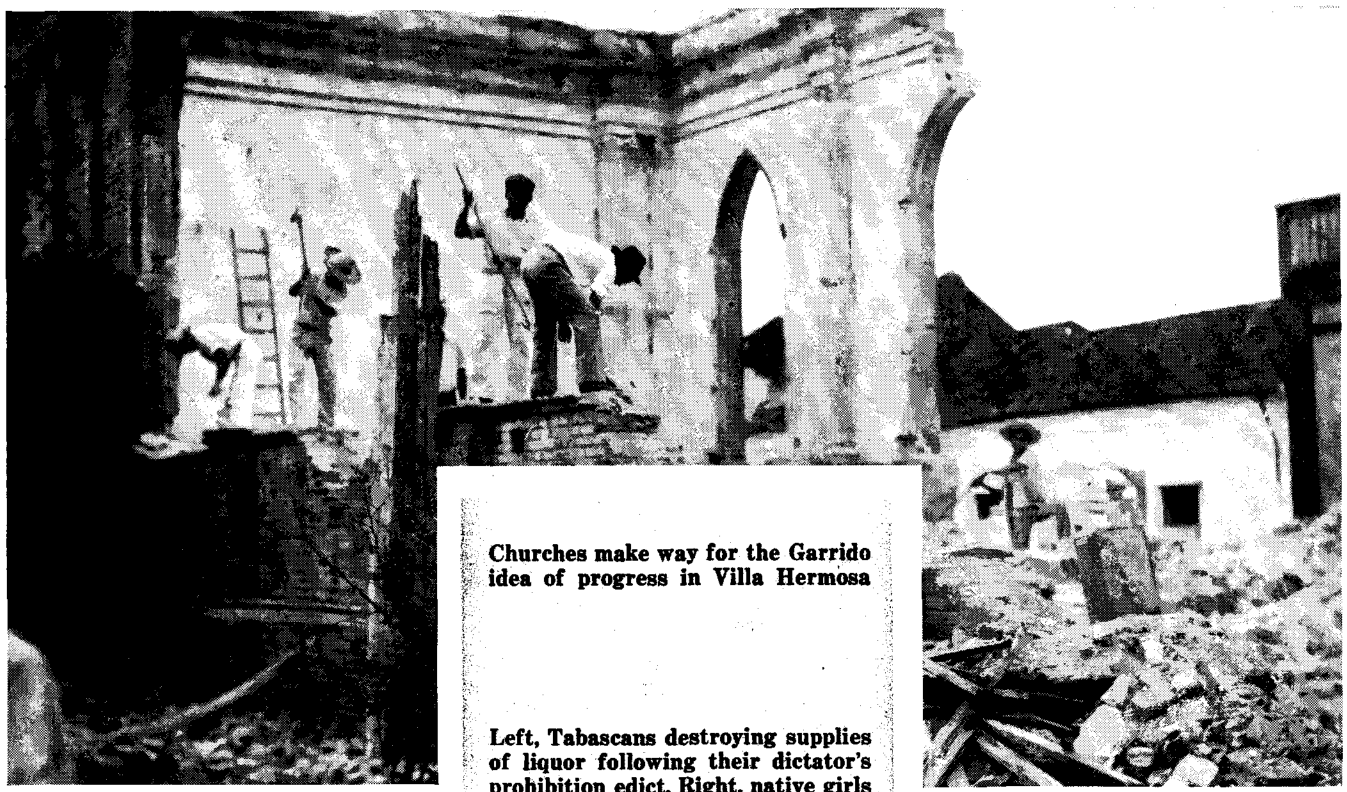
Garrido proceeds against the liquor traffic in two ways. The sale of intoxicants is a major crime punishable by a year in jail, and the same penalty attaches to the possession of liquor. More than this, he regards consumers as equally culpable, and woe to the citizen caught with a forbidden scent on his breath. Anyone detecting the damning odor is required to render a report to the police at once, and the guilty wretch is first given a thorough ducking in the dirty water of an open cistern in the jail yard, and then put in a cell for twenty-four hours. Just to lighten the gravity of the proceedings, if the prisoner tries to scramble out before his captors consider the immersion complete, the merry fellows whale him with their belts.

No Exceptions

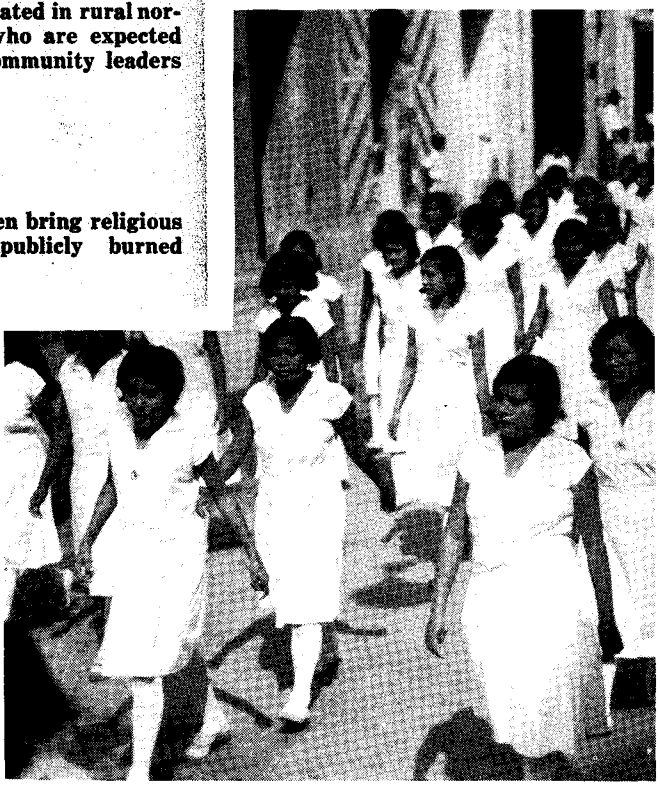
No pull is powerful enough to escape punishment. On the day before an important municipal entertainment in Villa Hermosa, the police caught the leader of an orchestra with a brandy breath, and despite an urgent need for his services, the errant musician was ducked and imprisoned. An official of an American fruit exporting company informed me that even Americans are not exempt, and confessed that when any employee in Mexico City showed a tendency to "hit it up," a threat to send him to Tabasco brought instant reformation.

Evidently appreciating the need of something to take the place of religious services in the life of the various communities, Garrido has devised a form of entertainment that he calls *culturales*, a combination of music, recitations and "ennobling lectures." I saw one in Villa Hermosa on a Saturday night, and as far as attendance went, nothing could have been more successful. The huge theater, built in the days when strolling players went out from the city through the provinces, was packed and jammed, but as smoking is forbidden in all public buildings, there was a constant movement to the pavement outside.

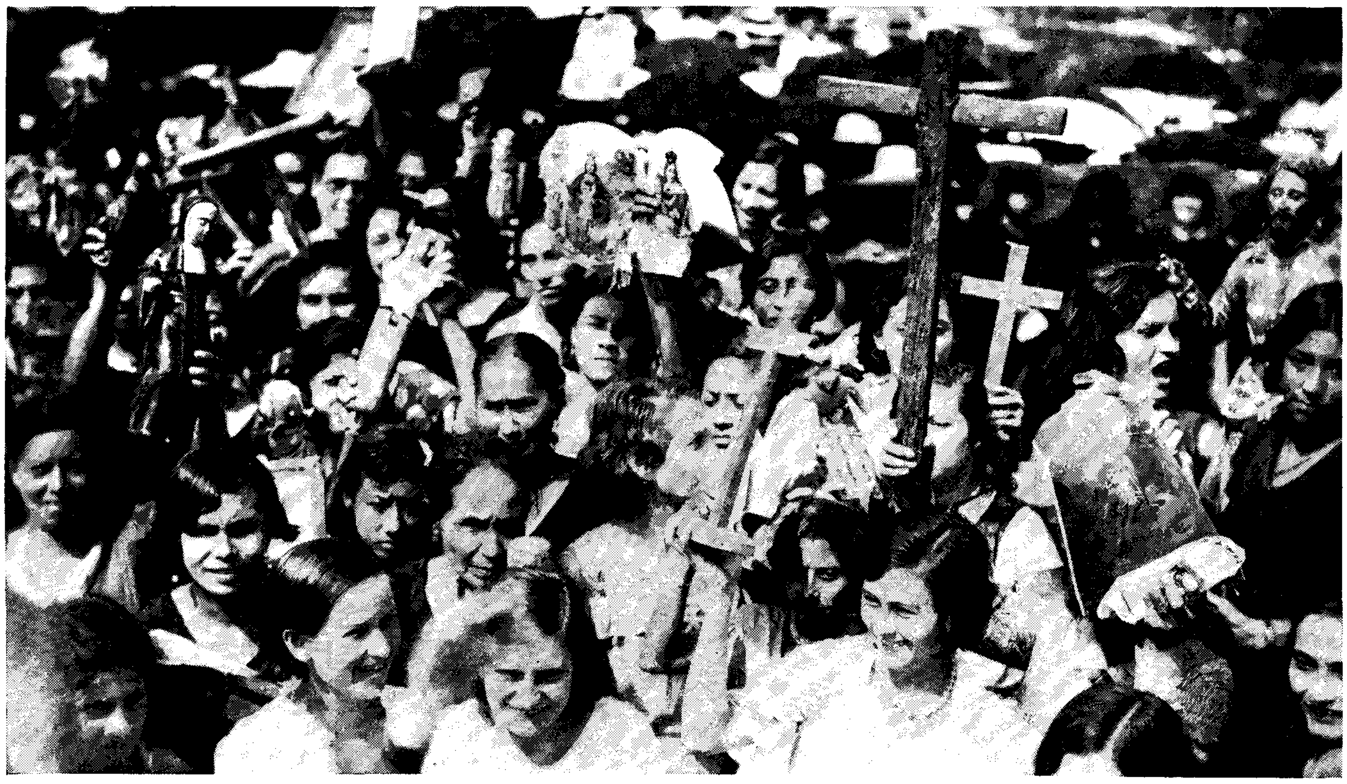
A musical piece opened the program, after which came a talk on "The Importance of Biology" by a professor known locally as "The Jumping Bean." Between leaps that fully justified his nickname, the young savant kicked the Bible all over the place, but without arousing any enthusiasm in the audience. The same lack of interest greeted a girl who lectured on "How the Catholic Religion Was Formed in Mexico," and it was with almost passionate apathy that the crowd listened to another young lady



Churches make way for the Garrido idea of progress in Villa Hermosa



Left, Tabascans destroying supplies of liquor following their dictator's prohibition edict. Right, native girls who are being educated in rural normal schools and who are expected later to become community leaders



Women and children bring religious articles to be publicly burned

orate on The Importance of Women in the Progress of People.

A burning talk on the rights of the proletariat and the oppressions of the rich, delivered shrilly by a radical visitor from Sonora, fell flat, and the only numbers that saved the *culturale* from being a complete flop were some Indian dances and a very charming song by a little girl. From all of which I gathered that the good people of Tabasco were a trifle surfeited with "ennobling and informative lectures."

Back in the days before religion was banished, feast days played an important part in the life of the people, and to meet this lack Don Tomas has developed county fairs, and given warm encouragement to every kind of athletic sport. Baseball and basketball enjoy the greatest popularity, and every village has its quintet and nine, even the Indians showing a remarkable aptitude and liking for both games.

Biographical data with regard to Tabasco's dictator are difficult to obtain in printed form, but from various sources in Villa Hermosa, a fairly complete life story was gathered. His political career seems to have started in 1915, at a time when Carranza was fighting to hold power against the drives of Villa and Zapata. The young Garrido received a post in the legal department of the Tabasco government and, quickly proving himself a natural leader of men, elected his candidate as governor and received reward in the shape of a district judgeship.

In the spring of 1920, when Calles and Obregon rose against President Carranza, Garrido joined the rebellion, but as a result of military reverses, was captured and sent to Merida for execution. Carranza's flight and death saved the rebel, and Obregon, coming to the presidency, appointed him chief executive of Yucatan. After six months, however, Garrido returned to Tabasco, and was elected governor in 1922.

Tabasco Can't Lose Him

When Adolfo de la Huerta flew the banner of rebellion in 1924, Don Tomas remained true to President Obregon, but sentiment in Tabasco turned against the government, and once again he found himself a fugitive. Escaping through Guatemala, he returned to Mexico by way of the Isthmus, and Obregon furnished troops for a new campaign. This proved successful, and after De la Huerta's defeat and exile, Garrido took up his governorship again, and entered upon the iron rule that endures to this day.

In office or out, his grip on Tabasco is never loosed. Barred by law from reelection in 1926, he put in a henchman and had himself sent to the senate. In 1930 he went back to the governorship, and when he quit office on December 1st, to become Secretary of Agriculture in the Cardenas cabinet, he named a cousin to succeed him. Nothing is more certain than that his voice will still be the controlling factor in Tabasco's affairs.

What started him on his church-razing orgy is not clearly known. Every politician in Mexico, of course, is definitely anticlerical, but Garrido boldly takes his stand against God, and makes no secret of his determination to uproot Christianity. It is upon the youth of Tabasco that he is concentrating, and no effort is spared to mold the mind of the younger generation into shapes desired by the dictator. I visited a score or so of schools in various parts of the state, and not only were the walls lurid with antireligious cartoons and excerpts from atheistic writings but every program given in my honor contained either speeches or recitations attacking religion as "humanity's curse."

(Continued on page 56)

The Boy Grew Up

By Phyllis Duganne

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

What Kittredge knew: That Anne Haviland loved him. What he remembered: That once she had laughed at him, held him up to ridicule. What he did—that's the story

ANNE remembered Myles Kittredge perfectly. Her eyes were bright with amusement as she looked up at him.

"We've met before," she told Helen Ames, who had brought him over to her. "Long, long ago. I don't know whether Mr. Kittredge remembers."

His hair was just as red; he was still lanky, and she still had to tilt back her head to look into his face. "You think I could have forgotten?" he demanded, and his voice was quite different from the voice she remembered; richer, deeper, more assured. He turned to Helen. "Miss Haviland is the first girl who broke my heart, Mrs. Ames," he explained.

"Romance!" said Helen. "Well, Anne's the girl to do it! Give her a chance and she'll show you that lightning can strike twice in the same place."

"I believe you," Myles Kittredge said, looking gravely at Anne. "May I have this dance?"

Anne smiled at Bob Wagner, who had brought her to the club, and slipped into Myles Kittredge's arms. "Long ago!" she repeated. "Why, it must be nearly ten years!" Her voice held wonder.

"Eight," he corrected promptly. "I was sixteen."

Laughter hung in her eyes. "I was thirteen, then. Heavens!" The laughter escaped her parted lips. "Still interested in bird life, Mr. Kittredge?"

"Dr. Kittredge to you," he retorted. "Dr. Kittredge, recently returned from the Far North, whose paper on the green-billed Arctic chickadee broke up a meeting of the American Ornithological Association last month."

Her eyebrows arched. "Honestly? Or—" The music ceased with a last wail, and Bob Wagner's hand dropped possessively on her arm. She shot him an amused glance and introduced Myles; the three stood talking until the orchestra began a new tune. "Come back and tell me more!" she called as Bob swung her firmly into the rhythm. "You have eight years to account for, you know!"

Decidedly, Myles Kittredge had aroused her curiosity; there was a quality in his smile, in his voice when he addressed her, that piqued her.

"Eight years to account for?" Bob repeated. "An old friend, Anne?"

"I was his first love," she confided. "He wrote me some of the most terrible poetry you ever read! I think I've still got it somewhere—I treasured it for years." She laughed, trying to remember. "There was one, something about my eyes being like bluebirds in the spring and my hair like finches' feathers a-wing—" She shook her head, and her hair was still like a restless golden bird. "Anyway, the idea conveyed was that I was just a whole aviary—or is that bees?"

BOB looked at her oddly. "I seem to gather that this love was unrequited," he commented.

"Master mind!" she mocked. "He was really an incredible boy, Bob—so serious and intellectual—and what a case he had on me! It was pathetic. He used to call for literally hours, telling me all about the habits of our feathered friends, and me so bored I'd sometimes fall asleep and snore!"

"I can imagine," Bob said dryly. "Your ability to fall asleep amounts to genius sometimes, Annie."

"That," said Anne, "is not a nice remark." She stopped dancing. "In fact, I think I resent it, Mr. Wagner. I guess I'm mad with you. Goodby." She smiled mockingly, and turned her back and walked away across the room toward Myles Kittredge, her white dress shimmering and swaying against her slim young legs.

Bob watched her grimly. He hoped that Kittredge had fortitude and patience, because he was going to need them both. For his own part, he hoped he would snap out of it, some day, give up the uneven struggle, let Anne Haviland stew in her own juice. In the three years since he had known her, it had often amazed him to reflect what a thoroughly horrid, unpleasant sort of girl she would be if she weren't so delectably pretty and charming.

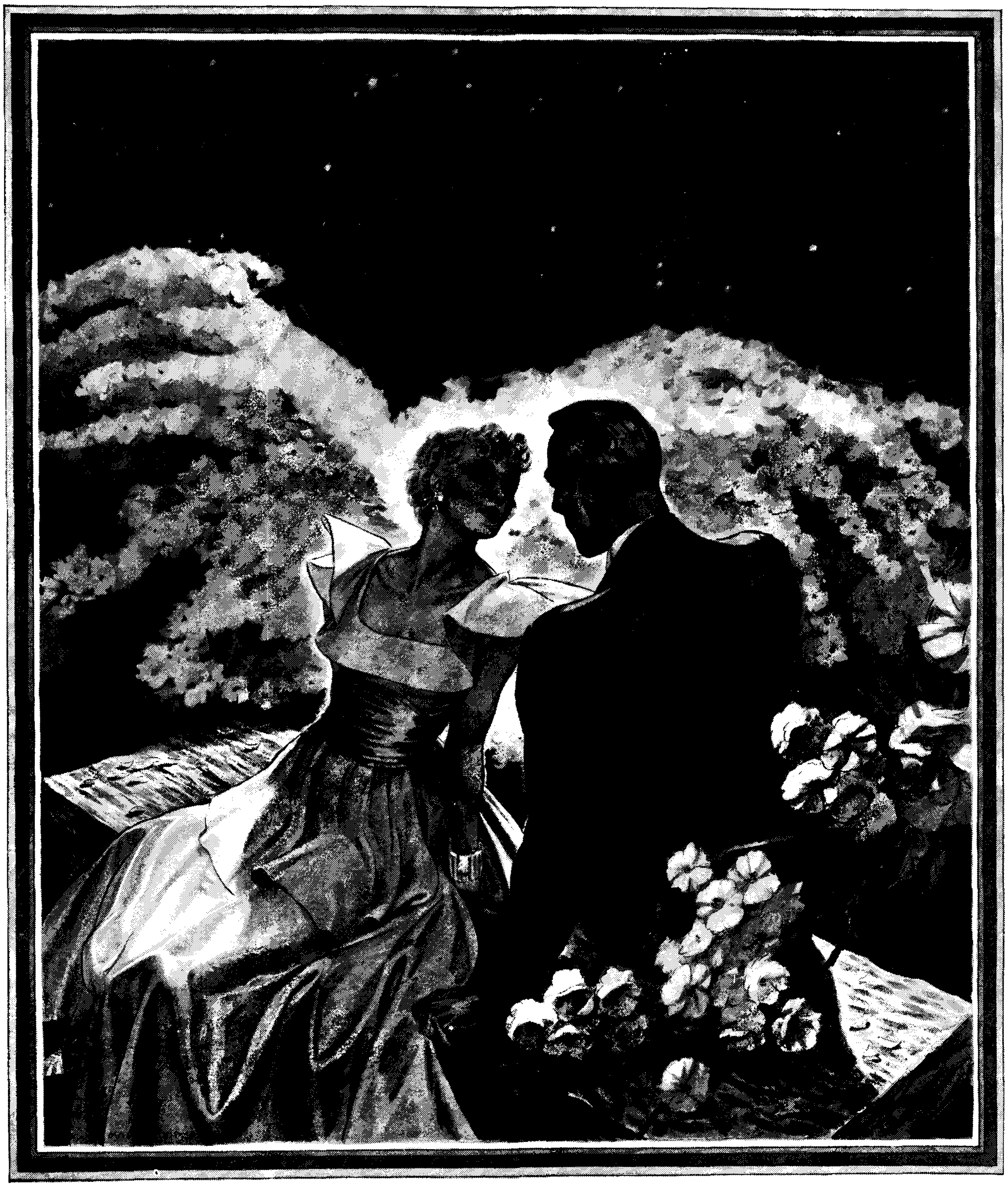
The dance went on.

At eleven o'clock Myles Kittredge gravely flicked the stone bench beside the first golf tee with his handkerchief before Anne sat down, her white dress shimmering in the moonlight, her hair a halo.

"What a heavenly night!" she murmured, looking up at the sky, and the line of her throat was very lovely. "What's night like in the Arctic, Myles? Are the stars the same?"

His hair was redder than ever in this milky whiteness; he was, she admitted, very attractive. . . .

"It seems warmer here," he answered



"Oh, Myles!" she said. "Please, I'm awfully interested. It must have been so thrilling" thoughtfully, after a moment's reflection.

"Oh, Myles!" she said. "Please, I'm awfully interested. It must have been so thrilling. What sort of house did you live in?"

"An igloo," he told her. "It was part of our cunning. You see, it looked like all the other igloos, but actually we had made it of lump sugar, and the birds used to fly down and—"

Anne's lashes dropped to hide the flame in her eyes. "I wish you'd be serious," she said plaintively.

Myles Kittredge clutched his red hair in a despairing gesture. "That's life for you!" he cried. "Oh, the pity of it! Oh, the irony of it all! Here I've spent the last eight years learning to be frivolous, and I'm wrong again." He buried his face in his hands.

"Let's dance," said Anne very quietly. Anyone who knew her well would have recognized the danger signal in her voice; Bob Wagner, watching them enter from the veranda, chuckled at their two faces. That silver moon must have been wasted; Anne was hopping mad! And Kittredge . . . he looked curiously at Myles' calm face. Unruffled, even a little self-satisfied—keep on with it, Petruccio! he thought to himself, gloatingly. Anne would make a monkey out of him sooner or later, but it would be something to see her given a run for her money!

AT MIDNIGHT, experienced sailor that she was, Anne was off on an entirely new tack. Perched on one of the high stools before the club's bar, she sipped a lemonade through a straw and smiled over her glass at her childhood friend.

"Do you know what I think?" she demanded abruptly. He shook his head. "I think you're bearing a grudge, Myles Kittredge! I think your pride is still wounded because I used to tease you, eight years ago!"

His eyes met hers steadily, for an instant. "Perhaps you're right," he answered, smiling.

"Well!" cried Anne triumphantly.

"Well?" he echoed, and when she said nothing he added, "So what, my dear?"

Anne choked on her lemonade, which made her furious. He simply did not give the right answers, this learned bird doctor! That casual "My dear" infuriated her. And he was watching her, superior and—and amused.

His voice was teasing. "Do you know what *I* think?"

"No," said Anne. She wasn't entirely sure that she wanted him to tell her, either; Bob Wagner would have given a lot to see the alarm in her eyes.

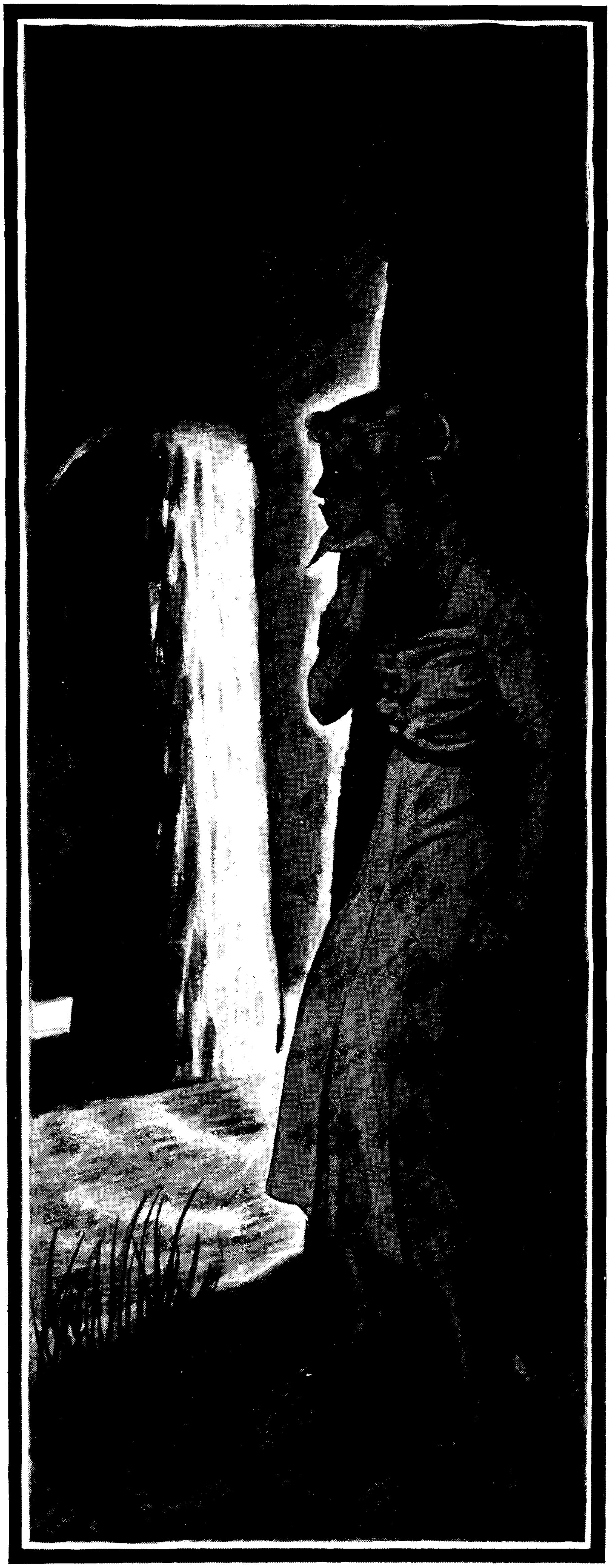
"I think your pride is wounded because eight years ago I picked up the pieces and managed to get along," he retorted.

BLUSHES were both rare and becoming to Anne Haviland; color flooded her face now. "You're not conceited, are you, Myles?" she inquired.

He thought about it. "No, I wouldn't say so. I'm good in my own line, of course, and when necessary I can take it." He paused, and added politely, "And yourself? Are you conceited, Anne?"

Abruptly she laughed, and neither Myles Kittredge nor Anne herself realized what a very special laugh it was. Anne Haviland laughed often and easily, but nearly always at someone else.

"I'll concede the putt, Myles," she gave in. She set down her empty glass and stood up. She was still laughing a little, but resolve was hardening within her. He wouldn't always look at her like that, appraising, even critical! "Well—c'm up an' see me," she said and returned to Bob. "Time to go home, Robert?"



Then a wide beam of light made a path through the trees

In her doorway, she kissed him good night with more warmth than usual. He lifted her face and looked at her inquiringly. "Night, Annie," he told her, and walked back to his car thoughtfully. It would be a joke on Anne if she fell in love, for the first time in her life, with a guy who didn't reciprocate! Affection for her dispelled his momentary satisfaction at the thought; if this Kittredge fellow hurt Anne, he'd wring his neck. He laughed at himself; Bob Wagner had no illusions about where he stood with Anne Haviland. Good old Bob.

FRANNY MOORE arrived home from Europe in July, with three trunks full of new clothes, and her curly head full of new impressions and conquests. She embraced her family and answered a great many questions with considerable patience and forbearance before she hugged her mother again and gave voice to what had been trembling on her lips ever since she entered the house.

"Darling—you don't mind if I call Anne and ask her to come over, right away, do you? I can't wait another minute to see her!"

"Ask her to lunch," Mrs. Moore invited, her eyes wistful. She'd had half an hour with Franny, anyway, which was a lot for a mere mother.

Franny and Anne had been born on the same day of the same year, not half a mile apart, and from the time when their nurses used to wheel their perambulators side by side along Elm Street they had been inseparable. Hermia and Helena, Rosalind and Celia . . . they were the classical friends, the one golden-haired and fair-complexioned, the other olive-skinned and dusky. Blonde and brunette, there had never been competition or rivalry between them; for twenty-one years they had had no secrets from each other.

"May I speak to Anne, please?" Franny's low voice was eager. She wasn't jealous, Mrs. Moore reflected, listening to her daughter, but what a lot she'd give to trade places with Anne Haviland for a few hours, to hear the rush of excited confidences that would begin as soon as the two girls were alone together. "She's *what?*" Franny's voice rose, incredulous. "Yes, it's me, Mrs. Haviland—I just got back half an hour ago. You say Anne's *banding birds?* Dr. Kittredge?" There was a pause; then Franny sniffed very audibly. "Yes, that's awfully nice, I'm sure," she said, politely and without conviction. "Well, tell her I'm home." She returned to her mother, her dark eyes smoky. "What's all this about *birds?*" she demanded. "How old is he and has Anne really fallen for someone, at last? Tell me quick!"

MRS. MOORE could only repeat what was common knowledge; she had seen very little of Anne, herself. Everyone in town liked this young ornithologist; he had some sort of government job, she believed. Anyway, he was in charge of the bird sanctuary on the east shore of Long Pond, and—

"Bird sanctuary!" Franny interrupted, scathingly. "Honestly, mother—!"

"She seems very interested in it," Mrs. Moore said, in a mild voice. "They have traps—sort of wire cages—that they catch the birds in, and they make notes about the different species and study the migrations. Your father and I drove out one day—it's really quite interesting."

Franny snorted. "Darling, Anne doesn't know a hawk from a canary—or care," she informed her parent loftily. "Is he good-looking—and what does Bob Wagner think about it?"

At lunch-time Anne had not called. Franny telephoned her house again in

(Continued on page 58)

Love Comes to Fireman Dunnevan

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

The good old firm of Dunnevan & Linn, U. S. N., in another salty drama, wherein Mr. Linn kindly shows us how to fight an engagement—on land

LOVE had come to Fireman Timothy Dunnevan, U. S. N. But yesterday, Mr. Dunnevan had labored in the Destroyer Trimble's port fire-room, a heedless sailor; a fellow of the earth oily. Now stood he here on a Broadway boat landing in San Diego, and the world was well lost. All the delights that San Diego had to offer a sailor home from the sea were as dross. Fireman Dunnevan loved.

"You amuse yourself this aft, Benny," he said. "I got to go now."

Seaman Benjamin Linn snorted. Love's dawning upon Fireman Dunnevan at such a time as this griped him exceedingly. The fleet had just returned to a sentimental, grateful California after long absence on the east coast. San Diego was in carnival. Men of the destroyer force owned the town. And worst of all, the firm of Dunnevan & Linn possessed $218.45, due to rigid economies and the winning of $200 second prize in the Sailors' Friend lottery.

"For the luvva Pete, Tim!" Seaman Linn exploded. "Who *is* she? What dame done this to you?"

Fireman Dunnevan looked over his shoulder at the sea; cast one lingering, longing glance behind, as it were.

"She's the fairest colleen this side of Erland, Benny," he said. "But besides that, I ain't saying!"

"Is it Maybelle?"

"Maybelle? Naw. She ain't Erish."

Genuine alarm agonized Seaman Linn's voice.

"Oh, golly, Tim. Jest look at you! Jest look at you!"

Fireman Dunnevan was no sight for sore eyes. Even the keen, bright blue eyes of Benny Linn blinked and winced. Love had come to Mr. Dunnevan, stealthily and violently.

He wore a suit of beer-bottle green civvies. His plaid cap looked like a relief map of the Land of Oz. His shirt and necktie made use of the colors left over from the cap. His shoes were very new and very shiny. Not only did Fireman Dunnevan resemble the lilies of the field in variegated hues; he smelled like them as well. And also—blush for him, firemen of the Navy—he was cleaning his fingernails with a small and dainty screwdriver.

"Yerse?" he said brazenly. "What's wrong with my looks?"

SEAMAN LINN, decently clad in uniform, swallowed his prominent Adam's apple, regurgitated with profound emotion, and spoke:

"You look *awful*, Tim. You're a disgrace to the U. S. Navy. You're acting like you got no ideals and no morals nor nothing." A tragic sigh. "All right, all right. Don't tell me who she is. I jest ain't your buddy no more."

Fireman Dunnevan was unmoved. He wiped the screwdriver on the under side of his necktie, drew a bandanna thoughtfully across his front teeth and looked complacent.

"You're still my buddy," he said, "but I got to go now."

One last, desperate shot.

"So she's a married woman, hunh, Tim? That's why you're being so quiet about it, hunh?"

Fireman Dunnevan gulped. He halted, a deep flush starting up the back of his neck.

"You take that back, Benny!"

"Tell me who she is and then I'll take it back."

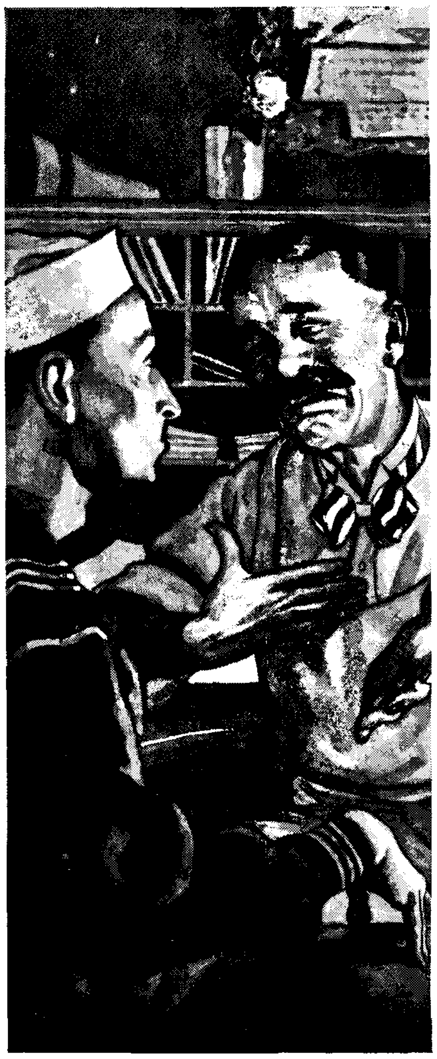
"You take it back now. I don't allow even my best buddy to talk bad against the colleen I'm gonna marry!"

"M-marry? Tim! Oh, Judas Priest, Tim!"

"You take it back, Benny!"

Seaman Linn considered swiftly. The pier was infested with shore patrol sailors and in the offing he saw Lieutenant Brophy, executive officer of the Trimble. Although Fireman Dunnevan weighed two hundred and ten pounds to his one hundred and thirty-five, Seaman Linn was the better boxer. He hoped he could stand off a knockout until the shore patrols could pinch Dunnevan and throw his pants in the brig.

"I don't take nothing back," he growled. "I bet she's a married woman and you're busting up a happy home!"



This unloosed the floodgates in Mr. Schmalz's bony chest. He told all. Ach, such a time had Mr. Schmalz been having with this ruffian, Tunnevan!

For an instant, Fireman Dunnevan hesitated. Anger, friendship, chivalry and love waged war within him.

"I'll make you take it back tomorrer," he said. "I got to go now. S'long, Benny."

Turning his broad back, Fireman Dunnevan hailed a taxicab and rode grandly away.

SEAMAN LINN stared after him worriedly and in growing alarm. Tim, the big cluck, was not himself. Some floosie had got her hooks into Tim. She was trying to talk him into a marriage. Tim *married?* Why, she'd be making Tim swallow the anchor; she'd make him quit the U. S. Navy. And what would the U. S. Navy do without Tim, the big, dumb, fat-headed cluck? Something had ought to be done right away. Surely, Seaman Linn reflected, since his heart was pure and God loves United States sailors, he'd get a break—

"Linn! One moment!"

It was Lieutenant Brophy. Seaman Linn saluted.

"I meant to get hold of you this morning," said the lieutenant, fumbling for a memorandum, "about Dunnevan."

"Yes, sir."

"A fellow named Schmalz came aboard with a complaint against Dunnevan. Said Dunnevan had threatened him."

"Tim Dunnevan, sir? He wouldn't threaten nobody, sir. He either socks 'em or he don't."

The Trimble's executive officer grinned.

"It seems Dunnevan is in love with a widow. Schmalz says the widow was engaged to him."

"Judas Priest, a widow, sir? So *that's* it!"

"Officially, it's none of our business," the lieutenant went on, "but I thought you might talk to Dunnevan and quiet him down."

Seaman Linn nodded righteously.

"Thank you, sir, I sure will. I always been a good influence on Tim, sir. Did Schmalz give you his address?"

"Yes . . . here it is . . . 2317 Loma Avenue. He and the widow own stores side by side."

"I'll get right to work on it, sir!"

Half an hour later, Mr. Herman Schmalz, grocer, of 2317 Loma Avenue, had a visitor.

"I'm from the U. S. S. Trimble," said Seaman Linn importantly, "and I come to see you with reference about the squawk you made against Tim Dunnevan, fireman second."

Mr. Schmalz was frightened. A meek little man, wearing a black toupee which was half a size too big for him, he said nervously: "I pay for peelice protection, young man, also for a private watchman who iss just down the street—"

"You don't get it, Mr. Schmalz. I ain't gonna clout you for telling on Tim. I'm here representing the U. S. Navy in this matter. Us sailors of the better type know we got to be friends with you civilians, see? If Tim's done anything he shouldn't of we wanta know about it so's we can take the necessary action."

MR. SCHMALZ still seemed dubious. "You got a union in the Navy, hey? You poys keep law ant order among yourselfs, hey?"

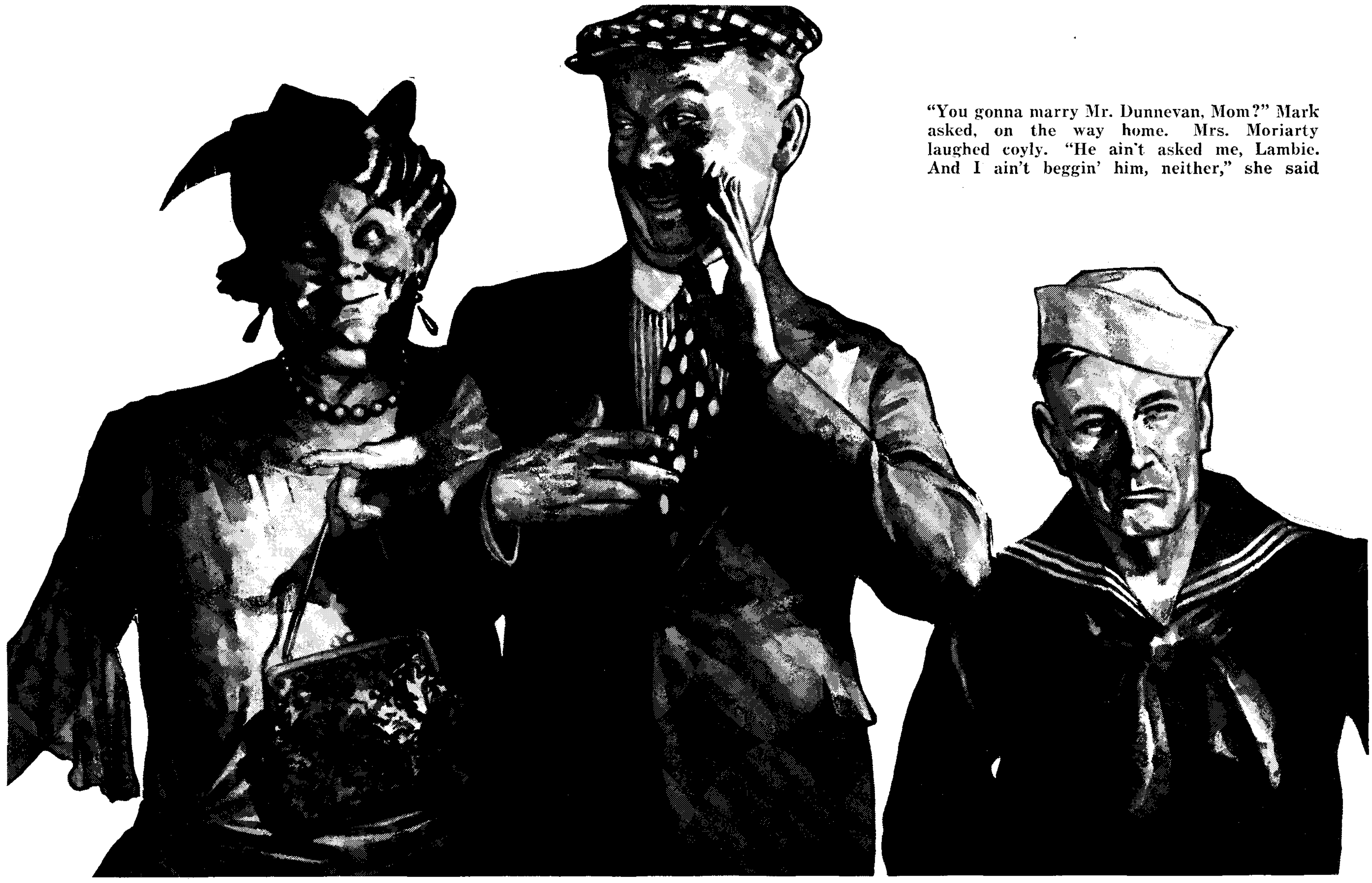
Seaman Linn smiled disarmingly.

"It ain't a union exactly, Mr. Schmalz. It's what the U. S. Navy calls espritt de cores, see? And if Tim has forgot the high ideals of the service and is trying to gyp a civilian outa his lawful fiancay—"

This unloosed the floodgates in Mr. Schmalz's bony chest. He told all. Ach, such a time had Mr. Schmalz been having with this ruffian, Tunnevan! Mr. Schmalz loffed Mrs. Moriarty, you understand, young man? They had kept company since a month after Moriarty, a fine, clean butcher but he loffed the bottle, had tied of the tiebetes with complications. In fact, Mr. Schmalz had alreatty got the estimate for knocking out the partition between his store and the Moriarty butcher shop. He would add a meat department, you understand? But this Tunnevan, this ruffian, had butted in and spoiled the loff between Mr. Schmalz and Mrs. Moriarty—

Seaman Linn was impressed, indignant.

"That is not no way for a U. S. sailor



"You gonna marry Mr. Dunnevan, Mom?" Mark asked, on the way home. Mrs. Moriarty laughed coyly. "He ain't asked me, Lambie. And I ain't beggin' him, neither," she said

of the better type to act, Mr. Schmalz," he said. "In fact, I'm surprised at Tim. I sure am. I and Tim has been closely associated in our work up to this time, but I certainly am surprised he would act this-a-way."

Mr. Schmalz had a clear, logical mind.

"What iss to do? You can make Tunnevan leaf us alone, hey?"

There was an interruption at this point.

A boy about ten years old, wearing an angelic face like a carelessly fitted mask, sidled into Mr. Schmalz's little office.

"Miss Rachel won't gimme no cookies," he announced plaintively.

Mr. Schmalz sprang up, beaming.

"Mister Linn, I make you acquainted with little Mark Moriarty. Isn't he a fine, manly little chap, hey?"

Little Mark Moriarty simpered, snuffled and observed: "Miss Rachel won't gimme no cookies. And that Mr. Dunnevan is over to our place again!"

"Ach so! Miss Rachel! Miss Rachel, you will giff Mark some cookies. Two—three cookies—chocolate ones."

Mark snuffled.

"The chocklit ones are stale. I want coconut ones."

"Very well, coconut cookies, Miss Rachel." And then, to Seaman Linn, "I loff little Mark like he iss my own poy. We are like fatter ant son, hey, Mark?"

"Miss Rachel won't give me no crispy bars to eat with the cookies," said Mark.

Seaman Linn appraised little Mark expertly. The child had meek brown hair and the manner of a Christian martyr. But he looked like a power, for all that.

"Here's a dime, kid. Buy yourself two crispy bars."

"Thanks, mister. You ain't like that other sailor. He won't gimme no dimes or nothing."

Mr. Schmalz saw a chance to score.

"You'd rather haf me for a papa than Mr. Tunnevan, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, are you gonna gimme crispy bars so I can save my dime for a movie?"

"Miss Rachel, a crispy—two crispy bars for little Mark!"

THE child disappeared behind a counter. Seaman Linn had heard and seen enough.

"You leave me handle this matter, Mr. Schmalz," he said. "Jest lay low and don't irritate Tim none. I can handle this."

Grateful Mr. Schmalz presented his new friend and ally with two five-cent cigars and a small sample bottle of gin.

Seaman Linn stepped next door and entered the establishment of J. Moriarty, Meats.

Hearty giggles greeted him.

"Oh, Mr. Dunnevan, you *slay* me!" a husky feminine voice was saying. "You don't cut it *there*. You cut it behind the short ribs!"

"Ju-das Priest," gasped Seaman Linn.

Timothy Dunnevan, wrapped in a butcher's apron, stood at the block hacking at a side of beef with an enormous knife. Beside him stood his lady fair, Widow Moriarty. The Widow Moriarty was amused. Her comely face was pink, her hair was extremely red and the spirit of Gargantuan comedy heaved in her full bosom.

"Look at you now!" she roared. "Oh, you slay me, Mr. Dunnevan. That's the funniest flank steak I ever seen, honest!"

Mr. Dunnevan sighed, entranced.

"You'll learn me better," he said.

"Hi, Tim," said Seaman Linn grimly.

Fireman Dunnevan blinked, gasped, dropped the butcher knife.

"Oh, . . . hi, Benny," he said. Then, blushing sheepishly, "I been practicing how to cut meat."

Mrs. Moriarty looked at Seaman Linn and laughed.

"This little squirt a friend of yours?"

"Yerse. Benny, I wanta make you acquainted with my friend, Mrs. Agnes Moriarty. She's Erish!"

The widow seized Mr. Linn's hand in a rather bloody grip.

"What's that in your neck—a goiter?" she said airily. "Or did you just forget to swaller your lunch?"

Fireman Dunnevan grinned.

"She's a great kidder, Benny. She kids everybody. It's on account of she's Erish and has an Erish sense of humor, see?"

It was no part of Seaman Linn's scheme to take offense.

"That's swell," he said. "Sure am glad to meet you, Mrs. Moriarty. Tim's told me a lot about you."

"Why, Benny, I never—"

Mrs. Moriarty giggled; it sounded like the rushing of a near-by river over heavy boulders.

"Aw, that's okay, Mr. Dunnevan," she said. "If he's your buddy, I don't mind. I just didn't want you to go bringing a whole slew of sailors out here." She eyed Seaman Linn in friendly fashion. "I ain't got a bit of use for sailors as a rule. They're a pack of women-chasing scamps, as a rule. Tell me, does Mr. Dunnevan chase women? He says he don't, but I bet he does, the black-hearted Irish bum!"

Seaman Linn smiled weakly; the Widow Moriarty had jabbed him in the ribs with a mighty thumb.

"Tim's got extry good character," he said.

A ROGUISH twinkle came to Mrs. Moriarty's eyes. Whimsy stirred her lips. She reached up and tore a hot dog from the link suspended near the scales. Shoving this into Seaman Linn's hand, she shouted: "You take the prize, you liar you!"

Fireman Dunnevan laughed hugely, though not quite so hugely as the girl of his dreams.

"Lookit what Mr. Dunnevan calls a rack of lamb," the witty widow continued, trying to make Seaman Linn feel at home. "It's a wreck of lamb, if you was to ask me!" She held up the specimens of dissection, apoplectic with laughter. "I ain't had such a laugh since old man Jim—my dead husband—fell off'n a beer truck!"

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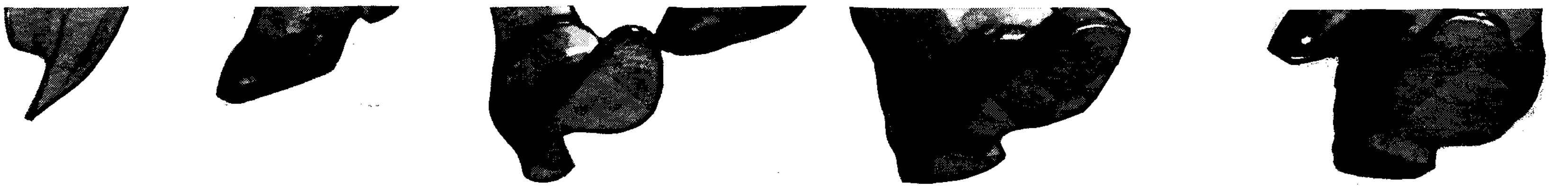


Pluck and Luck

By James B. Connolly

The story of Curley, James Michael, who has never had time to find out when he was beaten. Massachusetts, blowing hot and cold, now has him as governor and thinks he might not make a bad President. He is, as Mr. Connolly amply demonstrates, a very remarkable man

AGAINST any of the political upsets of recent years the political rail-birds over Boston way submit the election of James Michael Curley, Democrat, to the governorship of Massachusetts as the prize upset of them all.

Besides being an astonishing upset, Curley's election was an even more astonishing comeback from the political depths. Only two years before, the Democratic electorate had handed Curley the severest rebuke ever handed a candidate in a Massachusetts primary.

Curley had failed to line up for Al Smith for President, and to do that then (1932) was the unforgivable crime in Massachusetts, where Al was more of an idol than even in his own state of New York.

It was true that Curley had been the state's hardest worker for Smith in 1928, when some other state leaders were not at all strong for him; and he had thereby made a great fellow of himself, almost a hero, indeed, with the state electorate; but it is also true that the Massachusetts electorate is mostly of Irish blood, and the Irish run notably to individualism—a hero is never safely placed with them until he is dead—and not always then. Other races set a man upon a pedestal and keep him there, regardless of later errors, to preserve the prestige of the race; but not the Irish. They set a man up on a pedestal, and then say: "There you are! Now, you big bum, make good!" And the Lord help him if he doesn't. Which is perhaps why they are a great race but a little nation.

Curley was the first prominent Democrat in his state to declare for Roosevelt. He did not wait for the Roosevelt band wagon to come abreast—he ran down the road to meet it, took a running high jump aboard to a front seat where nobody could miss seeing him. He had been for Smith in 1928, and now he was for Roosevelt! Well, well, well! The lads spit on their hands and waited for a day to come.

Curley made up a state delegation for Roosevelt, his own name heading the ticket. And then the day came. Primary day! It was a slaughter for the Curley ticket; and even more so for James Michael. Roosevelt delegates whose names had never been seen before in print got more votes than did Curley himself. He was mayor of Boston at the time, and Boston voted three to one against him.

James Michael Was Through

Nothing quite so cataclysmic had ever happened to a political leader in Massachusetts before. For days thereafter James Michael walked the streets looking like that traditional victim of the wrath of God. And the conversation of his shock troops sounded like quotations from the Book of Job.

The side-liners unanimously agreed that James Michael was through in state politics, and probably in Boston. He couldn't be elected to a street cleaner's job in Boston again—no sir; and as for up-state—well, if the selectmen of some small town made him official dog catcher, he would be doing very well indeed.

To make the year a truly dolorous one, the Democratic National Committee forecast Mr. Curley as a total loss for campaigning purposes in his own state. If Mr. Curley wished to campaign, if Mr. Curley felt bound to campaign for Governor Roosevelt, then he could campaign in the Far West, and the farther the better. And he could do it at his own expense. And so it happened that the West Coast was favored with the not inconsiderable oratorical powers of the Hon. James Michael Curley in the fall of 1932.

After Roosevelt's election, Curley expected to get something good from Washington. His friends said openly that he was to be made a Cabinet member. He was offered the ministry to Poland, which he refused. Bury himself in a far-away country for four years? And spend most of his time learning to speak the language? No, no—not James Michael. He wasn't all done yet.

That was 1933. Then came 1934 and the state convention to name the candidate for the state primaries. Curley's friends were unanimously against his entering the convention. Governor Ely and Senator Walsh would control the convention, they told him, and Brothers Ely and Walsh were for anybody in the world except James Michael. But James Michael said he was going in. And he went in. And when the brothers got through ironing him out, he looked like something a road roller had passed over and then backed up and passed over again.

The side-liners viewed the situation at this stage and said: "After that, with Ely sore against him and Walsh sore against him and the National Committee against him, and Charlie Cole to beat, James Michael will never go into the primaries. He wouldn't be that foolish!"

General Charles H. Cole, the convention nominee, had a real war record. He had been a brigade commander in the 26th, the famous Yankee Division, one of the eight American combat divisions in the Big War. His division included the Ninth Massachusetts Infantry, the famous old "Fighting Ninth," the "Irish Ninth" of Civil and Spanish War memory. He had a clean

(Continued on page 67)

PHOTOGRAPH BY
IFOR THOMAS
COLLIER'S STAFF
PHOTOGRAPHER

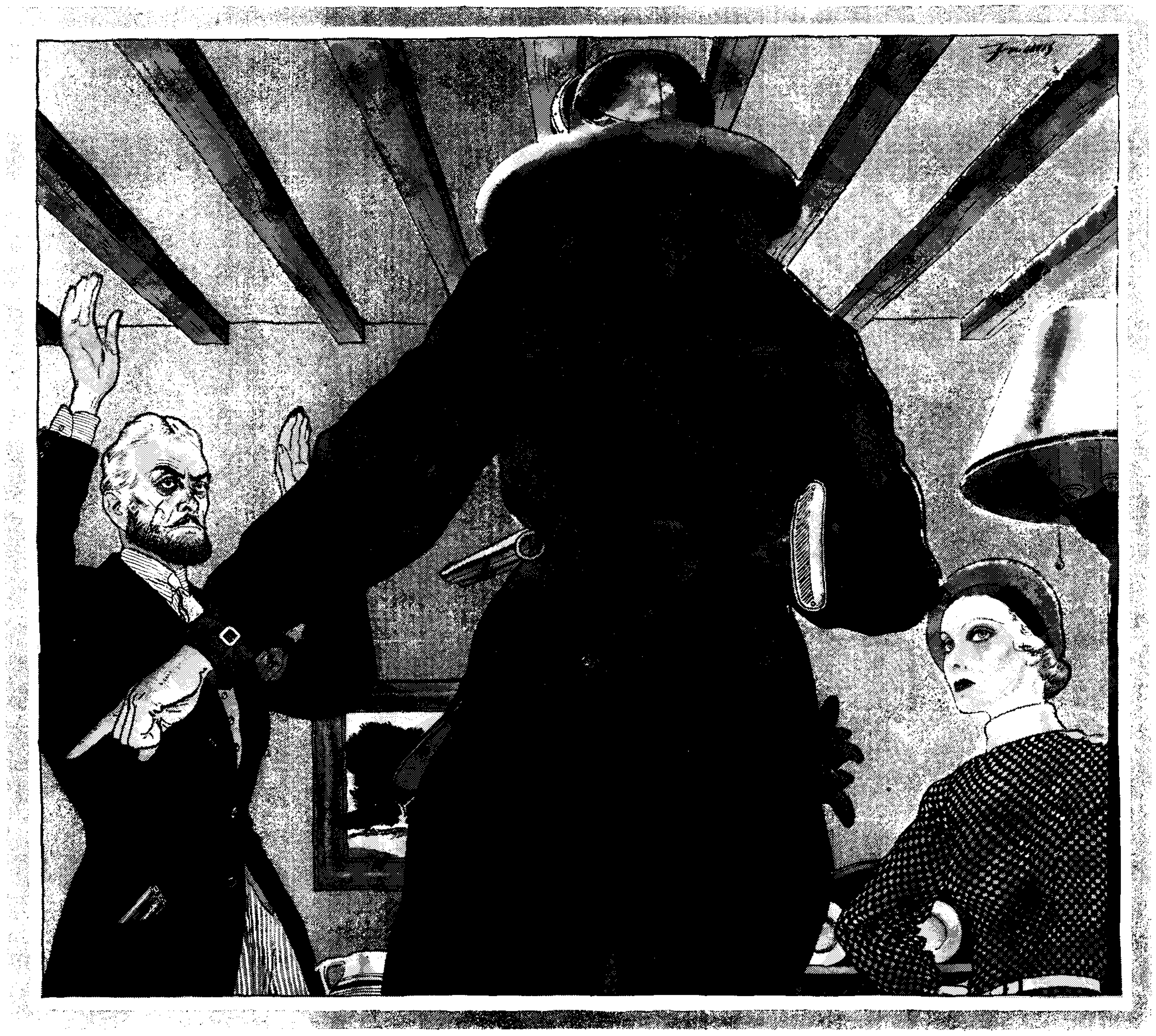
James M. Curley, governor of Massachusetts, is the unquestioned leader of Democracy in New England

The House of Dread

A proposal of marriage was no novelty in the life of Detective Wragge's niece. There was, however, one exciting exception

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD M. DAVIS



"You're one of my men," Meredith said. "You know what you'll get"

MISS MOTT of "Home Talks" and "Mott's Inquiry Agency" finished going through her letters with a little sigh of relief, and rang the bell to indicate that she was ready to receive a waiting visitor. A few minutes later there was ushered in a young woman who seemed entirely typical of the class whose domestic and love affairs Miss Mott so often supervised.

"This is Miss Moore?" Miss Mott asked, glancing at the card on the table by her side.

"That is my name," the visitor admitted. "Miss Helen Moore."

Miss Mott looked her over calmly. The young woman was pretty in her way, neatly dressed, with a pull-over hat, underneath the brim of which one caught a glimpse of dark, very expressive eyes. She was obviously nervous.

"Tell me all about it," Miss Mott begged, "in as few words as you can. And tell me, too, why you didn't consult me by letter—which I very much prefer."

"I suppose I was silly," the girl replied. "I am always nervous where Henry's concerned, thinking I might get him into trouble. Henry's my young man, you see. We are sort of engaged to be married."

"What do you mean by 'sort of'?"

"I mean that we were properly engaged," the young woman explained, "until I found out things about the way he earned his living. Then I called it off. Now he's getting troublesome again, though, and I don't know what to do."

"Are you fond of him?" Miss Mott asked.

The girl considered the matter.

"I'm fonder of him than I am of any of the others around," she acknowledged. "A girl must have a chap to go about with. I'd like to get married, too."

"What is there wrong about the way he earns his living?"

"He's a hairdresser by trade," the girl confided.

"Well, what is there wrong with that?" Miss Mott queried.

"Nothing, of course," the girl replied, "but I found out not long ago that he's got what he calls a side line. He was always clever at making people up for the stage—wigs and such like—and he's a perfect marvel at disguising people. It's that that's got him into trouble."

"GO ON," Miss Mott invited. "Tell me all about it."

"He's been working lately for a gang of criminals," the girl confessed. "He can change any man's appearance in a quarter of an hour so that you'd never know him. He's making good money at it, but they take him out with them sometimes, and I'm afraid."

Miss Mott looked properly shocked.

"I should think so, indeed," she declared. "You mustn't have another thing to do with him."

The girl's lips quivered.

"But I'm fond of him. He swears that if I'll marry him he'll give it up and get a regular job out in the country somewhere, so as to be away from them all."

"Do you believe him?"

"I do—honest," the girl said earnestly. "What I wondered is, whether you'd have just five minutes' talk with him one day—let him come and see you. You'd be able to make up your mind, then, what you think of him and I'll do what you say."

"Very well," Miss Mott sighed. "When does he leave work?"

"Six o'clock," the young woman replied. "He's in a hairdressing establishment in Hammersmith just now."

"He can come at half past six tomorrow night," Miss Mott assented. "I'll tell you what I think and give you my advice in next week's paper. I prefer that to having you visit me here. Tell me your name again."

"Helen Moore."

"There will be a reply to you in my column. I will make use of your initials—H. M."

The young woman rose to her feet.

"I'm very much obliged to you, Miss, I'm sure," she said. "You won't mind having Henry here a bit. I can promise you that. He's quite the gentleman always, and when he's dressed up for the evening you wouldn't know him from any of these West End swells."

"It won't matter to me how he looks," Miss Mott assured her, a little impatiently. "I shall make up my mind about him from the way he answers my questions."

HENRY LENEVEU was certainly a young man of a most displeasing type, Miss Mott decided, as he was shown into her room on the following evening. She disliked the shape of his head, the smallness of his eyes, his smoothly brushed hair and his generally sleek appearance. He had good looks of a certain sort, and he was neatly enough dressed. Miss Mott, however, distrusted him at first sight and Miss Mott was becoming quite a physiognomist. She motioned him to a chair and went pointblank to the matter.

"You want to marry Helen Moore, I understand," she said.

"That's what I mean to do," he acknowledged, a shade of truculence in his tone. "She's got it into her head that because I've been off the track once or twice I shan't make her a good husband. To please her I've promised to run straight in the future. I've saved a little money, I'm ready to settle down, and what I say is—the sooner we're married the better."

"From your point of view, I dare say," Miss Mott agreed coldly. "The question is, are you absolutely serious when you say that you've made up your mind to run straight?"

"I've said so, haven't I?" was the impudent rejoinder. "I have an outside line which pays far better than any ordinary work, but it's a bit risky, perhaps. And, anyway, I've promised to give it up."

"Has the young woman any money?" Miss Mott inquired, after a moment's reflection.

"Yes, she's got a bit," Leneveu acknowledged grudgingly. "And a small house left her by her aunt."

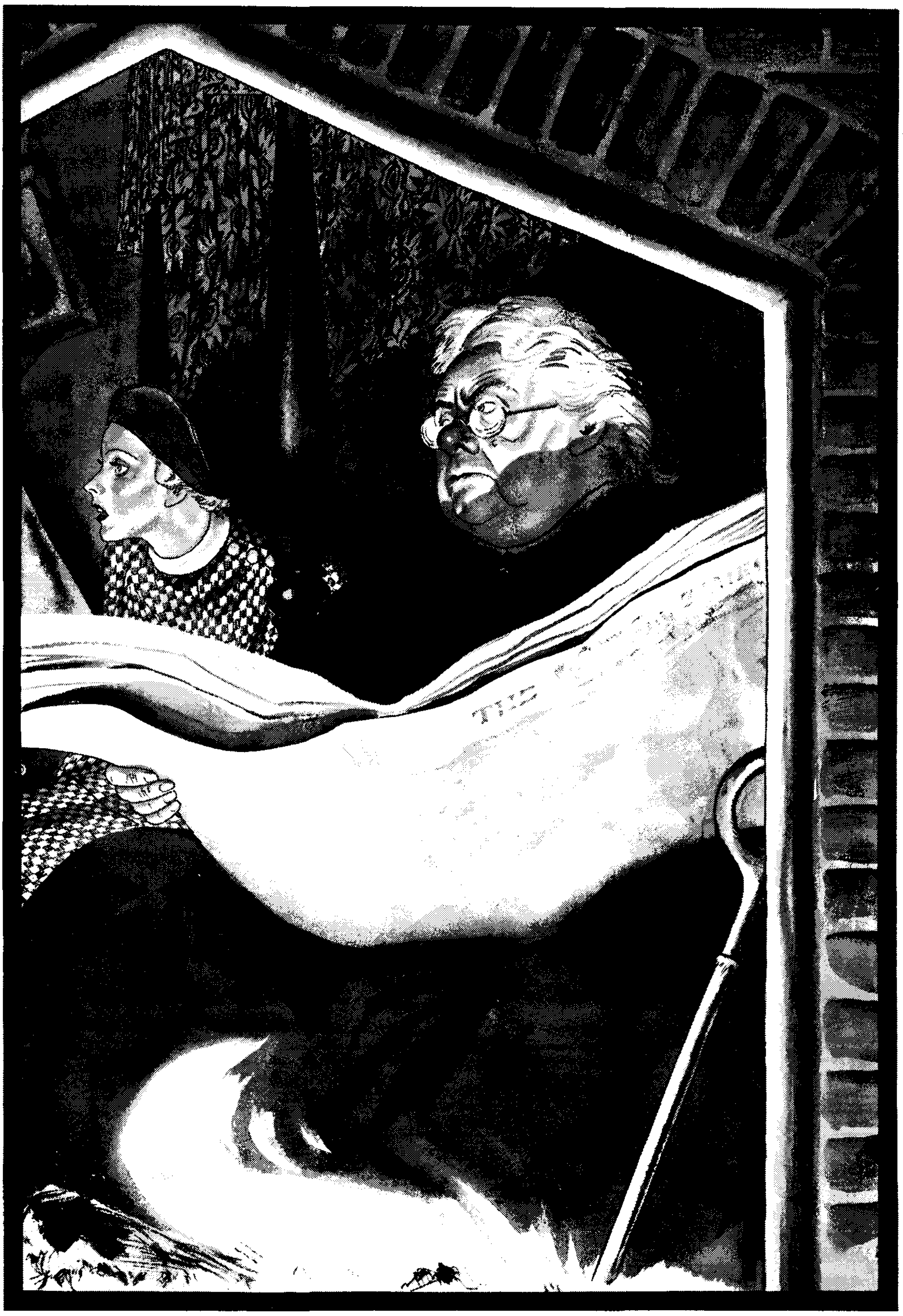
"I see," Miss Mott murmured. "Well, I don't think I need keep you any longer, Mr. Leneveu. I shall think it over and you can tell Miss Moore that she will receive my advice in next week's issue of the paper."

The young man took his leave, and Miss Mott, after a brief conversation upon the telephone, proceeded to Scotland Yard and received some terse but significant information from an inspector to whom her uncle introduced her. . . .

In next week's "Home Talks," among the answers to correspondents was one which was very much to the point:

"To H. M.
"Have nothing whatever to do with the young man on any account."

That brief sentence made for Miss Mott a very cunning and unscrupulous enemy.



"Where am I?" she demanded. "Look out the window and see," was the curt reply

BOSS MEREDITH suddenly paused in his task and laid upon the table the gun which he had been cleaning. From some unseen place in the large, stone-flagged kitchen of the old-fashioned Essex farmhouse an electric bell was tinkling. He leaned toward the window, listening, a glint of feverish anxiety in his sunken eyes. His appearance had entirely changed during the last few weeks. He had grown a short, straggling beard, and, in his thick shooting boots and gaiters, flannel shirt and leather coat, he represented well enough the typical keen sportsman back from an hour's tramp after ducks. There was nothing whatever left of the dandy in his unkempt appearance, and it is doubtful whether even Superintendent Detective Wragge, if he had seen him at the moment, would have recognized him as the debonair host of that murderous dinner party in Belgrave Square.

The electric bell continued to ring. There were footsteps from all parts of the house. Bolton and Hartigan—similarly attired in the garments of sport—came stealthily in. They were equally unrecognizable, and as they grouped themselves round the long oak table they all three exchanged glances of silent apprehension. Hartigan had already pulled out his automatic. Bolton followed suit. Meredith, in greater danger than either of them, had already laid his on the table in front of him. Gordon, the pompous butler, reduced by some miracle to less than his former height, made swift and noiseless entrance.

"There's a motorcyclist coming down the dike path," he announced. "The lights are all out. Shall I put the bar on the door?"

Meredith reflected.

"He must have seen that we were lit up from the lane," he muttered. "Better find out what he wants, Gordon. If you have the slightest suspicion—"

Gordon grinned.

"That's all right, sir," he interrupted. "There are several patches in the near marsh that would suck in the whole of Scotland Yard."

THERE was a ring at the bell—a hoarse, clattering summons of the old-fashioned type. Meredith stooped down, picked up a couple of mallards which he had brought in a few minutes before, and threw them upon the deal table, concealing under the feathers of the nearest one a very deadly-looking automatic. Then he recommenced his task of cleaning his gun. . . .

Gordon was gone longer than they expected. There was nothing of alarm in his face, however, when he returned.

"It's Henry Leneveu, our hairdresser," he announced. "The only man who could make up your scar properly," he added, addressing Meredith. "He was copped in the Hazel Street show, but they could only get him for felonious loitering. We haven't seen anything of him since, but he kept his mouth shut all right."

Meredith frowned.

"Bring him in," he enjoined briefly.

Henry Leneveu, in the somewhat forbidding costume of a serious motorcyclist, made due appearance. He was carrying his goggles in his hand but his face was still half masked. He was spattered from head to foot with mud, for there was no more desolate corner in Essex than this, and the lanes to Ilsom Grange, as the place was called, were nothing but frequently flooded cart tracks. Meredith eyed him coldly.

"What do you want here, Leneveu?" he asked.

"Could you give me a drop of something?" the young man begged. "It's been a cruel ride."

Gordon, who had remained in the room, at a gesture from his master produced whisky-and-soda. Leneveu drank thirstily.

"It's that young woman, sir," he confided, "the one who plugged the baby shot into Cheyne and Mr. Hartigan here."

"What about her?" Meredith asked swiftly.

"I saw her last week with Wragge," the young man went on. "You may say it's not my business now as you're not working, but I'm hoping the time will come when you're back again and you find us lads useful. I've learned a few new tricks with the pencil, mind, and remember we're always ready for a scrap or a job of any sort—especially now."

Meredith nodded.

"We'll see," he promised. "Go on."

"She's a vicious young dame, that," Leneveu continued with an ugly twist of the lips. "And it's my belief that bureau of hers is nothing but a fake. She's there to pass on what she can pick up to the Yard. She was working with Wragge all right, that night. Anyway, I sent a question to her column in the paper, and got permission to call and see her. We talked a lot of tommy-rot about a young woman I was supposed to be engaged to, but I noticed a few things."

"Well?"

"She was studying an A. B. C. when I got there. She laid it face downward upon the desk when I came in, but I saw the page. I bought an A. B. C. when I left her. Page fifty-seven it was. On page fifty-seven there are the trains to Driseworth. That's the station for here, ain't it?"

Meredith frowned. A curse broke from Hartigan's lips.

"Yes, that's the station for here," the former admitted thoughtfully. "No one in their senses would think of coming by train, though. The roads are almost impossible now, but between here and the station there are four miles under water when the tide's up."

"Well, anyway," Leneveu reiterated, "she was looking up Driseworth in the A. B. C., and I wondered why."

"HOW did you know where we were?" Meredith asked curiously.

"I'm captain of Number Two gang," was the somewhat bumptious reply. "We arranged the transport down here."

"That's right," Hartigan put in. "Number Two are a good lot of boys. They've done their work well up till now."

"Go on, then, Leneveu," Meredith enjoined.

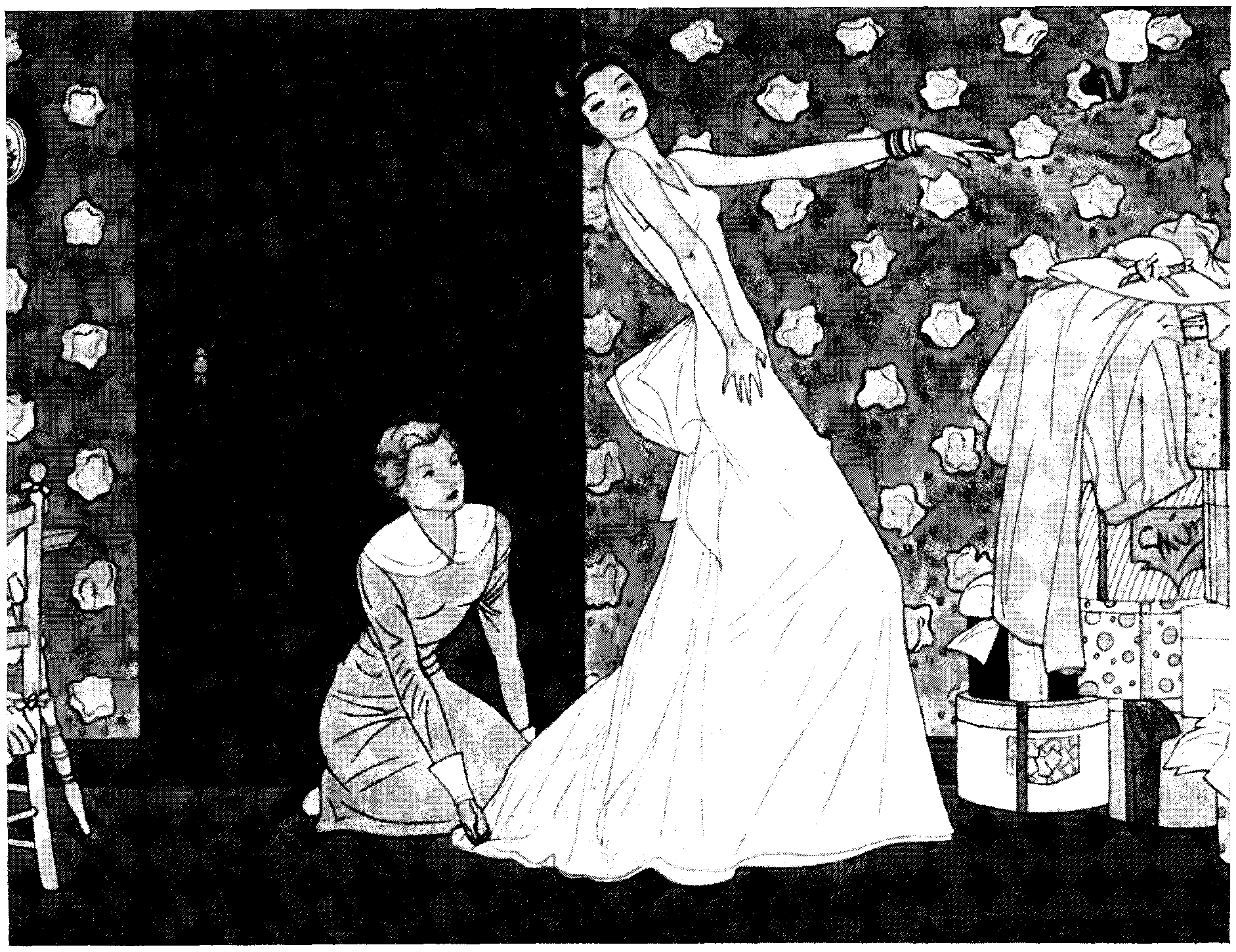
"There isn't much else," the young man admitted, "but while I was there the telephone rang, and she spoke. I'm pretty well sure it was to her uncle at Scotland Yard. She wanted to see him today, but he had to go to Southampton. They made a rendezvous for tomorrow night. I was wondering whether, if the young lady was interested in Driseworth, something hadn't better be done to stop that meeting."

Meredith looked gloomily out of the casement window. Filled though his brain was with sinister thoughts, the memory of that piquant little face was also there mocking him.

"When will the Lavinia be down the river, Bolton?" he inquired.

"Not until Saturday at four o'clock," was the regretful reply. "Johnson couldn't get her there before, however hard he tried. He's got to change her

(Continued on page 44)



"What a perfect manikin you make!" Gabrielle cried enthusiastically

Exclusive Model

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Henri Duvernois

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

IN HER room on the top floor of the hotel, Gabrielle, Miss Sweetson's maid, was busily mending a scarf. The murmur of the sea blended agreeably with the strains of a waltz being played downstairs for late diners. Her door stood open. Suddenly she lifted her head; she felt that someone was looking at her. In the doorway stood a young woman wearing a light serge suit and a remarkable hat trimmed with imitation oranges and apricots.

"You're Gabrielle, aren't you?" the girl said.

"Yes, I'm Gabrielle. . . . But who . . ."

"Of course you remember me. I'm Mélanie, who used to work for the Porcherons in the Boulevard Malesherbes!"

"What a grand surprise! Why, I haven't seen you in two years. Come in and sit down, Mélanie."

"Thanks. But my name isn't Mélanie any more. That was just while I was in service. Now I'm Yolande. . . . And so you left the Porcherons, Gabrielle?"

"Yes, and high time I did. After you left, Monsieur Porcheron went into bankruptcy. From that moment on they began to give themselves airs. They hired a butler, a chauffeur; they got more and more particular. You never heard such goings-on. Not to mention the fact that Madame was undiluted poison. . . . The truth is, Mélanie, the only people to work for now are the foreigners. I'm employed by one—Miss Sweetson, an American who is never in America. There's an independent one for you! She says: 'I'll never marry. I couldn't possibly marry anyone but the conductor of a sleeping car!' And, my dear, she has more than a hundred million francs!"

"And are these her dresses hanging here? You've hardly room for your bed."

"My dear, we came here for a month and she brought ninety dresses with her, so she'd never be seen twice in the same one. And the trunks! They gave me a headache, I can tell you. There wasn't enough room downstairs, so I had to bring the evening dresses up here. And you, Mélanie, what has been happening to you?"

"THAT'S a long story. . . . Anyway, I came here and rented a small room on this corridor. That ought to show you I'm down on my luck, for the moment. In fact, I haven't so much as an evening dress, and so it's out of the question for me to go to the Casino. I get up on the stroke of noon; have coffee instead of lunch, to save money, and in the afternoon I stroll on the beach. Believe it or not, I haven't made a single acquaintance of any importance since I came here. You just don't meet people except at the Casino. So I've simply got to find some way of getting there to see the Argentine who won six hundred thousand francs."

She stood up and respectfully patted the dresses.

"When I think that your American has ninety of them just for herself!"

"There's no justice in the way things are divided," Gabrielle agreed. "Not to mention the fact that they would look much better on you. She's thin and dried up; she walks like a man."

Mélanie continued to stroke the dresses. She took one down from the hanger and ecstatically pressed it to her breast. "Here's the one that would go with my coloring. And this bodice, my dear!"

"Ten thousand four hundred francs," Gabrielle replied. "If you want to try it on for a moment, just for fun, I'll shut the door."

If she wanted to! The suit was off in an instant and the hat fairly flew onto the hat boxes belonging to Miss Sweetson. Evidently the American was a little taller, but that didn't matter.

"What a perfect manikin you make!" Gabrielle cried enthusiastically. "It's a pleasure to dress you after that scrawny goat. There, you're hooked up. Too bad I haven't a long mirror. Fix your hair. Powder your nose. . . . My, but you're stunning! But what's the matter with the girl? Mélanie! Why, she's sobbing! Why are you so upset?"

"Because the dress doesn't belong to me and I have to take it off. . . ."

Gabrielle thought for a moment, then:

"I'm going to make a proposal," she said. "I like you; we always got along well together at the Porcherons. My American miss has retired; she has a headache. When I helped her to bed after dinner she told me not to wake her until late tomorrow morning. So—if you'll promise to be careful and to be back by midnight, I will lend you that dress! You can go to the Casino and—"

"You'll do that?" Mélanie cried, beside herself with joy. "Come here. Let me kiss you!"

And so it was that Mélanie, now called Yolande, was able to make a sensational entrance at the Casino amid the dagger looks of the women and the open admiration of the men.

Gabrielle was enjoying a warm glow from her generosity when a bellboy knocked on the door.

"Mademoiselle, your mistress would like you to come at once."

Drat! Miss Sweetson, cured of her headache by two hours of sleep, intended to seek distraction at the Casino. The lady's maid took her the flowing dress of green lamé, the gold slippers stenciled with peacock feathers, and retired to her room filled with anxiety.

At midnight Mélanie returned.

"You certainly did me a good turn!" she cried triumphantly. "I met the Argentine. He talks just the way we do and he asked me to have dinner with him tomorrow night. I didn't have such good luck with the dress though— Don't scold me, Gabrielle; the skirt was too long, my foot caught in the fringe and I tore it a little."

"That's nothing; I'll fix it," Gabrielle replied generously. "Now hurry up and change. My mistress decided to go out after all. Just imagine! I only hope she didn't notice you. . . ."

"Then she would be the only one that didn't," Mélanie replied proudly.

Once more the bellboy knocked. Gabrielle was wanted by Miss Sweetson. She found the latter purple with rage.

"I'LL complain to the Embassy; I'll go to law about it," the American stormed. "You know my Semiramis dress? That scoundrel of a dressmaker charged me ten thousand four hundred francs for it and he wrote on the label, 'Exclusive Model.' And now listen. In the Casino I've just seen a horrible little upstart in the same dress. The very same! I pay for an original; if there are two of them it is no longer original. I almost fainted. I'll never put foot in that cursed Casino again. Tomorrow I'll go to the Alhambra. . . ."

"That sort of thing is very upsetting," Gabrielle murmured soothingly. "It helps, though, to remember that the other lady is in just the same predicament with her dress. . . ."

"No," shouted Miss Sweetson. "She wore it first. You don't think for an instant I would put myself in the position of seeming to copy that low woman! Besides, I never want to see the dress again. Take it away! Throw it out! Do what you like with it; it's yours!"

Gabrielle thanked her mistress, wished her a good night and left her in a state of nerves. Back in her own room she found Mélanie waiting anxiously.

"I fixed that up all right," Gabrielle told her. "And listen, for your dinner with the Argentine tomorrow night I'll lend you another dress, the yellow and violet with the fur border. You see how generous I am? Only you'll have to be more careful. I didn't want to scold you just now when you came in, but the idea of tearing the fringe of a dress! The costume's ruined; it will have to be sold, and we'll be lucky to get two hundred francs for it. You'll have to be very careful when food is passed to you and please make a point of spreading your napkin out over your knees— And listen to me, Mélanie, after dinner you must persuade your Argentine to take you to the Alhambra. . . ."

Woman of the Family

By May Edgington

The Story Thus Far:

THROUGH Lennie Ward, a young dancing man who professes to love her, Eve Langham, secretary to Sir Edgar Marter, a London business man, gets the job of hostess in the Regalia, a night club. A short time later, shocked by the ardent advances of Sir Edgar, she gives up her secretarial work; after which—to emancipate herself from her mother, her father and her sister, Sophia, *all of whom tyrannize over her and* exploit her—she takes a small flat of her own.

Then comes a shock. It is administered by Sophia. Beautiful, but unscrupulous, the girl has an affair—*with Lennie Ward!* Then, engaged to him, she secures a job—*as Sir Edgar Marter's new secretary!* . . . Meanwhile, sinister events are, apparently, shaping at the Regalia. Some of the patrons—notably Mrs. Louise Poinsetter, a wealthy American with a dubious past, and Captain Jonathan Horne, an explorer, who, while paying marked attention to Eve, keeps in close touch with Scotland Yard—are aware of it. And Fero, the oily manager; Assistant Manager Hopton; Tonetti, the orchestra leader—all seem strangely nervous, apprehensive.

Horne interests Eve. In time, he fascinates her. And at last, dining with him in her flat, she realizes that she loves him. But she does not understand him; he makes many cryptic remarks, some of which arouse her anger. Then, having made it clear (so Eve thinks) that he is deeply interested in Louise Poinsetter, he takes her in his arms, tells her he loves her, kisses her.

Eve, infuriated, slaps him. She thinks: "*He believes I'm a gold-digger*—well, *I'll let* him continue to believe it." And presently, in answer to his plea that he be permitted to give her a little gift, she finds herself telling him that he may buy her a small jade elephant. That elephant, she is well aware, is priced at eighty pounds! . . .

That same evening, while Eve is dancing at the Regalia, Horne and Louise Poinsetter go motoring. Their paths have crossed often, in the past. But each is more or less a mystery to the other. And they are certainly *not* in love. Before they part, Horne observes some costly *recut* emeralds Mrs. Poinsetter is wearing. Stolen? He wonders. Then, having dropped her at her home, he drives past Eve's flat. No light is showing—the most puzzling, perplexing girl he has ever met is still dancing at her night club.

IX

I AM so worried, so anxious, I'm frightened. You must come and help me, Eve."

She had known it. This was bound to happen. The telephone message, cutting into her late sleep, scared drowsiness from Eve's brain.

Lying in bed, opening heavy eyes in this new luxury of restful days and late mornings, her heart had exclaimed, as the sound of the telephone bell first jumped in her ears, that it might be Jonathan Horne.

She didn't know why, except that these last two weeks had brought them into a closer communion. There had been, after the first disturbing clashes, a halt called in that queer, puzzling game of cross purposes at which they had seemed to play; and now it seemed to her that they entered a friendship as mysterious.

Was it friendship or just a truce?

Or was it merely new tactics in his contemptuous game of love?

And why did he play at love—if it were love—contemptuously?

Anyway, during this halt there had been hours of talk like their first talk; impersonal. Only because of its impersonality, the talk became disappointing; and more, it was deeply disturbing; disturbing because all the while even pride couldn't keep one indifferent.

He played cat and mouse—this man. And inexplicably, one let him.

"Allow me to bury the past; and forgive me," he had said; he could disarm one completely with his respectful gentleness if he wished. And so she had dined at his table one night at the Regalia Club. He had driven her down to tea at a famous old-world inn, fifty miles out of London. And the white jade elephant had arrived at the flat ten days ago. And she had pretended that the past—which she wished to remember—was buried. Each time he came in—and really, he came in often now—he looked at the jade elephant and smiled.

Each time she wanted to hurl it back at him and did not.

But the telephone did not transmit Horne's deep, reflective voice this morning.

It was her mother's hurried, hectic babble that tumbled over the wire.

Listening, Eve said to herself: "Well, I have had nearly two weeks' peace to be thankful for, even if it has got to begin all over again now," even while back into her heart dropped all the full weight of her old responsibility; back came that tearing love and anxiety for her mother and father and Sophia, which in the past had drained her vitality and kept her the ghost of a girl compared with her new self.

"I must come to see you," her mother cried.

"Oh, yes, Mother. When?"

"At once. This morning. I have got my things on now."

And Eve cried back into the transmitter:

"All right, Mother; all right, dear. I am at home."

"You're at home! You ought not to call yourself 'at home' in that extravagant flat. Your home's here where we are struggling and striving—" the semi-hysterical voice snapped off, and there was the hurried replacing of the receiver at the other end.

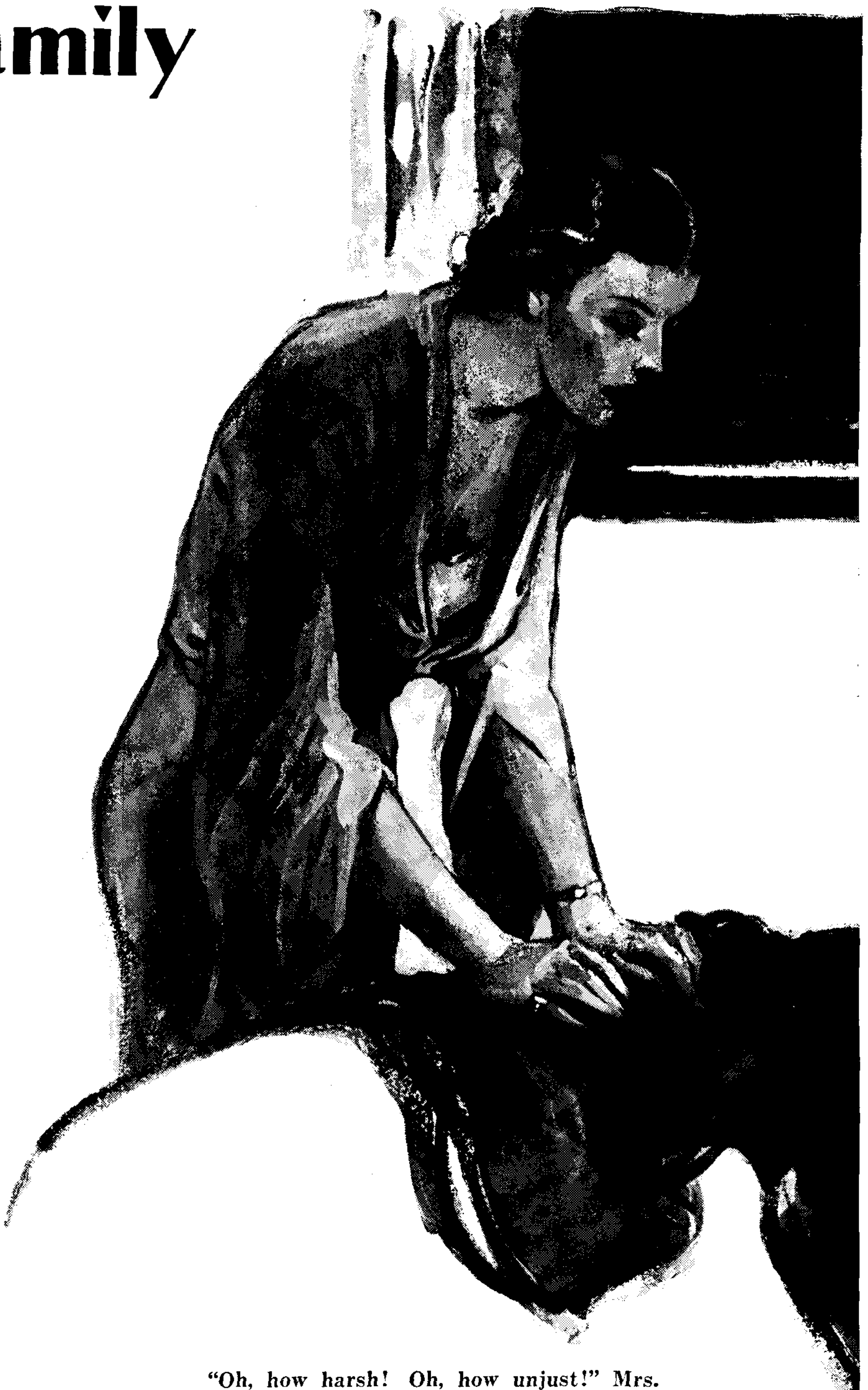
Catastrophe?

Indeed, it must be an urgent matter to bring Mrs. Langham out of her flat, away from her housekeeping in the morning, for it was part of her rigid credo that no conscientious woman of small income could possibly do anything with the hours before midday save cook, wash, sweep, dust or perhaps, for a treat, take her market basket and hurry, shrewdly bargaining, around the neighborhood shops.

THEREFORE, when in no more than half an hour from the time she had telephoned she climbed the stairs to her daughter's flat, and with angry, despairing hands seized and rattled the Italian gate to be let in, Eve, though fresh from her bath and looking it—powdered and sleeked, having drunk her morning coffee with resolute leisureliness, in spite of this threatened invasion—was still in her kimono.

That annoyed and flurried Mrs. Langham even more than the words "at home" had done over the telephone half an hour earlier.

To her, a dressing-gowned woman at ten o'clock in the morning was a slipshod, idle, self-indulgent creature; a disgrace to her sex—and she should look it. She should look unattractive, unkempt—if possible careworn—*deshabille* should not suit her. If one had time to bathe—the scent of bath salts was in the air, aggravating—to powder, to brush one's hair and coil it neatly; if one looked, except for externals, as if one had made an elaborate toilet, and yet had put a plain cotton negligee over all this, and appeared chic in it, then, as a woman, there was something wrong with one. It breathed, if not of immorality, of amorality—not that Mrs. Langham knew the word.



"Oh, how harsh! Oh, how unjust!" Mrs. Langham cried out, knowing it was neither

So argued Mrs. Langham in her fumbling, waspish way. She could have forgiven an unwashed face, curling pins, an air of drowsy bedragglement to accord, as she would say, with a kimono; but not this accomplishment.

She looked her daughter up and down and exclaimed, "Well!"

Wonderful how a few days' freedom from harassing family obsessions could clear the air, helping one to see things in larger, more tolerant perspective!

"Well, Mother dear," Eve replied soothingly.

Mrs. Langham edged past her with the effect of making entry by violence; went into the sitting-room where the windows had been thrown up, the cushions plumped, and the dusting done, and where the flowers were sweet. She looked around her.

A further outrage!

"You do your work—and I hope you do the work of this flat yourself, Eve—*before you are dressed?* Only common women do that."

Her mind, so small that she could not conceive of any household methods different from her own self-appointed ones, rose in a ferment; it had been fermenting all the way here. But now it met a new daughter—a daughter of calmer comprehensions.

EVE had begun to realize how human beings are the creatures of habit and environment; and how, chained, whether by their own fault or other people's, to some treadmill, they never turn their eyes outside the little circle round which they plod.

She said soothingly: "Certainly I look after my own flat, Mother. It's so small, isn't it? And I am dressed underneath, anyway."

It wasn't only a teasing spirit, but a real wish to force Mrs. Langham to think differently, that made her hold open the kimono. She wore the usual modern scanty set of silk underclothes; the clothes of her recent purchase.

Full storm broke then, and for five minutes the elder woman was just a scolding, gesticulating harridan.

But this morning Eve was not hurt for her own sake; she was hurt for her mother's sake. The unloveliness of the mind of the domestic fanatic made her sorry for the fanatic herself.

When the lull came, she reasoned: "You always made Sophia silk underclothes, didn't you?"

"It was different. They were made for her by her mother, and she was a baby—"

"Oh come! Mother! You call her a baby, and she's a married woman? Or isn't she married?"

"She was married two days ago. Of course she is a married woman."

On that, quite suddenly Mrs. Langham's outburst ceased. The storm was spent.

She cried almost feebly, "I'm dreadfully upset," and looked at her daughter with a new, quiet, confiding look.

"I didn't come here to talk about silk underclothes, Eve. If Sophia had them it was because I made them for her, and she was going on the stage, and everyone knows that actresses are different. City girls going about among all kinds of men like you did shouldn't wear them."

And then equally suddenly and surprisingly she threw up her hands and added: "I don't know why. I don't seem to know about anything." And then she was weeping, not tears for the purpose of harassing or reproaching a recalcitrant member of her family, but the genuine tears of a woman and a mother brought up against a force with which she cannot cope.

AND she was sitting in a big chair, with her daughter perched on the arm of it beside her, and her head was on that daughter's shoulder, and she was sobbing out her trouble or, at least, she was trying to communicate it.

"Wait a minute, Mother," Eve urged very quietly. "Have you eaten any breakfast?"

"I couldn't. I gave your father his favorite kedgeree and I cooked bacon for Sophia and Lennie, and they are sitting over it in the flat. Still—still at breakfast! They don't hurry. They're both in their dressing-gowns—just like you—that was what made me especially angry—to see you in a dressing-gown. I have had enough of people idling about—in dressing-gowns—when I always put on all my clothes and my overall—and I could smell your bath salts, and *I* never have a bath till night—because the water's only hot enough for Father and Sophia early in the morning—and now Lennie grumbles at that! And I've cooked, and done the rooms, and—"

"Yes, Mother. Yes."

"When you were at home, Eve, it went better. I don't know how; I expect it was because you *had* to be punctual, you see. There was some kind of time-keeping, and any woman who's running a home single-handed knows that time-keeping in the morning is just the essence of it."

"Yes, Mother. Tell me everything."

"AND then soon after you left, Sophia had to go out like you did, but this morning she hasn't gone; and when I asked her, she wouldn't tell me anything. They're so close together—she and Lennie—they tell each other everything, but not me."

"Does Sir Edgar know yet that she's married?"

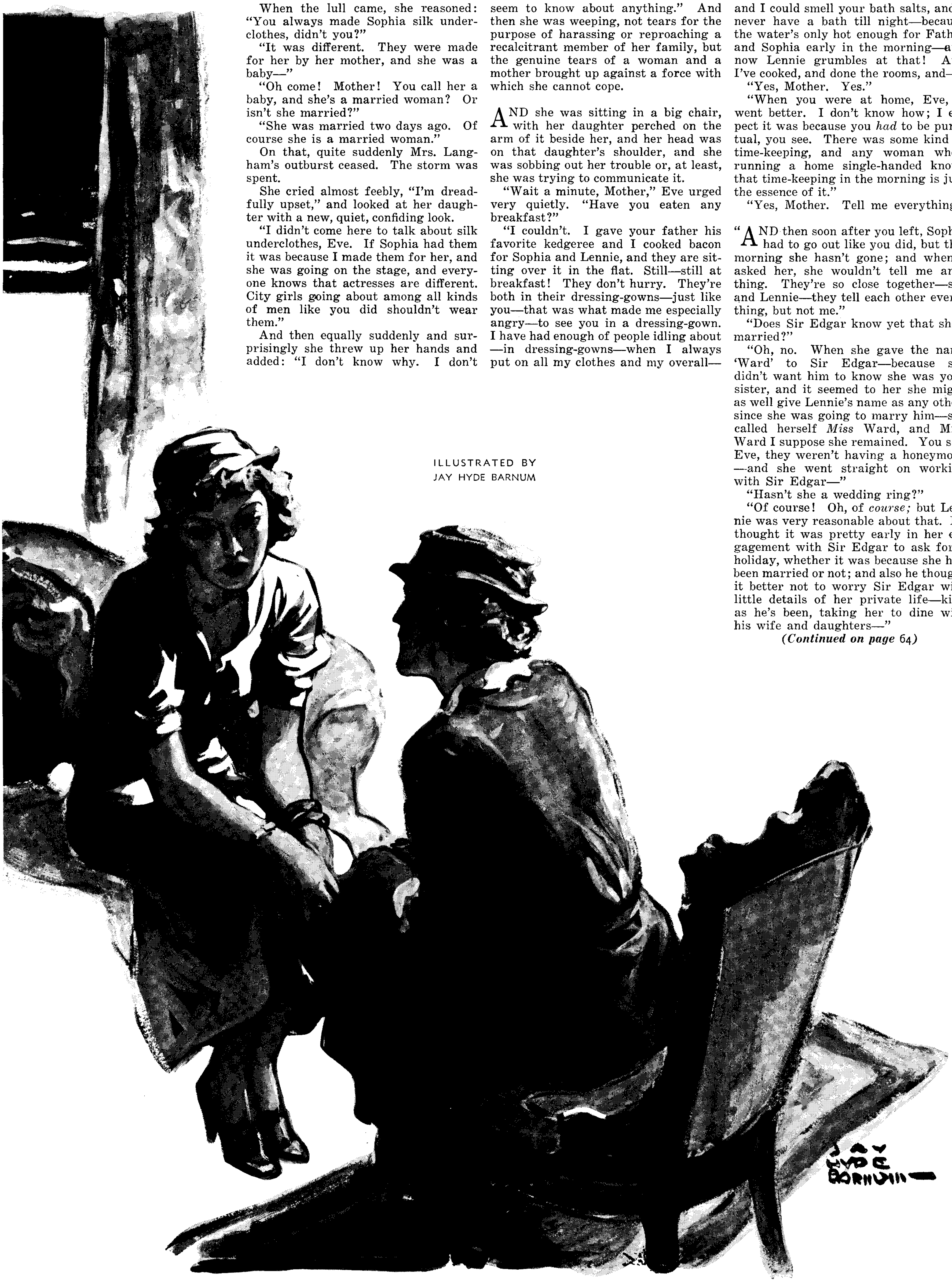
"Oh, no. When she gave the name 'Ward' to Sir Edgar—because she didn't want him to know she was your sister, and it seemed to her she might as well give Lennie's name as any other, since she was going to marry him—she called herself *Miss* Ward, and Miss Ward I suppose she remained. You see, Eve, they weren't having a honeymoon—and she went straight on working with Sir Edgar—"

"Hasn't she a wedding ring?"

"Of course! Oh, of *course;* but Lennie was very reasonable about that. He thought it was pretty early in her engagement with Sir Edgar to ask for a holiday, whether it was because she had been married or not; and also he thought it better not to worry Sir Edgar with little details of her private life—kind as he's been, taking her to dine with his wife and daughters—"

(Continued on page 64)

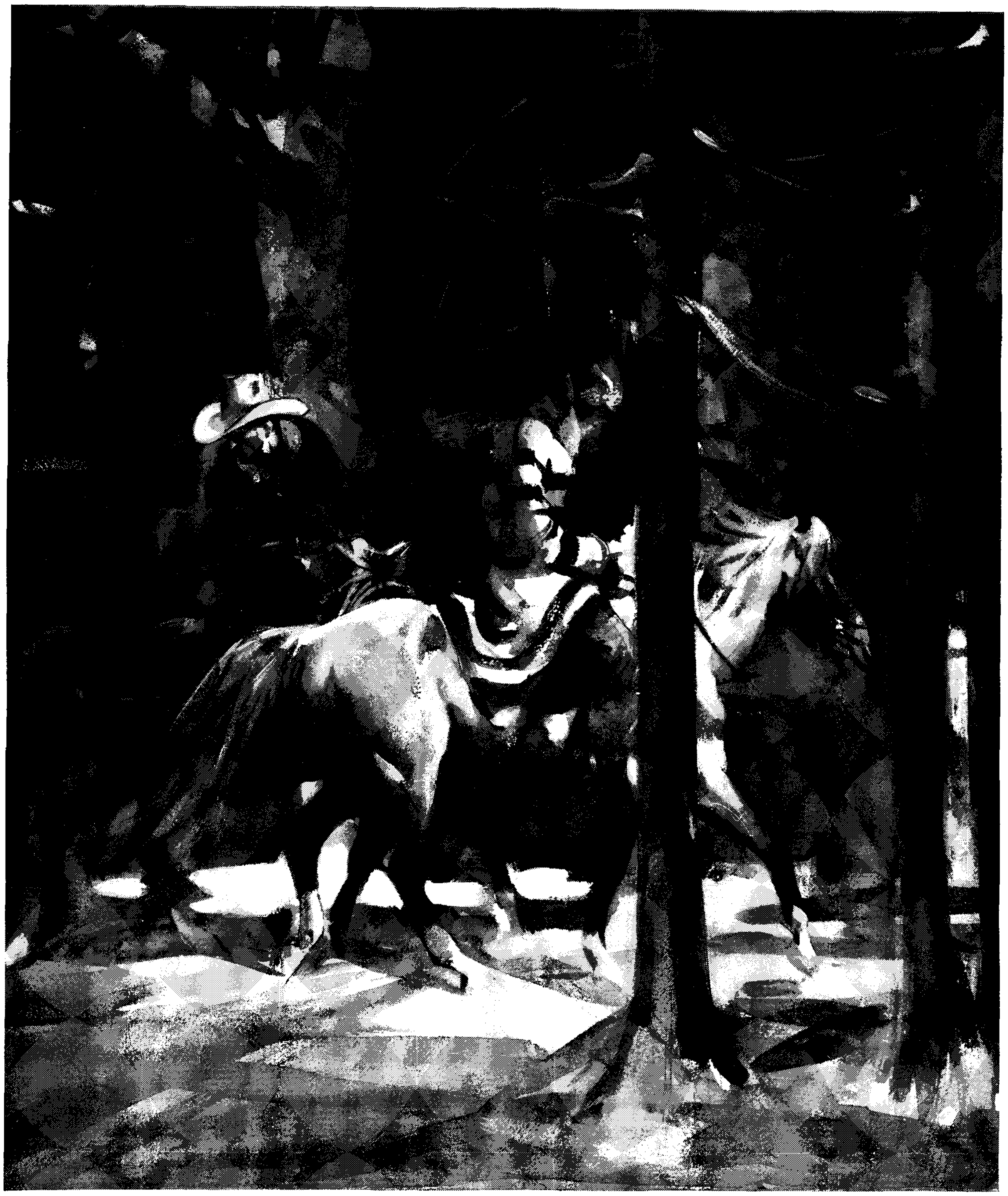
ILLUSTRATED BY
JAY HYDE BARNUM



The Smoky Years

By Alan LeMay

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM



To Jody in her weariness it seemed that they plodded on and on while the prophesied two hours stretched to four

The Story Thus Far:

STRUGGLING with Ben Thorpe, a conscienceless adversary, for control of the Southwestern cattle country, "Dusty" King and his partner, Lew Gordon, are winning. Whereupon, Thorpe and two of his aides—Walk Lasham and Cleve Tanner—murder King.

King has an adopted son in Ogallala, Nebraska: Bill Roper. Roper resolves to avenge King's death. He makes his plans, quickly; outlines them to Gordon, who refuses to endorse them. They shock the girl he loves: Gordon's daughter, Jody. "Bill," she says, "if you do this crazy thing, I'll never marry you!"

But Roper is adamant. Dissolving his partnership with Gordon, he goes to Texas. There, Tanner, Thorpe's agent, rules over a vast cattle domain—all stolen. And there, Roper, working with a band of hired outlaws—Dry Camp Pierce, Lee Harnish, Tex Long and others—attacks him, harasses him, and, finally meeting him in a pistol duel, kills him.

Walk Lasham is Thorpe's agent in Montana. Pursuing the same tactics, Roper now wages war on him. While playing solitaire in a bar-room in Miles City, he is approached by one Marquita (a girl of whom he knows almost nothing), who warns him that Lasham is in town. A few moments later, Lasham, accompanied by two cowboys, strides in. As he does so, Marquita whispers to Bill: "It's for your own sake"—*and slips away with his gun!*

Unarmed, Roper confronts Lasham, who prepares to kill him. At this critical moment, however, two of Roper's men appear: Lee Harnish and Tex Long. They cover Lasham. But Roper will not permit them to shoot him. . . . Meanwhile, Jody Gordon has not been idle. She has learned that Ben Thorpe, believing that her father is backing Roper, is plotting to kill him. Gordon is in Miles City. She goes there, warns him to be on guard. Also, she tells him that she still loves Bill Roper. Her father, who regards Roper as a wild young outlaw, is infuriated. "Thorpe," he exclaims, "has put a reward on Roper's head. I'm going to double that offer!"

Unable to alter her father's determination, Jody turns to Shoshone Wilce, one of Roper's friends. "Take me to Bill Roper," she implores him. "*I must see him tonight.*"

VII

SHOSHONE stared at her, unbelieving. "Hey! Wait a minute! I can't—"

"You'll do as I say, Shoshone."

Shoshone Wilce looked like a man entrapped. "I can't do it! Your father—I just won't do it, Miss Gordon!"

"All right. I'll make the ride alone."

"Hey, look! You can't—"

"Bill Roper won't like this, Wilce."

Shoshone studied her searchingly but found nothing to reassure him. It was in his mind that this girl would do exactly as she said. "My life ain't worth a nickel, either way," he almost whimpered.

"You be here with the horses," Jody said.

She turned and went into the house, leaving Wilce standing unhappy and uncertain, ankle deep in the wet snow.

THE rounding up of the wild bunch riders lost Roper a few days; but within the week Bill Roper and Tex Long rode into the plains of the Little Dry. Snow was falling again; it came down in huge flakes, soft, wet and heavy, blinding the range. Through this slow smother the men under Roper and Long pushed steadily, carrying with them more than forty head of loose horses lately obtained from the Rosebud Sioux to camp at last in the lee of a low, flat butte.

Here around a spluttering fire the riders crouched in their sodden blankets like Indians, while Roper gave out his orders. Their faces, clouded by lack of razoring, showed gaunt and bony in the orange light of the fire, and over their blanketed shoulders the snow fell steadily, as if the prairie were trying in its formless way to blot out fire and men.

Thirty-two men and six outlaw leaders were now in the field against Walk Lasham's powerful Montana outfits in the great raid. Thirty-eight picked men—most of them gun fighters, all of them crack cowboys—concentrated in a single wild bunch under a chief who knew his ground!

Their force was strong enough to have called itself a company of cavalry—and it would have been a good one. There were enough of them to have captured Miles City or Ogallala, or they could have handled twenty-five thousand head of cattle in a single bunch. They numbered more than twice as many as the party of buffalo hunters who had beaten off the siege of a thousand Indians—the picked warriors of half a dozen tribes—at the battle of Adobe Walls.

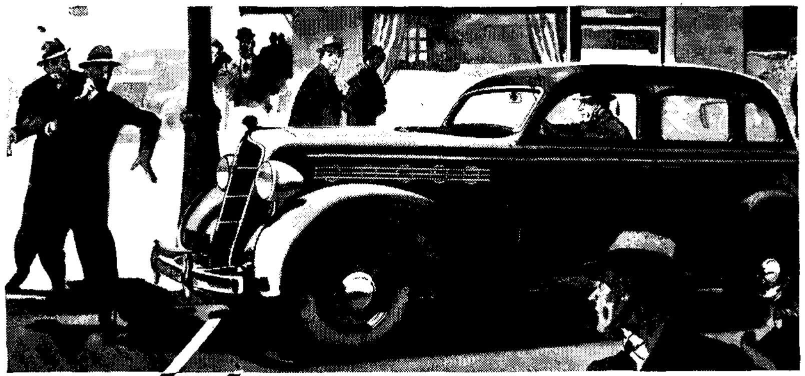
ROPER'S first move had been to split his renegade riders into five bunches under the leaders that he knew—Tex Long, Lee Harnish, Dave Shannon, Dry Camp Pierce and himself. Hat Crick Tommy he sent to Miles City in search of further word from Jody Gordon; Hat Crick would later rejoin Roper as messenger and scout.

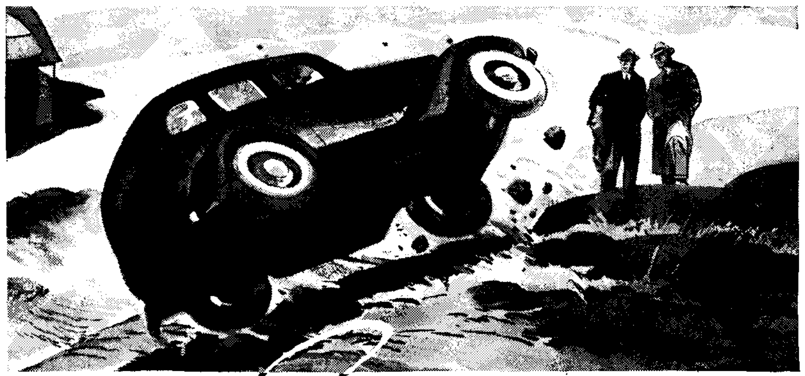
Dry Camp Pierce was in charge, in a general way, of most of the wild bunch; he was to sweep westward across Montana, raiding as he went. By running the cattle northward in relays to Iron Dog's people, Pierce could strike hard, gut a choice range, and two days later launch a new raid a hundred miles away.

It was Roper's plan that he and Tex Long, with twelve men between them, should make the most daring raid of all—a raid upon the big herds which Lasham held between the headwaters of Timber Creek and the Little Dry. Of all the ranges in which the wild bunch was interested, this was the nearest to Miles City—the most accessible, the most closely watched, the best protected. How many cattle he could transfer from this range to the starving Canadian Sioux, Roper did not know; but it was his hope to raise such a conspicuous and stubborn disturbance as would mask the operations of the rest of the wild bunch and permit Pierce to work unimpeded.

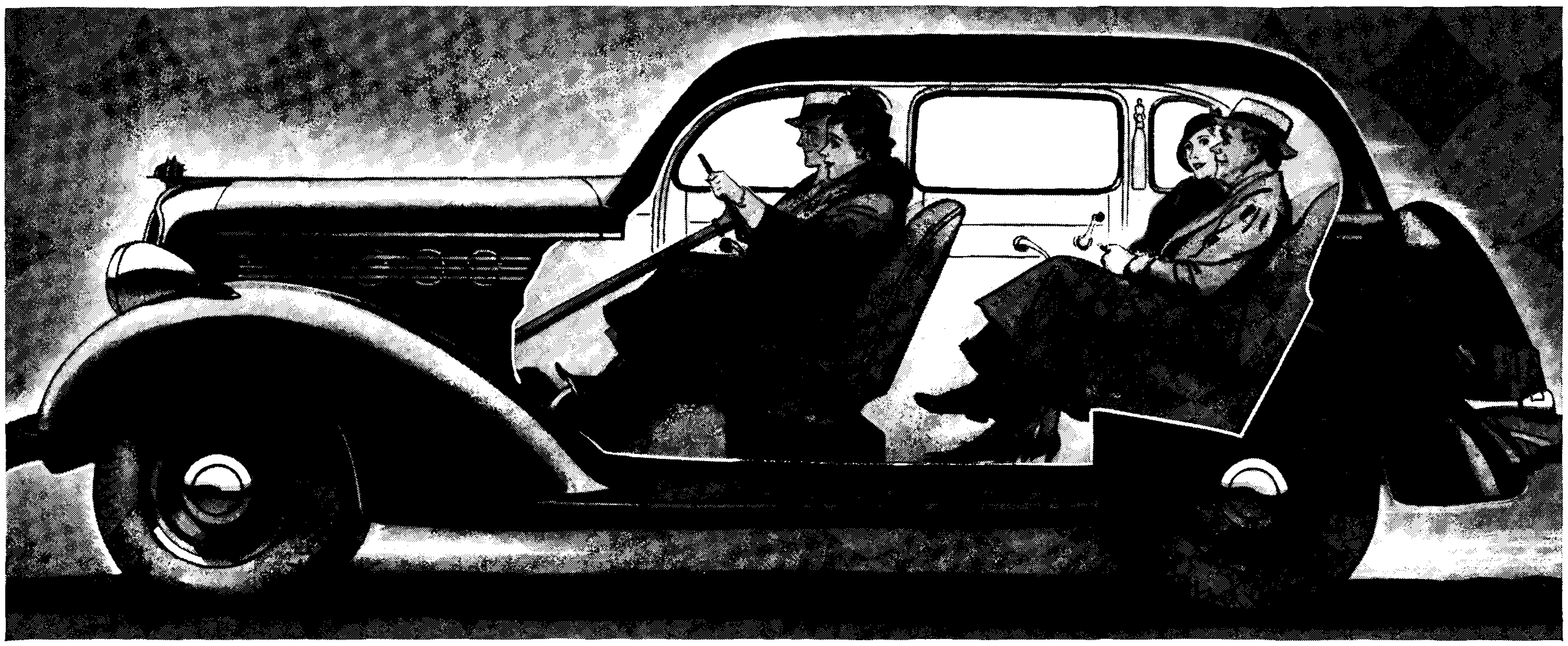
"The fourteen of us will split seven ways," Roper told them now. "I figure Lasham's lookout camp for this range is about twelve miles southeast. We'll

(*Continued on page* 30)





Hydraulic Brakes... Steel Bodies AND CORRECT WEIGHT DISTRIBUTION



New weight distribution...seats and engine moved forward...for a smoother ride...more room and comfort...as introduced in last year's famous "Airflow" cars.

Only Plymouth, among Low-priced Cars, gives you ALL these Comfort and Safety Features

THIS YEAR you're hearing plenty about "Redistributed Weight." Almost every 1935 car has changed its weight-balance in some way.

But the next time you read about it . . . or hear somebody discuss it . . . remember this:

Only Plymouth, in the low-price field, had the authentic engineering background to redistribute weight *correctly*. Plymouth's "Floating Ride" is based on the combined experience of many thousands of last year's "Airflow" owners over more than a hundred million miles of road!

With seats and engine moved forward . . . floors lowered . . . seats widened . . . there's more room and comfort for five full-sized people.

Super-flexible front springs of a new type (Mola Steel) . . . *double*-action shock absorbers . . . a sway eliminator at the front . . . *all* work together to give you this "Floating Ride." Vibration-free. No bouncing. No jolting. You relax. You *rest* . . . front seat or back.

This 1935 Plymouth is not only a new car . . . it's a new *type* of car. A High-Speed Safety Car, built specially to cope with today's swift, crowding traffic. It responds quicker than ever, has increased power and speed.

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Mary Servoss gets the sandwiches under way

Erin O'Brien Moore tosses a delicious salad

And Jean Dixon acts as official taster

What Do We Eat?

By Marie Beynon Ray

Tempting ways and means of appeasing guests who get hungry at odd hours—as practiced by three famous actresses

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

THEY are known to their friends as "The Three Snacketeers," these three actresses of Broadway and Hollywood—Jean Dixon, Erin O'Brien-Moore and Mary Servoss—who all live in the same apartment house overlooking the East River in New York and who have developed an uncanny skill in preparing at odd hours those intriguing little meals known as snacks. The snack, as you doubtless know, has become the most devastatingly popular method of entertaining we have had since Ward McAllister put over the cotillion.

No sooner was the snack conceived than America began producing every sort of first-aid to snacketeers, not only ready-made snacks in jars and bottles, but new devices in which to prepare and serve them. Today every department store has its informal entertaining department, many small specialty shops have no other business in life but to cater to the snacketeer, and hotels have elevated the snack to an institution. Snack bars, they call them, and one drops in at the cocktail hour to meet friends and see one's morale slowly crumble before the assortment of hot and cold *hors d'œuvres* trundled temptingly about. The English (they claim it's the climate) have never had the slightest resistance to the temptations of this zero hour, and now the London snack bar, exerting new fascinations, claims even larger hordes of victims.

People are always dropping in on stage-folk at the queerest times—Sunday-morning breakfast time, after-theater supper time, cocktail time, Sunday-night supper time—and when you have three popular actresses in one apartment house, company may happen at any moment, in simply prostrating numbers and Heaven only knows what state of collapse. Your gayest conversation may tide things over for a while, but sooner or later you're going to have to face the fact that your guests wouldn't absolutely refuse nourishment. So the only thing to do is to combine parties, call Jean or Erin on the phone and say, "I have six people here who show no signs of ever going home and who are beginning to make noises like feeding time at the zoo. How many are up there? Bring them and your biggest cocktail shaker down and let's give them some pigs in blankets."

Naturally, when that sort of thing has been going on for years, you acquire a technique little short of miraculous in the preparation of snacks. You can practically produce rabbits (Welsh, at that) out of a hat, turn water into any six drinks they can name, divide an olive into twelve equal parts and persuade a sardine to lie down on a *canapé* with touching grace.

Said Mary and Erin and Jean, sometimes one at a time, usually all together: "You can't keep a cook up all night to make a rabbit after the theater or a late bridge game—or maybe there just is no cook. There need be no embarrassment about *that*. The whole charm of a snack is its casual informality, its spontaneity, its air of being a new game."

"No apologies for the lack of servants"—Mary gets the floor—"no surreptitious exits and disheveled reappearances bespeaking a clandestine rendezvous with the kitchen stove, no elaborate display of culinary triumphs made in the sweat of one's brow—just lead your guests into the dining-room and show them all the jolly things you've provided for them to play with. You supply the makings and the rest is up to them. Watch the glint of creation in a guest's eye when you turn him loose on a sandwich board, supplied with bowls of all sorts of fillings, loaves of bread, a bread slicer, etc., and suggest that he let himself go on a hitherto unheard-of three-decker. The spirit of the Earl of Sandwich himself takes possession of him and he will ply your guests with little inspirations in raw chopped beef and grated onion, neat little arrangements in peanut butter and chili sauce."

Put Your Guests in the Mood

"Right off, as soon as they enter the dining-room, your guests should get the spirit of the thing," says Erin. "There's nothing like a red, white and blue tablecloth to put them in the right mood—or anyway a rustic sort of cloth or something gay and modern—but no lace, no damask, no cherished heirlooms. The china and glass should be no snootier than the cloth, nothing to give the baked beans an inferiority complex. And the food should be no more upstage than the service, nothing *à la*, you understand, nothing crushingly elegant. It must all appear to be done with a turn of the wrist, gayly, in a spirit of girlish mischief."

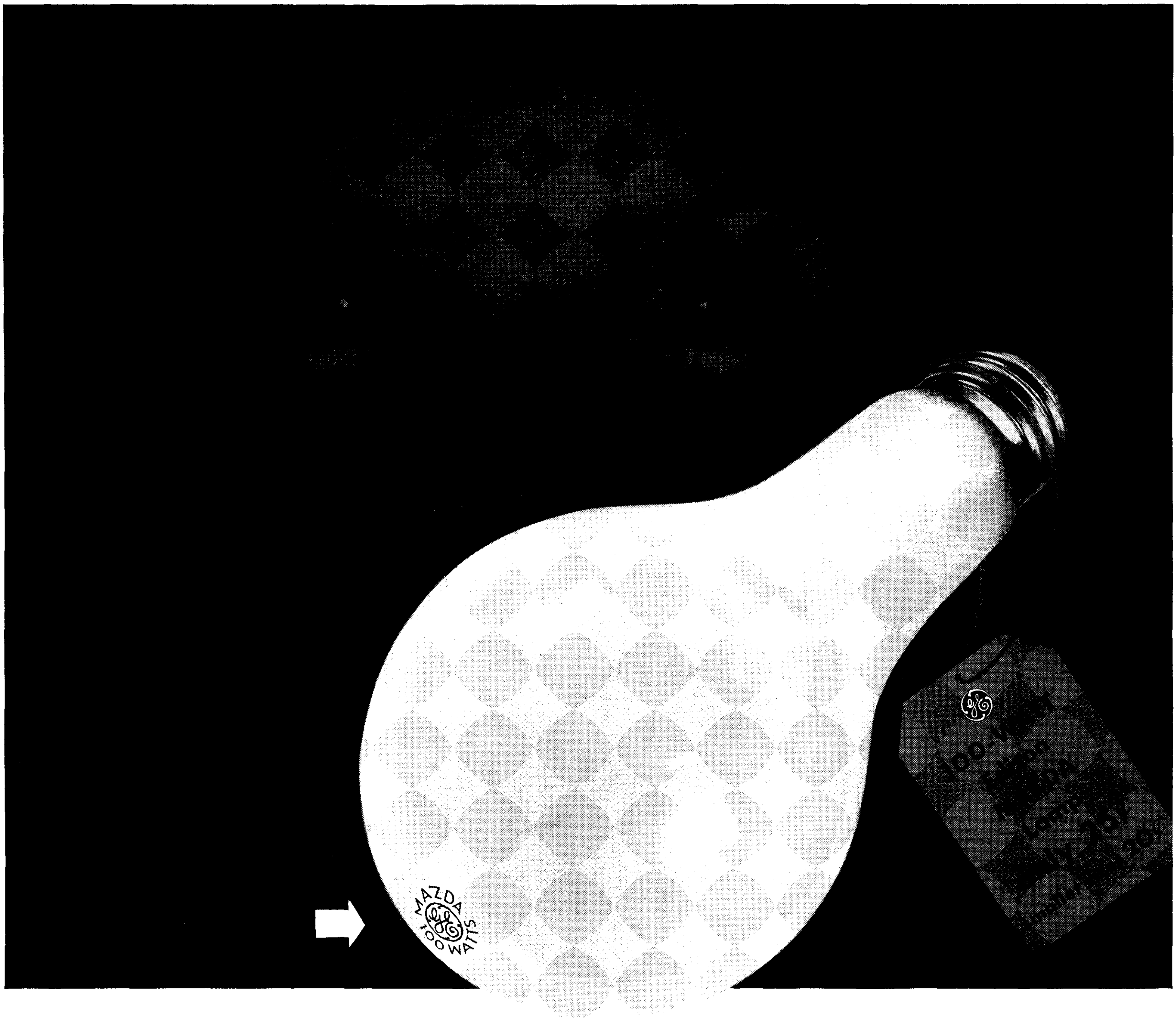
But suppose we pause to say that, although actresses may be the natural prey of migratory guests, practically all of us are exposed to this form of entertainment. We may pretend we don't like it but actually it makes us feel awfully popular. Even when we have premeditated guests, snacking is still the most popular method of feeding them today.

Every movement has its pioneer, and in this case it was Russell Wright, a sculptor and once a designer of stage sets for the Theater Guild, who now sits in a bamboo pergola on the roof of what was a Greenwich Village stable but is now his studio, shop and home, designing all sorts of informalities for the snacketeer.

Four years ago Wright saw that the time had come to take cooking out of the kitchen and into the dining-room to the end that a lady might continue to feel completely the lady while actually doing the cooking before her assembled guests. He divides the snack into three classifications — the cold buffet, the cooking-at-the-table supper, the stove-to-table snack; and for each class he has designed a special table service. In designing these utensils he decided to play on our love for Early American. Polished woods, especially maple, and great simplicity were characteristics of Early American design, so he combined maple with aluminum in designs of such naïve simplicity that our Early American hearts fairly leaped at sight of them and we transferred our affections bodily to these new devices, not even pausing to notice that they had a remarkably Modern air, a style we thought we detested. So today the country is flooded with electric griddles, cheese boards and steam tables designed by Wright and others moved by

(Continued on page 62)

WHY TAKE CHANCES WITH EYES?



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Eyesight is priceless . . . good light is cheap. Why take unnecessary risks? You can buy a genuine 100-watt Edison MAZDA lamp, the size that is so fine for reading, writing or working, for only 25 cents, and the smaller sizes, 75-watts and under, for only 20 cents.

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Jam in the Saucer

By Kyle Crichton

For the price of one admission you used to be able to watch the six-day bike race for six days, getting dizzier and dizzier. Now they sweep you out once a day, but even so, as Mr. Crichton demonstrates, you can still get pretty dizzy

Bobby Thomas leading the field during a "grind"

Injuries are frequent and sometimes severe

Le Tourner, a big-money winner, rests between jams

LIKE many another sport in this decadent age, the six-day bike race has become sissy. In the old days at Madison Square Garden, which was then in Madison Square, only half the excitement was on the track. The other half was in guarding your overcoat. The patrons were permitted to remain in the arena just as long as they could stand up under the diet of hot dogs and beer, and a material portion of the spectators arrived when the race started on Sunday night and were swept into the alley with the cigar stubs the next Saturday night.

In the circumstances it was an ideal spot for light-fingered gentlemen, stew bums and persons who climb into second-story windows from the porch roof. While you were yelling, "Come on, Broc-c-c-o," at the top of your lungs, you were apt to be losing your necktie and your underwear. But it was all highly sporting. The riders buzzed around the track, various celebrities who needed the publicity offered the usual bonuses for sprints, and Mr. Chapman, the promoter, took in an annual profit of $30,000. The six-day bike fever is something like asthma in that you are subject to periodic attacks. They came only once a year in the dear gone days, but you can have them both winter and spring now under the new dispensation and enjoy them in company with the higher reaches of society. In the new Garden, you are swept out once a day and have to purchase a fresh ticket for reëntry, thus cutting down on the interesting characters but assuring you of a garment when you leave.

The riders do their whirling on an oval track, known as the saucer, which is approximately a quarter of a mile in circumference. There are two riders on a team and they can alternate as they wish, provided that no single rider is on the track more than twelve hours out of any twenty-four. The record for the grind was made by Goullet and Grenda in 1914, when they covered 2,759.2 miles in the 142 hours of the race. The contestants are at it now for 147 hours, starting at nine o'clock Sunday night and finishing at midnight the next Saturday. With the exception of a few early morning hours, they never leave the Garden, snatching what sleep they can in their bunks down in the infield and bolting their meals there. During the jams they are often on the track for hours at a stretch, attaining speed as high as 50 miles an hour and coursing about with such abandon that the spectators in the side seats become sore in the region of the collar from rapid swinging of the head.

The Maddest Sport of All

William Torchy Peden, the big Canadian, is the present hero of the sport, but he follows a line of giants whose names are cherished by the equally persistent six-day fan. For a long time there was debate as to whether the six-day fan was more insane than the six-day race, but this has given way to the conviction that nothing could be more unbelievable than an individual who paid money for the sake of getting dizzy.

The art of jamming was known before Torchy Peden came down from Vancouver, but he elevated it to the status of a major offensive simply by riding over the field. The old system was to ride around it.

The jams are the essence of the business. The riders will be going along at a good steady pace when one of them will suddenly dart out from the pack and pick up half a lap before the others are aware of what is happening. Instantly the arena is a bedlam. Down in the middle of the oval, the infield, the relief riders begin tumbling out of their bunks and on to their wheels. The men on the saucer are going now at whirlwind speed, sticking close to the curves or riding high on the rim and swooping down at the turns, cutting through openings so narrow the spectators can't even see them. The relief teams start on the flat, picking up speed until they are going at top flight. They relieve their partners, picking them up on the fly and touching them off like runners passing the baton in a relay race. All this time the team in front is striving desperately to lap the field and the pursuers are pedaling their heads off to bring them back into the pack.

The jam may end with the lap being won or it may be followed by another theft attempt by a smart rider who utilizes the let-down from one jam to start another. Or it may be stopped by a crash. In the jams the riders are making flying pickups and hitting the turns on high. One swerve, a bump or a failure to crowd through an opening that suddenly closes will bring the pack down in a heap of tangled wheels and broken bones. Joe Fogler was known as the "spill guy." In the case of a spill, the gong rings and the sprint is ended. It was charged that Fogler deliberately brought on falls to save his team from losing a lap. How he escaped death himself was always a mystery. From the spectators' point of view, he was the greatest rider of all.

"As exciting as a six-day bike race," the Broadway gag used to be, meaning the opposite, but that was when it was a mere matter of distance. The team making the most laps won and they spent most of the time seeing that nobody stole a lap on them. It really meant a race only on the last night. Now it is distance plus points. There are regular sprints every afternoon and night for which the winners gain points. It means there is jamming twice a day regardless; but, as a matter of record, points only rarely win the race. If anybody laps the field he wins, and lap-stealing is the real business. Brocardo and Guimbretiere had very few points in the spring race at the Garden last year, but they were so far ahead on laps that they could have done the last hour backward and still have won.

General Clean-up Number One

The Garden is clean and well-lighted these days and a great deal of the six-day bike glamour is gone. Martin Sheridan, the Olympic weight champion, was head of the pickpocket squad of the New York police along about 1913. He came into the old Garden one night and stood by the bar watching Harry Stevens, the concession king, carve a ham. On display in the lobby close by was a famous race horse called The Abbot. For some undiscovered reason the Garden always had something rare of the kind around for the bums to wonder about when they weren't eating and sleeping. In the midst of his carving, Mr. Stevens stopped and looked at what was left of the ham.

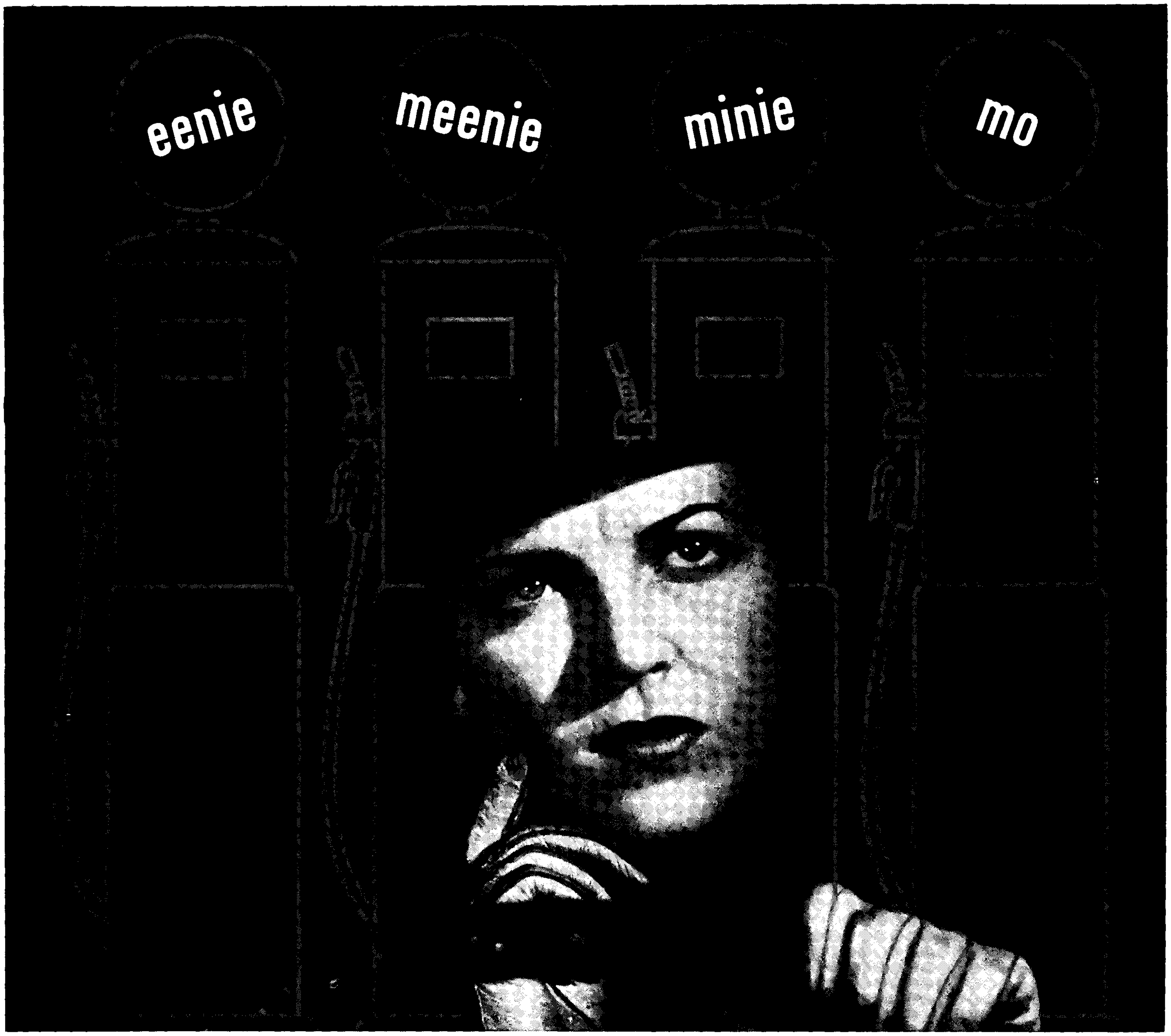
"On a good fair basis, Martin," mused Mr. Stevens, "this ham is worth more than The Abbot. I wouldn't trade you even up."

This is told to give an idea of how carefully Mr. Stevens sliced the ham. While thus occupied Mr. Sheridan suddenly felt his inside coat pocket and paled.

"What's the matter, Martin?" asked Mr. Stevens solicitously, confident that the amount of ham in the sandwich could have had no such effect.

(Continued on page 50)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



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That is a fact ... you can base your judgment on it.

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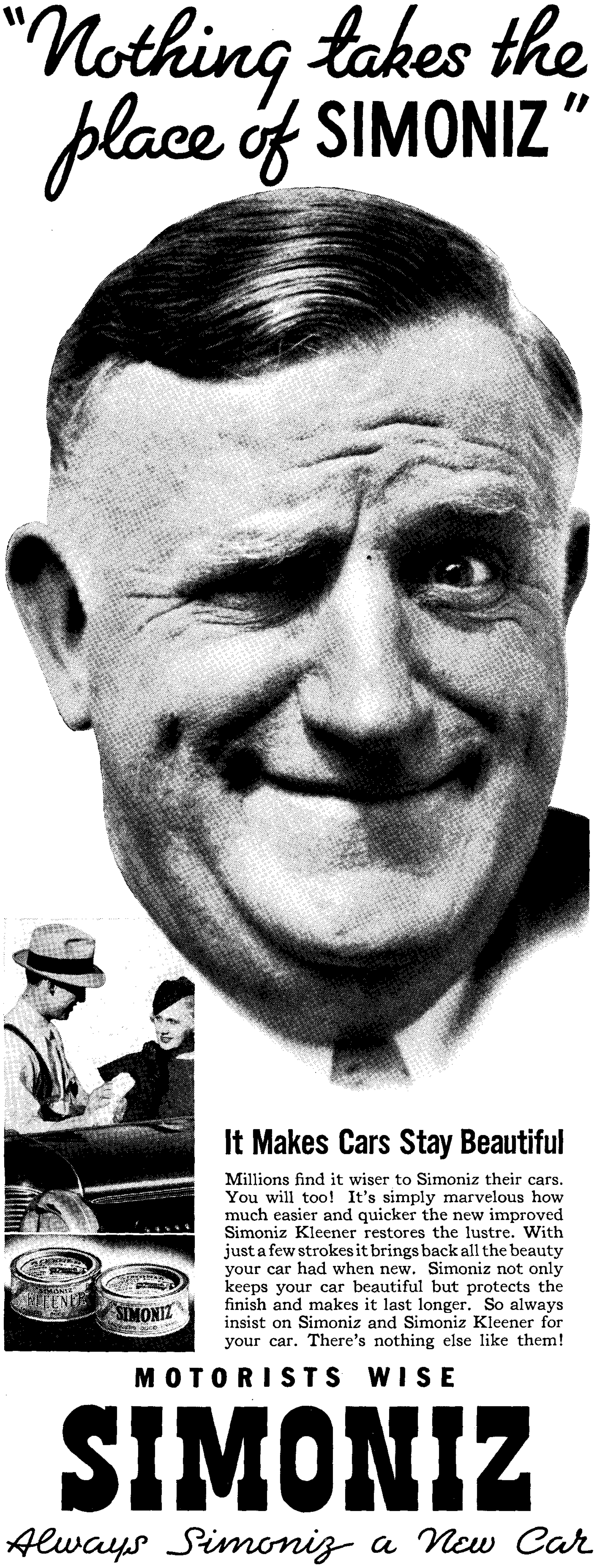
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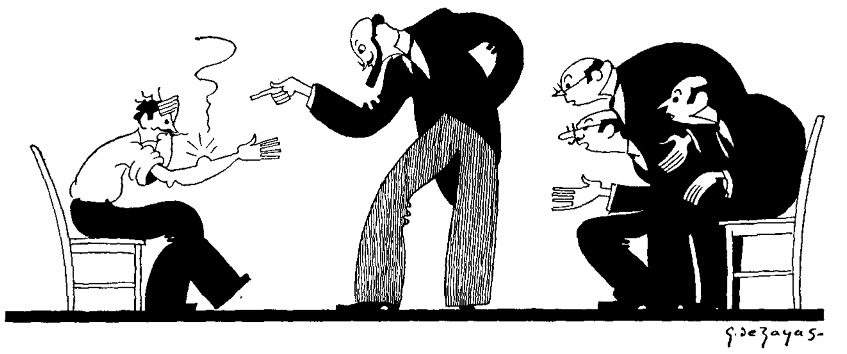

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The power of suggestion was demonstrated a short time ago by a French neurologist before a group of European physicians. Using a perfectly conscious and sober patient, the neurologist told him that his arm had been burned. Although the man had not been touched, a large burn—surmounted by a blister — soon formed on the spot.—*By Mrs. Priscilla Sproull, New York City.*

The abolition of slavery throughout the world faces a great obstacle in the most influential law book in existence, the Koran or the bible of Mohammedanism. This religion, which is followed almost fanatically by one-eighth of the human race, not only allows its adherents to own chattel slaves but has no intention of making any changes in its bible.

Great Britain owns more than half of all the great ocean liners in the world today. Out of a total of 167 steam and motor vessels of over 15,000 tons which are listed in Lloyd's Register of Shipping, England owns 90, the United States 19, Italy and Germany 14 each, France 12, Holland nine, Sweden four, Japan three and Norway two.

Although ritualistic dancing in Christian churches was generally discontinued many centuries ago, it is still a feature of the festivals of Corpus Christi and the Immaculate Conception in the Cathedral of Seville, Spain. Ten choir boys stage an elaborate dance before the altar, accompanied by castanets.

The education of the American Indian by the white settlers began almost 300 years ago. As early as 1642, only 22 years after the landing of the Pilgrims, a number of Indians were students at Harvard. And in 1665, one named Caleb Cheeshahteaumuck was graduated with a bachelor's degree.

Owing to the difference between the 180th meridian and the zigzag International Date Line, each day lasts for 25 hours and 12 minutes. Thus three different days exist at the same time. For example, when it is 12:01 A. M. *Wednesday* at Cape Deshnef, Siberia, it is 11:17 A. M. *Tuesday* at Greenwich, England, and 10:49 P. M. *Monday* on Attu Island at the extreme west end of the Aleutian group.—*By Prof. P. F. Piper, Buffalo, New York.*

In certain types of persons, emotional disturbances such as intense fear sometimes cause gastric ulcers and toxic goiter. And in dogs, sound alone, such as that of a trumpet, is known to produce changes in the blood count, particularly an increase in the bacteria-killing leucocytes, when previous sounds of the trumpet have been accompanied by injections of antitoxin.—*By Elizabeth Switzer, Oxford, Ohio.*

Salt is not only one of the most important articles in the daily diet of mankind but one of the earth's most plentiful substances. Yet today it is so universally taxed that it continues to be a luxury, in fact the first luxury, of two-thirds of the human race.

For the past two years a farmer has lived in a house located in the middle of Highway 404 near Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. Despite the great danger not only to vehicles but to himself and his family, the state cannot make him move it—even through litigation. On December 2nd it was struck by a car and two motorists were severely injured.—*By Elwyn Sorensen, Alcatraz Island, California.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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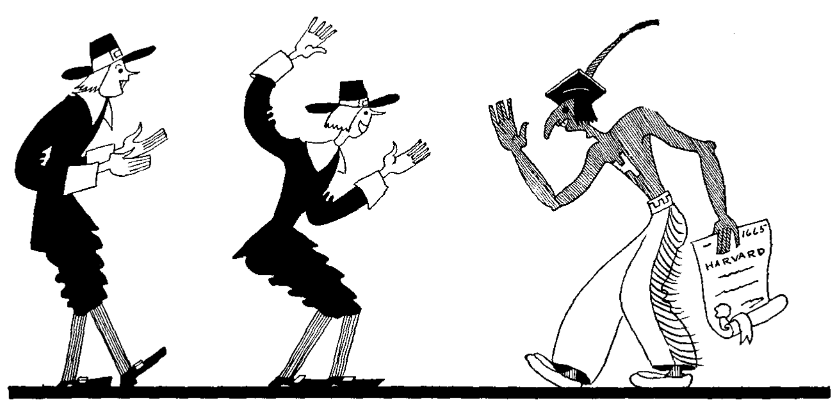

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128-6

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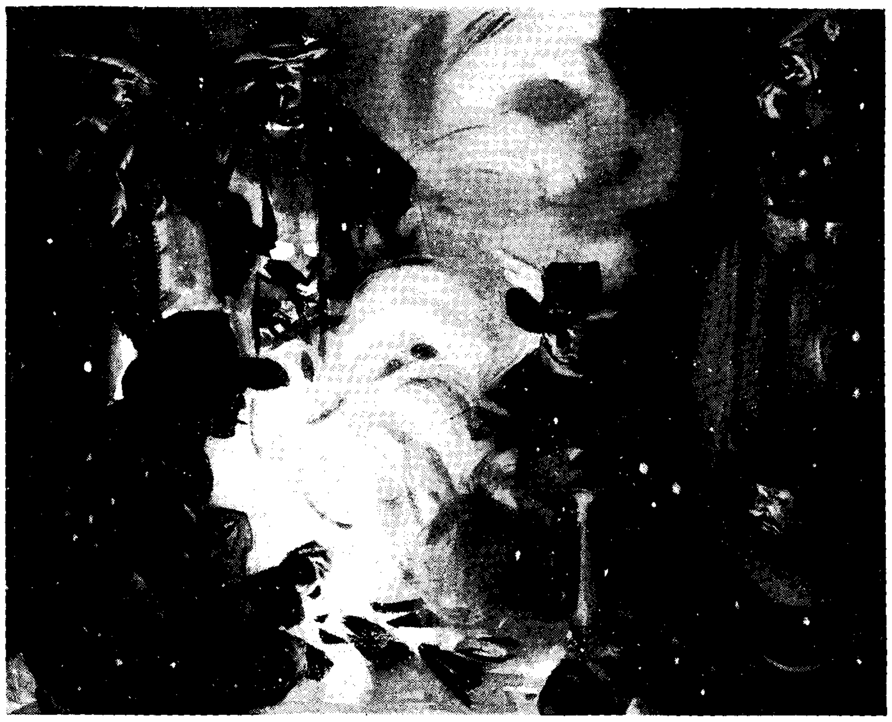

Here the riders crouched like Indians while Roper gave out his orders

The Smoky Years

Continued from page 22

comb every way but that way. I'm not telling you how to gather stock. Hunt 'em like you know how to hunt 'em. Move out one day's ride, spotting your cow bunches. Next day pick 'em up and work 'em this way. And on the third day throw your gather against a coulee or something, where one man can hold 'em, and the other man of each pair ride back and meet me here. I figure this range is heavy with cattle. I don't see any reason why two good men can't easy throw together three hundred head in a couple of days. That gives us a nice bunch of anyway two thousand. The more the better—but with two thousand we'll make our drive."

"YOU want we should cut for grade, at all?"

"Drive everything—don't stop to cut. If you fall in with some big bunches, more'n you can handle, let the poor stock and the mosshorns go to hell as they please; bring as many as you can, trying to save the best, and come on. A band of Gro' Vont' is going to meet us at Wolf Point. So I aim to drive north along the Prairie Elk. The two pairs of you working northeast and northwest can just as well start picking up cattle as you leave here, and push 'em along as you go."

"What you want done if we run into Lasham's riders?"

"I figure they'll be holed in until the snow lets up; but if it turns off clear, and you run into 'em, quit your cattle and circle back. What I want now is cattle, not war. You'll hear plenty of lead whispering 'cousin' before you're through!"

They slept that night under the slowly falling snow. Roper himself made coffee and routed out his riders two hours before the first light. They caught their horses in the dark, with hands that fumbled the stiffened ropes; then split off in pairs to comb the range.

Roper left one man to hold the horses where they could be found again, and scouted southeast alone to look for signs of activity at Lasham's camp. A curl of sulky smoke hung over the little shanty by the corrals, but no one was working, so far as he could make out. He found himself badly tempted to go into the camp, posing as a wandering stranger, and see what he could learn from Lasham's winter foremen; but concluded that he could risk no gun fight now.

For two days Roper watched the enemy camp while the snow held on, piling a deeper and deeper mat; then on the third day he returned to the rendezvous as the round-up men began straggling in.

Tex Long was the first one back.

"This range is plumb solid with stock," Tex declared. "How many head do you figure me and Kid Johnson scraped up, just us two?"

"Well," Roper grunted, "upwards of a dozen—I should hope."

"Better'n six hundred head! Lord Almighty, Bill! Figuring they're worth twenty dollars apiece, and allowing that all the other boys do as good, we're liable to get out of here with around eighty thousand dollars' worth of cattle! You realize that?"

"We're not out of here yet. The weather's breaking, Tex."

"Let her break! Only thing bothers me, ain't those Gro' Vont' going to be awful spooky about coming down so close to Fort Union?"

"They aren't worse scared than hungry, I guess."

Tex Long couldn't understand Bill Roper's grim lack of enthusiasm. "Can't you get it through your head, kid? We're punishing hell out of him!"

"I'm thinking of something else," Bill Roper said. "I'm thinking of a dead man under a pile of stone, south of Ogallala."

That was only a half-truth. More than he was thinking of Dusty King, Roper was thinking of the letter in his pocket; the appeal of a girl who needed him in some unknown way, and who did not even know why he couldn't come.

ALL the next day they worked to throw the little bunches together into a trail herd. Not all of them had done as well as Tex Long and Kid Johnson, but most of them had done well enough. And then, at last, the first herd privateered in the great raid began to roll. A long, unsteadily moving river of cattle poured northward, a dark welter in the thinning fall of the snow. Whitefaces, mostly, blocky and heavy, wellwintered on the prairie hay—Roper counted two thousand six hundred odd!

"Git on, you dogies—move up, move up!"

Pressed hard by the heavy force of cowboys, the cattle bawled and complained but humped along northward into the valley of the Prairie Elk, leading out on their last long trail.

Rounding up within a day's ride of Miles City itself, Roper's men had taken this herd almost out of the very corrals of Lasham's outposts; and yet, so far as any of them knew, that swift-moving drive represented a harder blow than had ever been struck a cattleman in a single raid. In all their months of effort the winter wild bunch had been unable to achieve an equal reprisal upon Lasham, and now they could hardly believe their own success. They forced the cattle hard, driving through the clogging snow at a rate incredible to men accustomed to handling market herds.

"Roll along, roll along! Hup, Babe, hup!"

The cattle that broke the way through the snow kept dropping back, blown and tired; but as fast as they failed, others were forced forward to take their places. Long-horned, stag-legged steers of the old Texas strain fought the riders, breaking the heavy column repeatedly in their wild-eyed thrusts for liberty, and these were allowed to get away. Gaunt, weak cattle lagged back, unable to keep up even under the snapping rope ends of the tail riders; they also were allowed to drop out, promptly forgotten. Yet, in that first day, the side riders swept in enough north-roaming cattle to more than make up the loss. Tex Long, wearing out ponies to do the work of six men, was singing a trail song, more exultantly than it had ever been sung before:

"Roll, dogies, roll! Git on, git on!"

THUS the first herd to fall to the great raid plowed northward, the backs of the hard-driven cattle steaming; northward across the tributaries of Timber Creek and the Little Dry, northward still beyond the valley of the Prairie Elk, gone, clean gone, out of Lasham's range. Their work had been bitter hard in the smother of the snow; but their first slashing blow had met with an unbelievable success.

"Hump, you cow critters! Turn him, boy!"

Roper went with the herd as far as Circle Horse Creek; but when they had forded the shallows, crashing through the rotten ice, he turned back. With him he took four men who he believed would do what he said. The cattle were moving more slowly now, plodding doggedly through the heavy going; Tex Long and the remaining eight men could hold them to their way. What was needed now was work of a different kind, and Roper thought he knew how that was to be done.

It was his intention to fight a rear-guard action—not only for this first herd, which would be delivered within the week to the Indians who would spirit it away, but for the protection of all the rest of the wild bunch raiding to westward.

But now as he neared the head of the Little Dry, a rider came dropping down a long slope upon a racing horse. His carbine was held above his ragged sombrero in sign of peace; and as he came near they saw that it was Hat Crick Tommy.

Roper jumped his horse out to meet Hat Crick. "What is it? Is there any word? Did she—"

Tommy's face was haggard with fatigue. "She's gone!" he jerked out. "She's been to Miles City—and now she's gone!"

"Gone? Gone where?"

"Nobody knows. She's missing—disappeared—strayed or lost or rustled, God knows which! Her father's wild crazy, and every K-G outfit in the north is combing the trails—"

Roper sat staring for a full half minute. Then his hands fumbled for his reata, shook out the loop.

"Turn that roan pony! I've got to have a fresh horse."

SHOSHONE WILCE, riding with Jody Gordon through the same hundred-mile snow which screened Bill Roper and Tex Long in their raid on the Little Dry, found himself the most bewildered and the most unhappy of men.

In a way he sympathized with Jody's purpose—in so far as he understood it. But what stood out a good deal more plainly in his thoughts was that his luck was putting him in wrong with some very rough-acting people. Shoshone saw with great clarity that he had every chance of getting himself shot.

He could have refused to guide Jody Gordon to Bill Roper's rendezvous; he thought it improbable that Jody Gordon would have been able to locate the rendezvous alone. But whether she found it or merely got herself lost, Shoshone Wilce would have been answerable to Bill Roper for leaving her to attempt the ride alone. And he supposed that Roper, now accredited one of the most dangerous and unrelenting gun fighters on the plains, would be hot on his trail.

The alternative he had chosen offered no greater prospect for a long and helpful life. Lew Gordon would go wild as a wounded silvertip at the disappearance of his daughter; and every King-Gordon cowboy in the country would be scouring the breaks after Shoshone's scalp. The situation would have looked better to him if he had seen any hope of Jody's succeeding in getting Bill Roper and her father together.

"You'll never get anywheres with it," he kept objecting to Jody. "I'd just as leave try to hitch up a bobcat and a long-horned steer, and drive 'em in team, as try to get your paw and Bill Roper together."

"I can try. I have to try."

For Jody believed now that the split between Lew Gordon and Bill Roper was the basis of inconceivable disaster—not only immediate and personal, but far-reaching in its import to the cow country. Together, those two very different cattlemen could have beaten Thorpe and consolidated the King-Gordon empire. Bill Roper could have been built into another Dusty King, supplying the bold, hard-fighting, but practical qualities which Dusty King had meant to the partnership of King-Gordon. Without Dusty King—or Bill Roper in Dusty King's place—Jody Gordon felt that King-Gordon was incomplete, unfitted to survive the times. Instead of settling its vast foundations into a sound structure that would steady the whole cow country, King-Gordon would go down, carrying many lesser cattle companies with it, injuring the cow country throughout the length of the plains.

Separated, Lew Gordon and Bill Roper were mutually destructive; Lew Gordon was probably right that Bill Roper's savage attacks upon the Thorpe interests were the cause of Ben Thorpe's heavy reprisals upon King-Gordon. And even though Roper might bring down Ben Thorpe in the end, which still seemed incredible, he could never profit by his victory, even if he lived. Unless Gordon and Roper could be reconciled, Roper would in the end become

(*Continued on page 34*)

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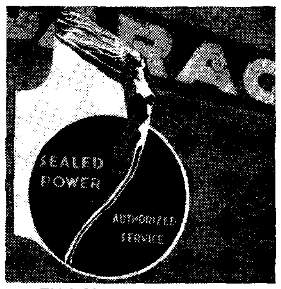

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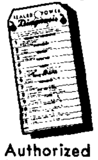

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KANSAS CITY, MO. "The car that uses Mobiloil is cleaner on the inside—no tar, no carbon, no gum," K. L. Sigler, Service Mgr., Sight Bros. Motor Co.

LETTERS FROM ALL OVER U.S.A. APPROVE NEW OIL

Reports and Pictures testify to amazing qualities of new Motor Oil made by Socony-Vacuum's Clearosol Process

GOVERNOR CURLEY (**MASSACHUSETTS** write "The constant improv

THE GOVERNOR OF A GREAT STATE sends his congratulations. A busy Kansas City automobile dealer takes the time to write a letter. A hustling salesman in Ohio stops between calls to scribble a postal-card.

Day in and day out, these letters pour in. Startling reports, real stories from real people about the new, finer Mobiloil Arctic.

In their experiences you will find an answer to every Winter oil problem.

Is your car hard to start on cold mornings? Up at White Bear Lake, Minnesota, where it's zero most of the Winter, Ford-dealer Podvin writes: "Twice as many motorists changed to the new Mobiloil Arctic because it starts cars faster, prevents 'dry starts'."

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You can see, feel and hear this difference. You can count in cash the savings you make, for the new Mobiloil Arctic is by far the longest lasting Winter oil we ever made.

It gives such dramatic proof of its superiority because it is refined a new and better way—by the revolutionary Socony-Vacuum Clearosol Process.

Protects Your Motor

Even the finest oils hitherto obtainable have contained certain harmful elements that defied refinery methods. These ingredients gum up rings and valves, cut down motor efficiency, and often cause costly repairs.

These useless elements are *dissolved out* by Socony-Vacuum's new Clearosol Process, just as soap and water get rid of dirt. The result is a practically *100% useful lubricant* that is amazing motorists everywhere.

Though it cost $3,000,000 to develop this better refining method, the price of this new oil has not been advanced a single penny!

Mobiloil Arctic is now more than ever the world's finest Winter motor oil.

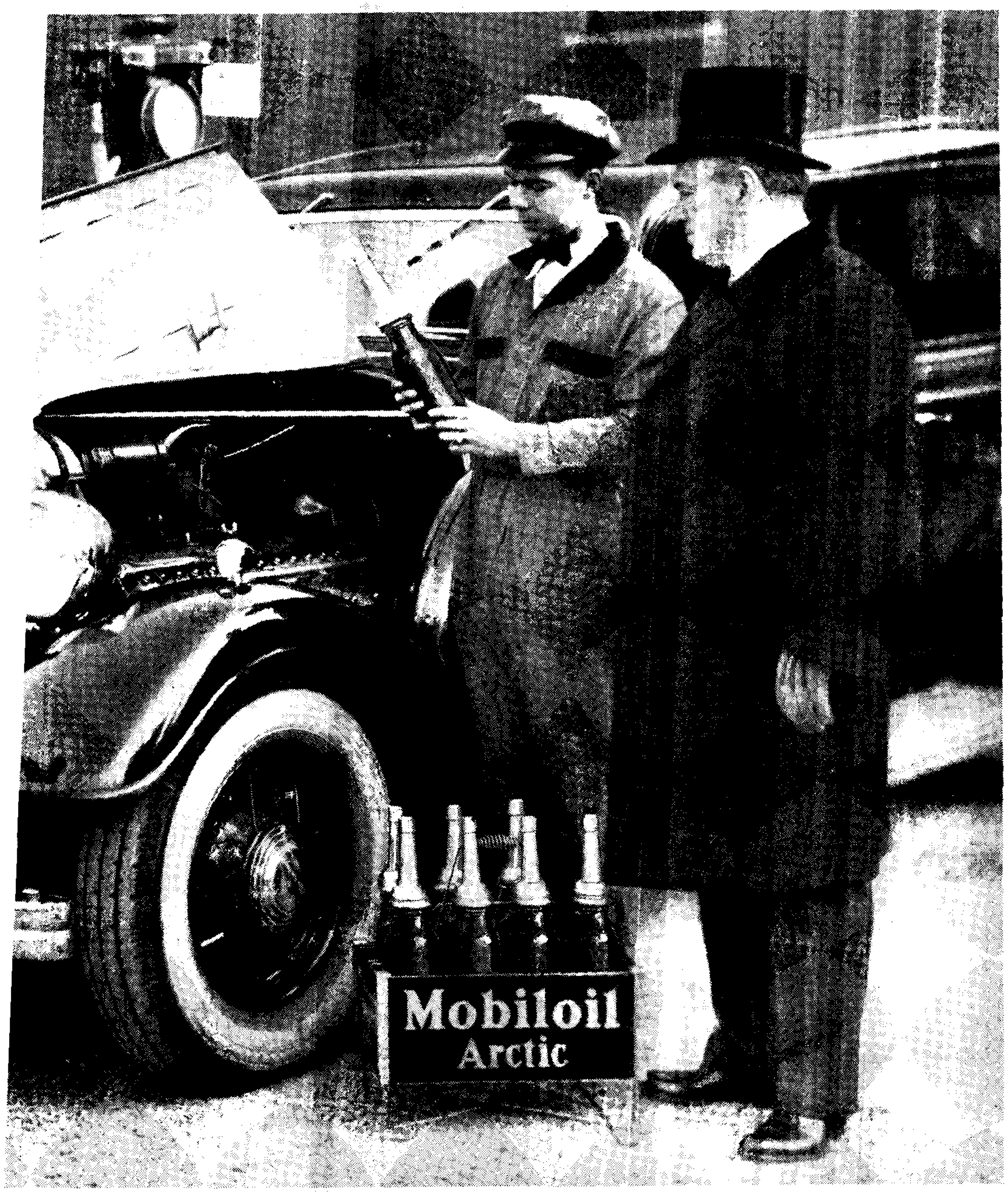
So don't delay—refill today for care-

onger, is worth telling customers about," says Jesse Buser, Pres., Empire Garage Co.

Mobiloil
Arctic

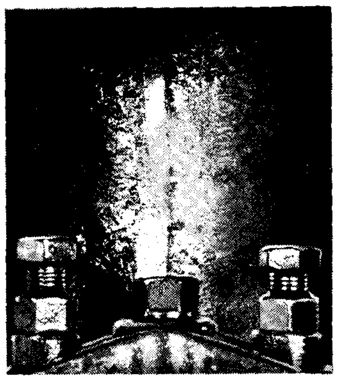
EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL. "Never have I or my customers been so enthusiastic about an oil as we are about the new Mobiloil Arctic," says Wallace Wright, operating 17 filling stations.

Above: BUFFALO, N. Y. "Your new oil is far superior, my customers say," says Millard Dorntge, Past Pres. of Inter. Garage Assn. Below: AMSTERDAM, N. Y. "Exactly what we want," Pres. Vollmer Motor Bus Lines.

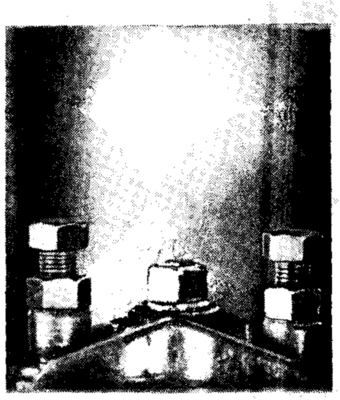


nent in the automobile has emphasized the need for better lubrication of the tighter, hotter, aster engines. I have been impressed by the sensational Socony-Vacuum Clearosol Process and, of course, have adopted the new Mobiloil Arctic for my car this Winter." Boston, Massachusetts.

VROOMAN-GUY PARK



OILS made by old methods leave dirt-choked motors like the one you see above.



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free motoring this Winter, for a better car this Spring. See your dealer at the sign of the Red Gargoyle—or the Sign of the Flying Red Horse.

New Mobiloil Arctic is available in two grades—a 20-W oil, and Mobiloil Arctic Special, a 10-W oil. Your Mobiloil dealer will gladly recommend the proper grade.

MOBILOIL CW FOR GEARS . . . For safer gear-shifting in cold weather, change to Mobiloil CW, the right grade for differential and transmission. Winterproof these vital spots. Extra driving ease and better control of your car make it well worth while to do this now. The savings in wear and tear make it a good investment.

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Mobiloil Arctic

MADE BY THE NEW SOCONY-VACUUM CLEAROSOL PROCESS

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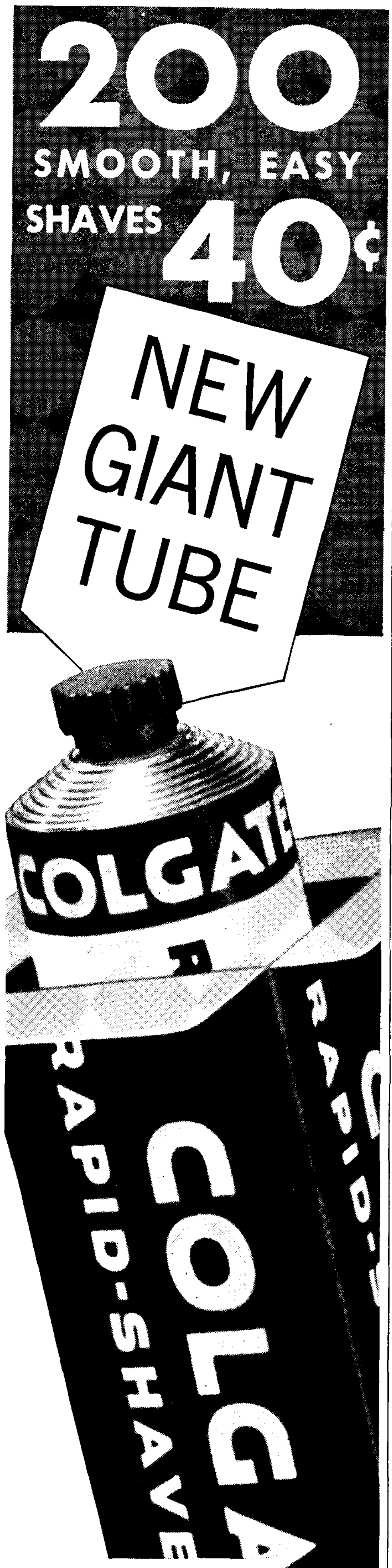


● And these aren't ordinary shaves, either! They're the kind you get only with Colgate's unique "Small Bubble" lather.

Millions of tiny moisture-laden bubbles soak each whisker soft—clear down to the skin-line where your razor works. A clean, close shave with no after-irritation. 200 shaves for 40¢. Get a giant tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream today!

COLGATE
RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

The Smoky Years

Continued from page 31

just one more outlawed cowboy whose trails could have no meaning, and only one end.

Jody Gordon had one other motive in attempting the all but hopeless reconciliation. She believed her father's life to be in the sharpest danger. Bill Roper, an even harder fighter than the old trail breaker who had trained him, would automatically take those precautions that would safeguard her father's life, if once they could be brought to work together again.

But the first move toward reconciliation must come from Bill Roper himself. If she could persuade Roper to this, there was a bare possibility that she could also manage her father. It was a forlorn hope but, as she saw it, of such vital importance that it could no longer be ignored. It was as if events that would alter the whole history of the cow country lay in her persuasion of those two stubborn men. She rode doggedly, now, with set face, trusting Shoshone to find the way.

THEY rode until after midnight, blind, as far as Jody could see, in the wet fall of the snow. They threw down their bedrolls then in the shelter of stunted, snow-laden trees, and Shoshone Wilce measured grain for the horses onto his own poncho.

They pushed on again, miserable in the raw dawn, after coffee which Shoshone made in a frying pan. All day long they rode steadily, stopping only once for bread and bacon, and to bolster their horses with more grain. They were moving through a country now which Jody had never seen, a country broken and rolling with long weather-breaks of scraggly timber. Twice they sighted distant smoke, pressed low by the leaden sky; watchful and worried, Shoshone gave these signs of encampment a wide berth.

The snow slacked off, giving place to a bitter wind. And just before dusk they climbed a long, rocky ridge which commanded the length of a shallow valley set brokenly with juniper and ragged cedar.

Shoshone motioned her to stop her horse. "Wait a minute."

Far down the valley Jody Gordon could see a faint haze that blurred the rabbit-fur gray and brown of the brush and runty timber. A whisky jack cried mournfully for a time somewhere in the scrub while Shoshone Wilce sat motionless upon his tired horse; but this sound had stopped before Shoshone finished his study of the valley.

"That's smoke," Shoshone Wilce said at last. "This ought to be the place."

"So we really got here at last. . . ."

"Two hours more."

"The smoke—that means he's there."

Shoshone Wilce, suspicious and doubtful by temperament, was less sure. "Don't know if it's him. Somebody's there. Or anyway, somebody's been there."

He shivered, rubbed his nose with his glove, and led off down the slope.

Night overtook them as they threaded the long valley. Just as darkness closed a great horned owl dodged in front of them, winging silently close to the snow, a drifting shadow; but though it passed almost under their horses' feet, the tired ponies did not shy. To Jody in her weariness, it seemed that they plodded on and on while the prophesied two hours stretched at least to four. She had almost given up hope of ever reaching the end of the trail at all when Shoshone Wilce spoke at last, low-voiced:

"I kin smell the cooking smoke."

"Good."

"I hope so. I don't know this country like I wish I did."

A swift panic chilled Jody at the thought of meeting Bill Roper face to face again after so long a time. She tried to imagine what she was going to say to him and was completely unable.

Now Shoshone Wilce reached out to catch her bridle reins and they stopped. She started to ask him what was the matter but checked herself. Wilce had become tensely watchful and she saw that he was listening.

After a moment or two of utter stillness, Wilce whispered, "Wait a minute," and he pushed his horse slowly forward into the dark. For a little while as he moved away from her she could see the tall black silhouette of his horse against the pale snow, but soon this blurred with the darkness and was lost. Just after she lost sight of him altogether she heard his pony's hoofs fall silent as if he had stopped again; and there was a long interval while nothing happened, and she heard no sound except the low, thin voice of the wind across the snow-laden brush, and the rhythmic breathing of her own pony. Growing impatient at last, and a little uneasy, Jody moved her pony ahead after Shoshone. There was a moment or two of panic, in which it seemed that she had lost him altogether in the dark; but her pony knew where the other was if she did not and presently brought her alongside.

Shoshone Wilce was sitting perfectly motionless on his horse, staring ahead into a darkness to which the snow gave a curiously deceptive luminosity that did not aid the eye.

"That's her, all right," Shoshone whispered at last.

Straining her eyes, Jody could not see what he was looking at.

"I don't like this so good," Shoshone said.

"What's the matter?"

"No lights."

"Maybe there's no window on this side."

"Ought to be."

"You mean you think—"

"Shut up."

THEY moved ahead a little now, Jody holding her pony beside that of Shoshone Wilce. Shoshone moved his horse forward twenty paces and stopped again for a full minute; then ten paces more.

Jody said, "What in the world—"

Wilce seized her arm and silenced her with a quick shake. Then suddenly—

An inarticulate oath snarled in Shoshone's throat. He snatched at Jody's rein, whirling her pony. His own horse came straight up on its hind legs as he spun it at close quarters.

"Get going!" he said between his teeth, and brought his romal down across her pony's flank in a snapping cut that made it plunge ahead. She heard the rip of steel on leather as Shoshone's gun came out. Then the silence of the night exploded into happenings that were incredible.

Two guns smashed out in a swift flurry of detonation. A queer whistling grunt was knocked out of Jody's horse. It dropped from under her, and the ground struck upward with stunning violence.

For a moment Jody Gordon lay motionless, her cheek buried in the cool snow. She was aware of further firing and more than one running horse, and she tasted blood from a cut lip; but at first she was unable to think.

After a moment, as she raised herself, she could make out figures that seemed all around her, although there were only two or three. Her hair had fallen loose about her shoulders, blowing into her mouth and eyes, and she struck it aside.

Someone said, "Well, we got one of 'em, anyway."

"Haul him inside."

"Look out now, Bud—no funny business." The voice was unknown to her, as was the figure that now bent over her. Suddenly the man jerked forward to peer at her more closely.

"Hey!—what the— It's Calamity Jane, or somebody!"

Jody Gordon struggled to her feet, shock giving way to anger. "You fools, are you crazy? Bill Roper will kill you for this!"

There was a moment's silence, and she sensed rather than saw that they were looking at one another.

"Bill Roper," one of them repeated. "She says she's looking for Bill Roper!"

"Lady, you better come inside!"

DAZED and shaky as the fall of her killed horse had left her, Jody Gordon still appeared the most self-possessed of them all as she allowed herself to be led into the little cabin at which she had hoped to find Bill Roper. Her boots were silent on the hard-tramped bare earth of the floor; but the clean blue steel of her spurs rang thinly as she turned to face the two men who followed her.

The shack in which she now found herself was a cramped makeshift, intended only as a shelter for cowboys, storm-caught while riding the northern limits of the Fork Creek range. Nobody had had a stove to waste on this place, nor the ambition to haul one here, but a shallow recess of stones and sods served as a fireplace, filling the little room with an unnecessary heat. A single lantern hung from a roof pole; and now by its yellow light the two men studied her with an unconcealed amazement.

"By God," said the older of the two, "it's a girl, all right!"

In the dull lantern glow this man's eyes were of an indeterminate greenish color, but sharply clear and steady as stone in a bony, almost emaciated face. His voice trailed off now as if sheer wonderment had taken away his breath. "It sure is! Yes, sir, it sure—"

The other man, tall enough so that the door at his back looked small, was much the younger of the two. His face was prematurely hard-cut—the face of a man who even in youth had learned an effectiveness in action upon which he could well rely. He spoke sharply:

"Jim—you know who this is?"

The older man's eyes rested steadily upon Jody's face, sober and impartial. "Seems like I seen her before," he decided. "Can't seem to place her, though. She's a good-looker, all right, ain't she?"

"This is a hell of a time to be thinking about that," the other said edgily. "Jim, that's Lew Gordon's girl!"

"Good Lord Almighty! I believe you're right!"

"It's her, sure enough!"

"Just don't seem possible she'd be—"

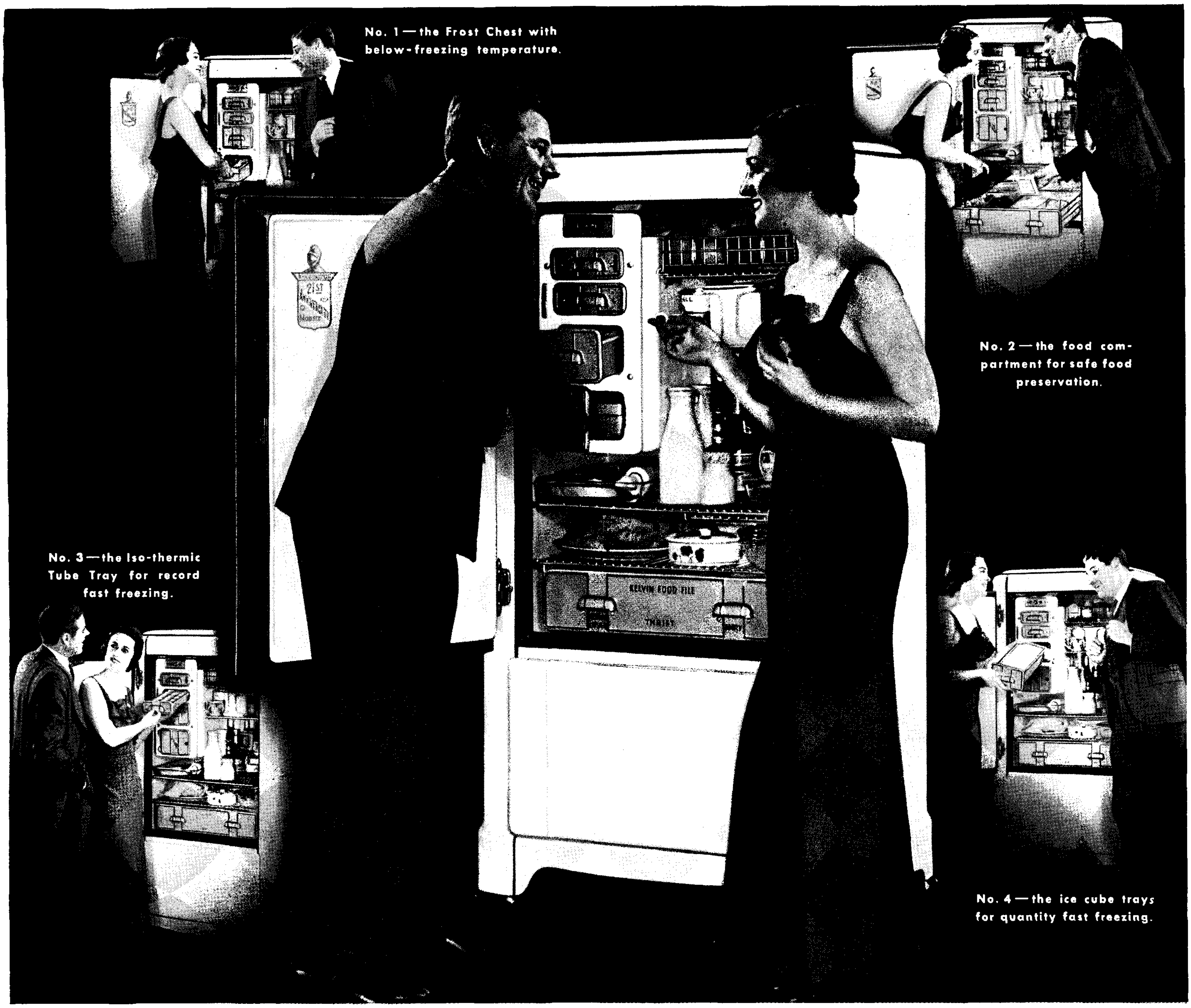
"Ain't possible. But—it's her!"

"So you know me," Jody said.

"I seen you once in Ogallala, and another time in Bandera."

The older man shifted his eyes to his partner. He had a trick of moving his eyes sharply without moving his head, and it gave him a curious aspect of listening keenly—listening with the complete attentiveness of an animal whose

(Continued on page 39)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She wasn't joking—no, sir! She does have four refrigerators. A Kelvinator, which is really four refrigerators in one. And you need four if you are to get *all* the advantages, conveniences and economies electric refrigeration offers.

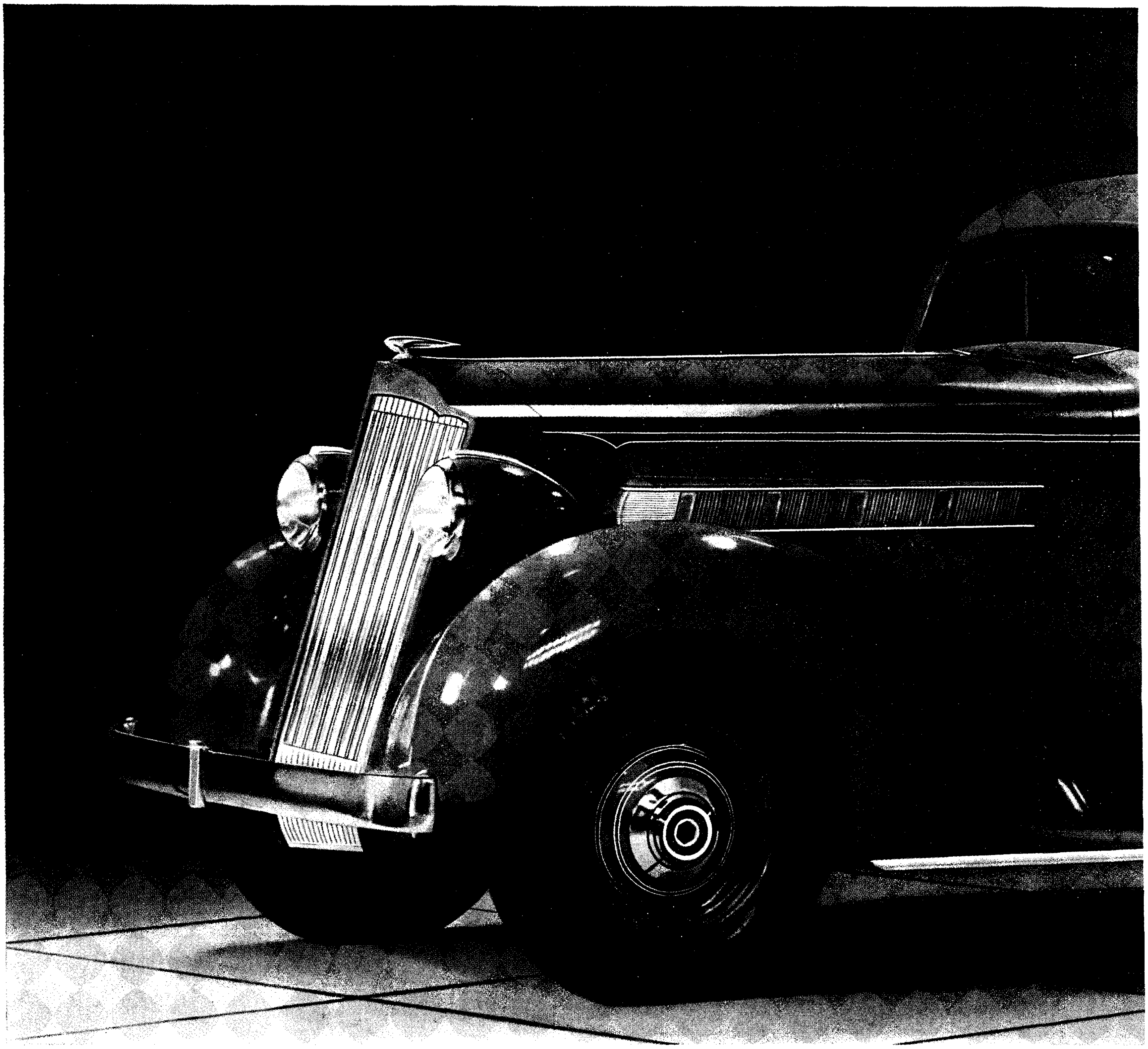
You need one for safe food preservation. You need another for keeping fish, meat or game at a below-freezing temperature indefinitely. You need a third for making large quantities of ice cubes, frozen desserts or salads *quickly*. And you need a fourth for record fast freezing—emergency freezing.

You get all four in one—at the price of one—in a Kelvinator. This is just one of the very good reasons why Kelvinator should be *your choice.*

See the 1935 Kelvinators now at the nearest dealer. Safeguard your investment in electric refrigeration by getting four refrigerators in one—*a Kelvinator.* If you choose, it can be purchased on the convenient ReDisCo Monthly Budget Plan. In the Classified Section of your telephone directory, you can locate the nearest dealer. . . . KELVINATOR CORPORATION, *14253 Plymouth Road, Detroit, Michigan. Factories also in London, Ontario, and London, England.*

Kelvinator

FOUR REFRIGERATORS IN ONE



THIS IS THE NEW LOV

In PACKARD'S opinion, the car shown on this page is the most significant automobile in the motor world today.

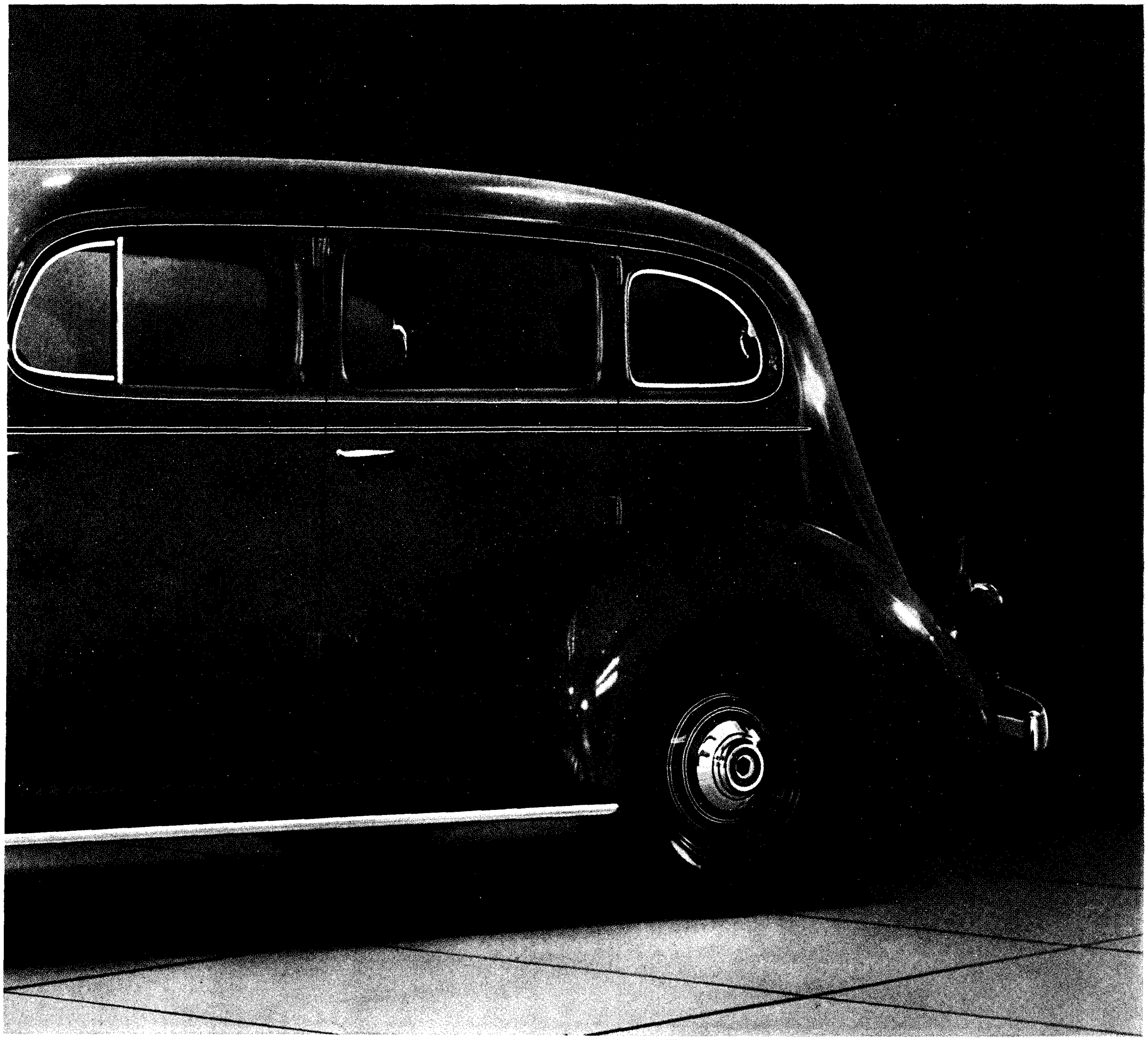
It is the first lower-priced car to be built in the fine car tradition. It brings to new thousands the immediate opportunity of fine car ownership.

For all that Packard has learned in its 35 years of motor car manufacturing has been applied to the Packard 120. Figuratively, the car was 35 years old before it was born. Packard design in motors, clutches, axles, steering assemblies, bodies, has already been proved in the millions of miles Packards have been driven by Packard owners.

And with these time-tested features in the Packard 120 have been combined the best, the newest, the most modern advancements.

Witness, for example, the Servo-Sealed hydraulic brakes, with the Packard-type dirt and water seal. Witness Packard's exclusive SAFE-T-FLEX independent front wheel suspension. This design provides a safer and smoother ride; eliminates sidesway and "gallop"; holds front wheels in positive alignment and requires a new minimum of lubrication attention. Witness Packard's Safety-plus body, which *plusses* the strength of all-steel and eliminates any tendency to develop squeaks, rattles and rumbles. W straight-eight motor with an alı rarely found on cars of this price, use of premium motor fuel unne

But perhaps one of the most Packard 120 is its operating econ ful motor has phenomenal agili will easily drive this big 3685-p hour, it is a frugal user of gas tests, the Packard 120 gave more other cars its size and weight. Th too, has been cut at least in half.



The Packard 120 Sedan for Five Passengers, One of Seven Attractive Body Styles

PRICED *PACKARD!*

110-horsepower
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fic, although it
at 90 miles an
petitive driving
the gallon than
y of lubrication,
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policy assures you that the charges for service and parts on the Packard 120 will be no more, and often *less,* than for other cars in its price class.

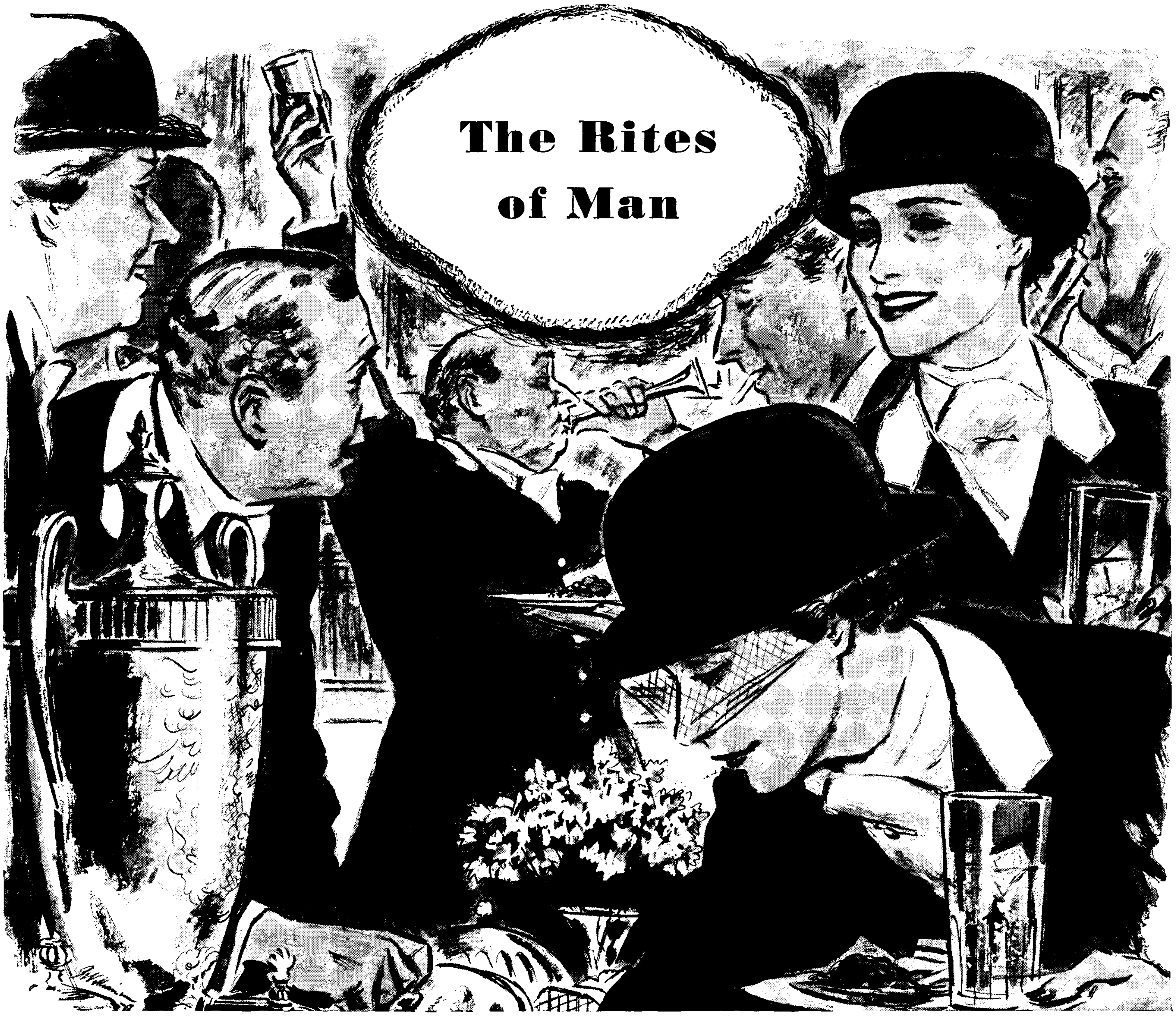
You can get delivery of your Packard 120, in any of seven body styles, early in March. By placing your order now at any Packard showroom, you can be one of the first to drive this newest of Packards. Any Packard dealer will gladly explain to you how easily the Packard 120 may be purchased on a convenient monthly payment plan. *And so certain is Packard that this car will delight you that you may place your order now and take delivery or not when you actually see your own new car.*

PACKARD 120

$980 *to* $1095

List prices at factory—standard accessory group extra.

The Rites of Man



FROM hunt breakfast to opera suppers, life's pleasantest moments are those accompanied by time-honored ritual. And of them, few hold so strictly to tradition as that which involves "soda."

CLICQUOT CLUB "Soda," at such times, is beyond question *rite.* For it brings to the mellowest of spirits, a refreshing sparkle . . . plus the smooth, blending properties of a natural water from deep rock sources.

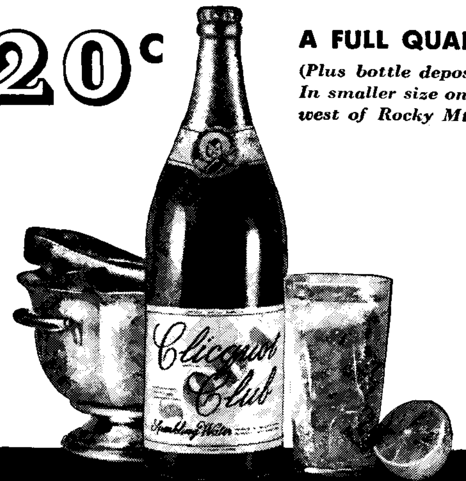
This water is so pure it needs no distillation. So, all its original life and buoyancy remain intact. And thorough carbonation, under refrigerated pressure, gives it a uniformly fine and *lasting* effervescence.

CLICQUOT CLUB "Soda" comes in *full-quart* bottles, too . . . which bring you an honest, 32-ounce measure. By the case, these bottles provide you with as much as two whole quarts extra. You'll find them on the shelves of a dealer near you. . . . Clicquot Club Company, Millis, Massachusetts.

20c

A FULL QUART

(Plus bottle deposit. In smaller size only, west of Rocky Mts.)



A FULL QUART IS 32 OUNCES

CLICQUOT CLUB "Soda" comes in full quarts. Also in special hotel and club sizes. All sparkling water manufacturers are required by law to print net bottle contents on the label. So look at the label before you buy . . . and be sure that you get full value.

Clicquot Club "SODA"

Established 1881

Try CLICQUOT CLUB Pale Dry • Golden Ginger Ale • Sarsaparilla

The Smoky Years

Continued from page 34

whole business of life depends upon the sharpness of its senses.

"Damnedest, queerest turn of the cards," he said, "I ever seen in all my born days!"

The younger man's voice was sharp and strained. "Jim, we got to get her out of here, and get her out quick!"

The man called Jim appeared to consider intently, his eyes still on the other's face. "I ain't so sure," he said after a moment.

"Then you better get sure," the hard-faced youngster said impatiently. "We had a mighty sweet set-up here—until she horned in. The quicker we get her out of here—"

"I ain't so sure it ain't sweeter now," the older man said slowly. He had the assurance of one who knows his decisions will hold good; undoubtedly he was the leader here. "I was just thinking . . ."

"Well?" Jody prompted him.

SHE stood straight and still, her hands in the pockets of her sheepskin. In this unexpected environment her face looked extraordinarily sensitive and delicate, framed in the soft tumble of her hair; but it was as expressionless as any cowboy's could have been, and her eyes were dark and cool.

"You talk like a fool," the younger man snapped at his superior. "Look what we got! We got the law back of us. We got the most powerful cowman in the West back of us. We got one of the biggest rewards that's ever been hung up, right ready to drop into our hands. We've located Roper's main shebang, after working on it for months. We got all the odds in the world in our favor—and here comes this girl and bogs the whole works!"

"Just how do you figure she bogs it?"

"We got every chance of nailing our man, right here, any hour now. But don't ever think we'll nail him without a hell of a sharp fight. Suppose this girl gets hurt in this fight, or gets loose and loses herself, or runs out of luck some other way?"

"Can't see as we owe nothing to Lew Gordon, or any of his kin," the older man said grimly.

"What the hell has that got to do with it? This girl's old man is known the whole length of the trail. What happens to us if she gets herself in dutch, and it's blamed on us? Every backing we got will drop out from under us like a shot pony—Ben Thorpe first of all. Half the West'll be out to hang us higher'n a buzzard, and the reward goes to hell in a whoop!"

"I see that, all right."

"You sure by God better see it! This is plumb poison, Jim. There ain't a girl the length of the trail whose name is better known, or who'd work out worse medicine for us if anything went wrong. The quicker we get her out of here—"

"Can't."

"What's the reason we can't?"

"We got the bear by the tail. She's dynamite so long as she's here. I grant you that. But what if we leave her go? She warns Roper off. Then where are we?"

Jody Gordon's throat constricted. Lots of cowmen were named Jim. But now suddenly she knew who the older of the two men must be.

"You know," she said slowly, "I believe I remember you, now."

"Why, it hardly seems likely that—"

"You're Jim Leathers," Jody said.

Once more there was repeated the exchange of glances between the two men. Then the older shrugged.

"I guess you're right," he admitted. "I guess that's my name."

She knew well enough who Jim Leathers was. She did not know how he had first got started on the trail that had led him through the smoke of so many guns, and given him a record which put him on a par with such famous gun fighters as Hat Crick Tommy and Tex Long. But one fact stood out, clear and definite—Jim Leathers had been a Ben Thorpe man always—gun fighter, night rider, leader of warrior outfits for Ben Thorpe.

And knowing who their leader was, she could no longer doubt why these men were here. Already the belief was all up and down the trail that it was Bill Roper who was harrying the Thorpe herds under Lasham in Montana. Men were saying that his raiders moved in and out upon the Lasham herds like wolves, executing a damage against which the Lasham riders seemed helpless. Small wonder if Thorpe had sent these picked fighting men—perhaps with the badges of deputy United States marshals, for all she knew—to comb the north for the hard-riding outlaw leader, with orders to rub him out at all costs.

"Of course," Jim Leathers said to Jody, "we never would have blazed out at you the way we did if we'd known who you was."

JODY'S head had cleared now from the dazed shock of the gun action and the smash-down she had received from the fall of her horse, and she angered.

"It seems to me you blaze out mighty free without knowing who you throw down on!"

"Well, you know—the truth is—we was expecting somebody else."

"You were expecting Bill Roper," Jody said. "Naturally you'd rather bushwhack him in the dark than risk his gun, wouldn't you? Well, you're wasting your time. This was Roper's camp once—it evidently isn't now. You ought to know by this time that he camps only a little while in one place. And if you mean to wait until Roper rides into a trap like this—you'll wait a long, long time!"

Except for a perfunctory glance, the men appeared to ignore her. "When we picked her up," Jim Leathers asked his partner, "what was that she said? Didn't she use Bill Roper's name?"

"I didn't catch it all. Something about Bill Roper would sure get us for drilling her horse."

THE two men stared at each other for a long moment, oddly preoccupied, as if each sought in the other the answer to an unspoken question.

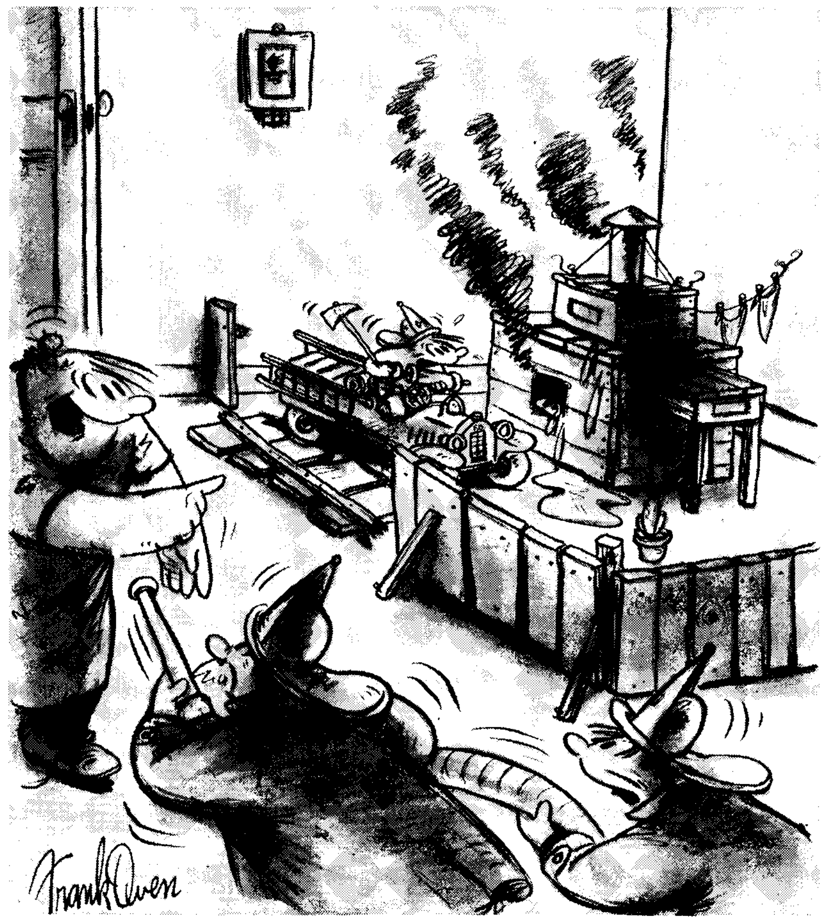
Jim Leathers' jaw muscles contracted, so that the slanting light of the lantern outlined a flat lump of tobacco in his cheek.

"Once," he said, "I heard that Roper and Lew Gordon come mighty close to a bust-up on account of Gordon's girl. Some folks thought they did bust up. Do you guess—could it just happen to be that—"

The eyes of both men shifted to Jody's face. Behind Jim Leathers the shadows from the fire were diluted by the lantern light so that they appeared the half-seen ghosts of shadows; but they weaved and shifted in a wavering phantasm. In all that room only Jim Leathers' eyes seemed completely steady. They had turned as frigidly metallic as any ore that ever came out of the rock-bound hills. Jody had a creepy feeling that animals were staring at her.

"*What time,*" he asked, "*were you expecting Bill Roper?*"

(To be continued next week)



"It was Philbert that put in the call, but I think he's got it under control now!"

FRANK OWEN

"Why daddy,
your cough
is gone!"

It pays to LUDENIZE★

To relieve a cough, just put a cool, refreshing Luden's in your mouth. Feel it gently soothe away the irritation. Feel that soft, protective coating on those dry, raw spots. Why, the tickling and the cough are gone before you know it! That's what LUDENIZING does!

★"LUDENIZE"— the complete throat medicating process which occurs the moment you place a Luden's Menthol Cough Drop in your mouth . . . eleven medicinal ingredients melting into a soothing lotion which quickly moistens the throat, stops irritation and relieves coughing.

5¢
LUDEN'S
Menthol
COUGH DROPS

An artist friend volunteers a message

Gentlemen:

I am probably the only artist in the world who was launched into an art career before ever having drawn a line! It was this way:

From an early age, I looked funny in clothes (no cracks now, on how I looked not in clothes). Clothes and my body just couldn't seem to get together -- and I became the despair of my parents.

Finally, my Father said to me, "Son you'll never be able to go into the counting-house. There's only one career for you -- Art."

It turned out to be a good idea. Funny-looking clothes proved no detriment to my artistic career. Nor to my social. For hostesses who wanted to inject a little Bohemian atmosphere into their parties would invite me -- and point me out to impressed guests as a "typical artist."

That was swell for a while. Debutantes and dowagers made quite a fuss over me. But there was something hollow about it all. Hoff, the artist was getting by -- but Hoff, the man, longed for recognition.

Then, gentlemen, came the turning point in my life -- then, I became acquainted with your new Arrow Mitoga shirt -- the shirt that's shaped to fit. I tried it on. To my amazement, it fit perfectly. I wore it a whole day, and it still fit. I had it laundered and it STILL fit -- thanks to your Sanforizing process. Moreover, it followed the lines of my body so perfectly (no bunches or bulges) that the clothes I wore over it began to fit better. In short, I became a well-dressed man. And do I get a kick out of it!

Today, I'm no longer considered "quaint" in a drawing-room. Hoff, the MAN, has made good. Women go for me, men envy me. Gentlemen, I sincerely thank you for the Arrow Mitoga. And I'm sure any red-blooded man who tries it will feel the same way.

Gratefully yours,

Hoff

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Love Comes to Fireman Dunnevan

Continued from page 15

And she playfully jabbed Fireman Dunnevan with a quarter of beef.

"You'll learn me in time," he said.

Mrs. Moriarty relented.

"You sure can heave them sides of beef now," she said. "You're a real man, I'll say that for you. Even if you don't know what part of a hog chitterlings comes from!"

This praise, even though qualified, made Mr. Dunnevan immoderately proud. "Some gal, hey, Benny?"

Seaman Linn nodded.

"I'm sure glad to find Tim keeping company with the right kind of a girl," he observed suavely.

Mrs. Moriarty was in complete agreement.

"There's no telling what good-for-nothing hussies you sailors will pick up." Whimsy touched her again. "I bet little Benny here falls for 'em all!"

BOTH gentlemen protested and Mrs. Moriarty was just about to present Fireman Dunnevan with a five-pound hunk of limburger cheese when little Mark sidled through the front door.

"I got a stomick ache, Mom," he announced languidly. "That sailor gimme a dime and ruined my digestion."

The Widow Moriarty became all gentleness and tenderness.

"Mother's lambie. You come right upstairs with Mother. We'll see if you can't throw it up. You'll have to excuse me, gents. When Lambie takes a spell with his stomick he's apt to have the convulsions."

She picked up little Mark as if he were a two-year-old.

"Why don't Mr. Dunnevan never gimme a dime, Mom?" inquired Mark.

"Hush, Lambie. Mother's poor sick little lambkin. You'll have to excuse me—"

Mrs. Moriarty and son departed. Fireman Dunnevan, who had been eying little Mark bewilderedly, remained the puzzled lover.

"That kid et a half a pound of raw hamburger with catsup and two hot dogs and some cheese," he informed Seaman Linn, "and then he got sore because I wouldn't give him dough for crispy bars."

Seaman Linn changed the subject.

"You sure picked a swell gal, Tim. I never knowed you had such good taste."

Protective, brooding tenderness warmed the happy lover's eyes.

"Just think, Benny, before I and her met, the poor colleen was orl alone in the world. Just her and Lambie. Just one lone woman trying to run this meat market. Yerse!"

"Tough."

"Yerse, and that ain't orl, Benny. There's a little guy next door by the name of Schmalz and he was fixing to *marry the poor colleen for her meat* market. Think of it, Benny. Orl she has in the world!"

Seaman Linn nodded.

"You came into her life jest in time, Tim. God sure loves United States sailors."

"Yerse! I'm gonna use half of our dough to help me buy out of the service. This meat market needs a man's attention."

The moment had come.

"Tim, listen, you know I got your best interests at heart, don'tcha?"

"Yerse, Benny."

"Well, then, you better buy the meat market from Mrs. Moriarty!"

"*Buy* it, Benny?"

"Sure. You was jest criticizing Schmalz for wanting to marry her for the market. It'd look a whole lot better if you was to be the owner, see?"

"That's right! But how'm I gonna get enough dough—"

"No brains, Tim, no brains! You don't hafta buy it right out. All you need is an option. Get it? You pay her, say, a hundred bucks for an option and then after you're married you borrer the dough from a finance company to pay out. See, Tim?"

"Yerse! I'll pay her five thousand bucks, the poor colleen that's all alone in the world."

"You let *me* handle it," said Seaman Linn hastily. "I'll do that much for an old pal that I won't see no more."

Fireman Dunnevan blinked.

"You know me better'n that, Benny. You're my best buddy for life. Every time you come ashore we'll get together. I and you and the poor colleen and"—a gulp—"I guess Lambie, too."

Seaman Linn played the master stroke.

"That's another thing, Tim. You and Mark don't get along none too well."

"We get along orl right, Benny. He's the colleen's little lad and I love him like he was my own kid. Only—"

"Only what?"

"We-ell, it don't seem like to me Mark eats the right kind of food. I ain't said nothing about it, but it don't seem like he eats *just right. Last time I was out* here Mark et a whole chocolate cake with raspberries on top and peanut—"

A frown halted him.

"You're all wrong about Mark, Tim. You jest criticize him, but you don't do nothing to gain his confidence and be pals with him, see? You ever taken him to a picture show or a circus or anything?"

Fireman Dunnevan hung his head.

"No, I ain't. I don't guess I been doing right by little Mark, at that."

Seaman Linn smiled tenderly.

"He's a great little kid, Tim, and we gotta win his confidence so's you can teach him the proper diet, so on and so forth, see? How's for taking him to the circus tomorrer?"

SENTIMENTALITY again overwhelmed Fireman Dunnevan.

"It'll be jest like heaven to little Mark," he said. "Poor orphan kid without no father. I stopped giving him money because I was afraid he'd ruin his stomick, but after this—"

Mrs. Moriarty and Mark returned from their flat above the meat market.

"Mark got rid of it," the doting mother announced. "Maybe that hamburger was a mite high."

Mark, pallid as a Botticelli cherub, was resigned with true Christian sweetness.

"You ruined my digestion," he reminded Seaman Linn, without rancor. "Will you gimme another dime?"

Seaman Linn rose splendidly to the occasion. He presented Mark with a quarter and invited all present to dine with him that evening.

It was a most successful party. The Widow Moriarty, mellowed by two steins of beer and looks of adoration from Fireman Dunnevan, readily consented to sell an option on the meat market. And Mark, with cautious enthusiasm, agreed to look at the circus on the morrow. However, he was still cold toward Fireman Dunnevan.

"You gonna marry Mr. Dunnevan, Mom?" he asked, on the way home.

Mrs. Moriarty laughed coyly.

"He ain't asked me, Lambie. And I ain't begging him, neither."

Seaman Linn nudged Fireman Dunnevan.

"I . . . uh . . . I'll ask you now—"

Mark sidled into the proposal.

"I'd ruther have Benny for a papa, Mom. Or even Mr. Schmalz."

Mr. Dunnevan, however, seemed unshaken.

"A fine Erish lad, Mark is," he said warmly.

Just before the party broke up, Seaman Linn took Mark aside, ostensibly to clear the way for a bit of spooning between the happy lovers in Mrs. Moriarty's parlor.

He was delighted to discover that his first estimate of the child had been correct. Mark was a power. There were hidden depths in Mark, such depths that the eye of man might quail to look upon. Hardened to sin and intrigue as he was, Seaman Linn found himself taking lessons from Mark. They quickly reached an agreement, although at twice the bribe Seaman Linn had been expecting to pay.

THE expedition to the circus, the next afternoon, started under the happiest auspices. Mark had already done some preliminary eating—two crispy bars, a box of gingersnaps and a head-cheese sandwich. Fireman Dunnevan, complimented on his taste in haberdashery by Mrs. Moriarty, was ready to love all the world. Seaman Linn, still in uniform, had obtained the widow's signature to an option at two thousand dollars and had paid down the stated hundred dollars.

On the circus grounds, Mark had a hamburger and a glass of pink lemonade. Prior to the grand entry, he had consumed a box of popcorn, a chocolate bar and a bottle of green pop.

"Lookie, Mark. Lookie them clowns!"

"Yes—can I have a dime for a ice cream cone?"

Fireman Dunnevan, as prospective father, felt it his duty to object.

"Don't give him no more to eat, Benny," he said; "it'll ruin his digestion."

Thereupon, Mark stood up and kicked Fireman Dunnevan's shin.

"You ain't my father," he screamed. "I'll tell Mom not to marry you, you big tightwad cluck!"

Members of the surrounding audience laughed.

"Pipe down, Mark. Here—I'll buy you the ice cream."

"You better or I'll tell on you—"

"A ice cream cone up here!"

Mark got halfway through the ice cream. Then he said languidly: "You've gone and ruined my digestion!"

Seaman Linn took a hasty glance at Mark's face. Spiritual suffering, ascetic denial seemed to have idealized the little boy.

"Judas Priest, Tim. We better take him out. He might—"

"Yerse!"

Fireman Dunnevan grabbed Mark by the hand.

"I don't wanna go home. Don't wanna go home."

Was this acting? Seaman Linn could not be sure. He hastily took out three bandanna handkerchiefs and followed Mark and Fireman Dunnevan. But nothing happened. Still mildly protesting, Mark allowed Fireman Dunnevan to lead him through the menagerie. Not without pointed comments on Mr. Dunnevan's undesirability as a father. Watching, Seaman Linn noted that Fireman Dunnevan's ears were blood-red and his head was bowed.

He lagged farther behind in the crowd of early departing circus visitors.

Just outside the big top, it happened. A boyish voice yelled: "He's kidnapping me! He's kidnapping me! He ain't my father!"

Seaman Linn nodded.

"Stop that man!"

"Police!"

"He's kidnapping the little boy!"

"Hold him!"

"Save me, save me, he's kidnapping me!"

"Hey, Benny!"

This muffled appeal fell on cruelly deaf ears. Seaman Linn was sprinting from the scene. He leaped into a taxicab. . . .

When Seaman Linn finally reached the police station, Fireman Dunnevan had just been released. He and Mrs. Moriarty and Mark were standing in front of the sergeant's desk.

The Widow Moriarty was amused.

"This *slays* me!" she roared. "What a gag. I wished I'd of been there when Lambie . . . oh, this slays me . . . when Lambie said you was a kidnapper!"

Mark, sobered by responsibility, purified in the fire of crisis, grinned wanly in the knowledge of a deed well done.

"Hi-yah, Benny," he said. "I did it!"

Fireman Dunnevan blinked. He had been roughly handled by indignant onlookers and police. His gorgeous outfit of civvies was a wreck.

"Hold on a minute!" he said, thickly, addressing Mark's mother. "We hadn't ought to let him get away with this. He's apt to get spoilt."

He stared down at Mark, as a man does who sees his duty, not very clearly, but who realizes something had ought to be done.

"Spoilt? My Lambie?"

Fireman Dunnevan nodded.

"He had ought to be—well—spanked, I guess."

"Spanked, you say? My Lambie?"

Mark's eyes narrowed.

"*You* can't spank me!" he said.

He kicked Fireman Dunnevan's shin.

Just what followed was not accurately observed by Seaman Linn; the press of policemen and spectators interfering. Some say that the big guy tried to spank the kid and others maintain he was only trying to push the kid away. All agree that the big woman hauled off and socked the big guy, and Seaman Linn himself heard her shouting, "You just dare! Just you dare! Let go of me, Sergeant. I'll hit him again!"

SEAMAN LINN and Fireman Dunnevan walked slowly along Broadway in a foggy twilight.

"Tim?"

"Yerse?"

"Did her and you patch it up?"

"Naw. She said she was gonna marry Schmalz on account of he understood Lambie and I never."

"Tough."

"Yerse. A real Erish colleen to act that-a-way. I don't mind the rest of it. But a real Erish colleen—"

"She ain't no Irisher, Tim."

"What? She ain't Erish?"

"Naw. I got it straight from Schmalz. She's Lithuanian!"

"Honest?" A great weight seemed to have fallen from Fireman Dunnevan's brawny shoulders. "Golly—that's different. I knowed a real Erish colleen would not act up that-a-way!"

Seaman Linn produced a thick roll of bills and divided it, almost equally.

"Here—this is your profit."

"Profit, Benny?"

"Yeah. I sold your option on the butcher shop to Schmalz for three hunderd bucks!"

Fireman Dunnevan stared at the money in his big paw. Solace had come to him and balm; the fires of an unwise passion flickered and went out.

"How didja do it, Benny?" he asked humbly.

Seaman Linn strutted.

"Force *and* brains, Tim. Force *and* brains. Now snap out of it! We got to promote a big welcome-home dance before these San Diego storekeepers stop loving the U. S. Navy!"

"My grandfather gave us three traditions

..DARTMOUTH, THE LAW, AND ELGIN"

says

W. LANGDON POWERS,
Dartmouth '34,
of Boston

● Three *wise* traditions . . . and all worth following!

So, like his grandfather and father, W. Langdon Powers has earned a degree at Dartmouth, where he played halfback on the varsity. Like them, he expects to practise law in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. And—he, too, carries an ELGIN watch!

It's amazing in how many prominent families in New England—and in families all over the country—ELGIN has been a tradition for generations. Amazing, that is, until you realize that for 70 years now ELGIN has been America's leading fine watch.

ELGIN looks forward—thinks forward—in the making of these watches for real men. You can see it in every line of the newest models shown here. Handsome, distinguished, sturdy.

They look different, and they *are* different from other watches you have known. Expert craftsmen and modern scientists have had to work together at every step to produce them.

Only in America—only at ELGIN—could such a unique partnership have been achieved. At ELGIN every watch movement is *planned, created and completely finished under a single roof!*

Each new ELGIN is time-tested according to the absolute standard of the stars. Each is flawless—even under the candid eye of the microscope. See all the latest models at your jeweler's now. Prices at $19 to $500.

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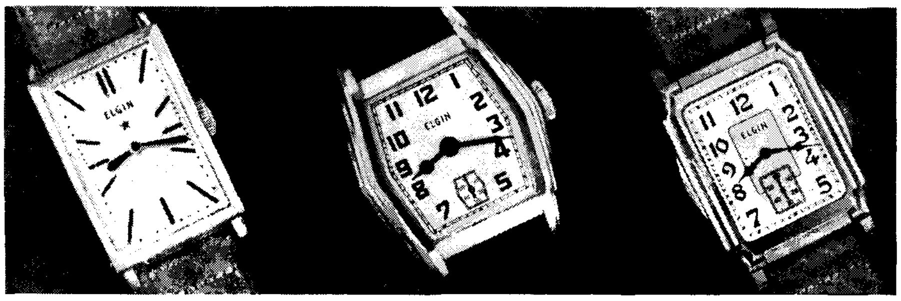
FOR 70 YEARS THE MARK OF AMERICAN LEADERSHIP



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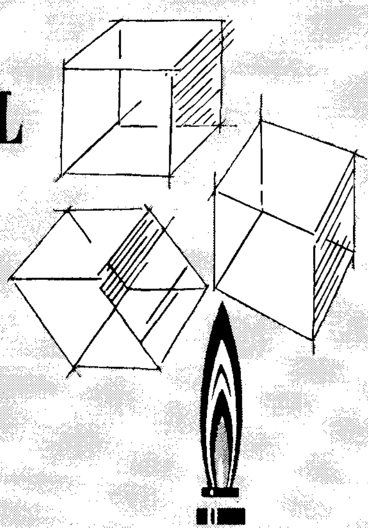
★ 17 jewel movement, in gold filled case. No. 1657 (natural), No. 1656 (white). Embossed dial. $37.50

ALMOST MAGICAL



IT FREEZES WITH HEAT

Nine years ago America was startled and delighted by the introduction of a totally new and different system of refrigeration—the Electrolux, wherein a tiny gas flame produced constant cold and cubes of ice silently and unfailingly. Now as then, Electrolux is a marvel of science—different in basic principle from any other type of household refrigerator, surpassing in performance.

Always different-always ahead in performance

IT STEPS AHEAD IN BEAUTY!

ONLY ELECTROLUX OFFERS THE IDEAL COMBINATION:

Highest Efficiency in Performance

Greatest Beauty in Appearance

LOW OPERATING COST

NO MOVING PARTS

PERMANENT SILENCE

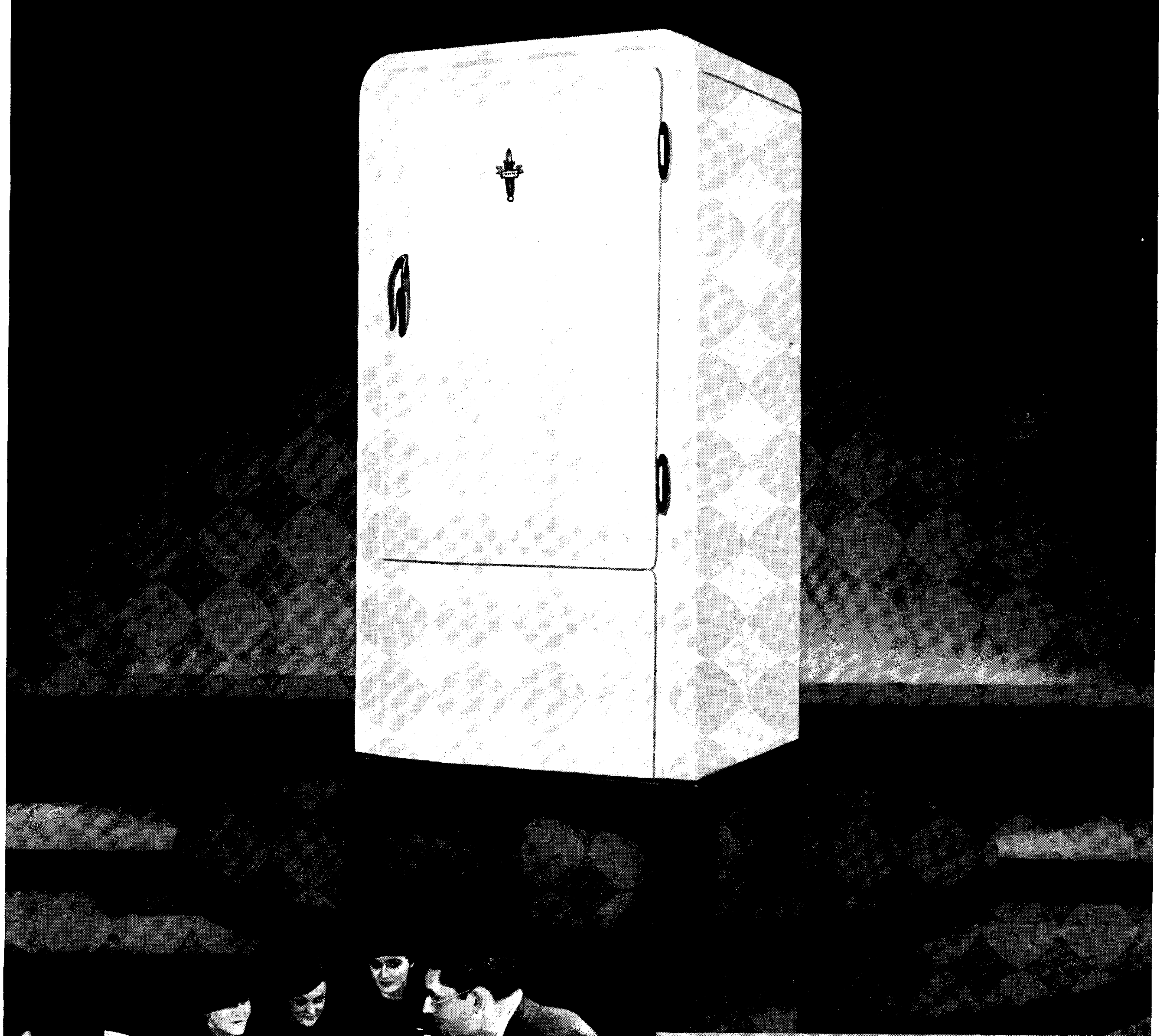
THIS new 1935 Electrolux was designed by women, for women. It's a woman's refrigerator, planned to bring sparkling new beauty into any kitchen. Electrolux looks to be what it *is* . . . the finest refrigerator you can own.

But this is something you can *see*. There are even more important and fundamental differences that you cannot see . . . differences that you will appreciate

3 JURIES OF WOMEN HELPED CREATE THIS DESIGN

Working hand in hand with our artists and engineers, three juries of women put their ideas of beauty into this 1935 Electrolux! Re-

AMERICA'S GREAT GAS INDUSTRY ENDORSES THE 1935 ELECTROLUX



NEW *Air-Cooled*

ELECTROLUX

THE SERVEL *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

Have you a friend in Tucson, Ariz.—in Indianapolis, Ind.—in Greensboro, N. C.?

Car owners who are insured in the Hartford have friends in these and thousands of other localities scattered far and wide throughout the nation. These friends are the local representatives of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company and they are always ready to help Hartford policyholders out of trouble.

There was the motorist from far off Hawaii who wrote us not long ago of his appreciation of the services rendered him by a certain Hartford representative in Indiana. There was the tourist from New Rochelle, N. Y. who just the other day told of being everlastingly grateful for the aid given him, following an automobile accident, by the Hartford Agent in Tucson, Arizona. And the file is still open on the case of a resident of Florida who might have had endless difficulty following an unfortunate accident in North Carolina had it not been for the local Hartford representative.

The House of Dread

Continued from page 18

color, or the whole wharf will be talking."

Meredith nodded.

"You've still got something on your mind, Leneveu?" he asked, turning to his visitor.

"The young woman is to meet her uncle tomorrow night at the Trocadero at eight o'clock," the latter confided. "She's staying on at the office, and going direct from there. What I'll undertake to do—it will cost me money, mind, but I'll do it—is to deliver her here tomorrow night between ten and eleven. You can make your own plans afterwards."

Meredith reflected for a moment.

"What will it cost you, this little enterprise?" he inquired.

"It should be worth five hundred quid," Leneveu replied promptly. "For that I'll undertake to deliver the young woman here tomorrow night."

Meredith nodded.

"You'd better have another drink, and get back again then," he enjoined.

AT HALF past seven on the following evening, Miss Mott tidied her desk, locked up her valuables, made some slight repairs to her make-up, and descended to the elevator. It came rattling up in answer to her summons, and a strange young man, though wearing the uniform of the hall porter, threw open the gate for her to enter.

"Where's Dick?" she inquired, as he slammed the door to.

"Dick's gone out on an errand," he announced. "The hall porter's got the evening off, and I'm taking his place."

There seemed something vaguely and unpleasantly familiar about the young man, but Miss Mott thought no more about it until the car came to an unexpected standstill between the fourth and fifth floors. The last thing of which she was conscious was a grip upon her shoulder, and a handkerchief placed over her mouth. . . .

Miss Mott's awakening was perhaps equally alarming, but not so unpleasant. She was lying upon a huge mahogany four-poster bed, with chintz hangings and curtains. There was a fire burning in the grate, several comfortable articles of furniture in the room, and an elderly woman seated in an easy-chair by the fire reading a newspaper. Miss Mott slid gently off the bed. The old woman turned her head unconcernedly

onto the roof of this house: maybe we'll be there ourselves before nightfall, when the tide flows."

Miss Mott watched the speck that she had first noticed, approaching. It might well be a boat.

"To whom does this house belong and why have I been brought here?" she demanded.

The woman glanced at her without change of expression.

"What a fool you must be to think that I am here to answer questions," she rejoined contemptuously.

Miss Mott moved towards the door and opened it. She peered down into the silent hall.

"Go round the house if you want to," the woman invited. "You'll see that it isn't man that's made a prisoner of you. And don't you open a door unless you're looking for sudden death. If the water once gets in we'll drown like rats."

She resumed her reading, and Miss Mott, taking advantage of her liberty, descended the stairs gingerly, taking full note of her very gruesome surroundings. The house seemed to be a sort of small manor, with paneled oak walls in poor condition, raftered ceilings, old transepts and stone floors. The door of a large lounge sitting-room was wide open. She peered nervously in. The whole of one side was occupied by a long gun rack in which were ranged weapons of every description. There were piles of cartridge boxes upon the floor, a quantity of ancient and moldering furniture, bookshelves, the calf-bound volumes of which were reeking with damp. First and foremost, however, in her mind, deadening all her other apprehensions, was the amazing fact that water—already more than a foot deep—covered the floor of the hall and of the room into which she looked, lapped over the bottom stairs and was even oozing in bulbous drops through the thick walls. She stood and shivered. There was something absolutely terrifying in the slow but inevitable absorption of everything by the one overwhelming element. A panic seized her and she called out.

"Is anyone here?"

To her surprise a civilized voice at once answered her:

"Coming, madam."

"The master's instructions were that he was bringing his wife home last night. Soon after your arrival he was obliged to leave with the other gentlemen on urgent business, but we expect him back at any moment now."

Miss Mott wasted no breath. The situation, horrible though it was, was becoming clear to her.

"I should like some coffee upstairs," she told the man, and, turning around, retraced her steps.

From her bedroom window she watched a punt ride over what must have been the flower garden. She watched a man who climbed a rope ladder which had been thrown down from one of the windows. Then she fainted.

IT WAS late in the afternoon before she was fully recovered, to find herself stretched in an easy-chair before a blazing fire in an unfamiliar room. She looked wildly around. A long, lean figure was lounging in the chair opposite, and her heart almost stopped beating. Nevertheless, she preserved her self-control.

"Why have I been brought here?" she asked.

The man was obviously a good actor. The slight elevation of his eyebrows was inimitable.

"My dear young lady," he remonstrated, "there was never any question of our going anywhere else after the ceremony. Of course, I'm sorry about the conditions—"

"What conditions?" she interrupted bluntly.

He waved the question away. She leaned further forward towards him.

"What ceremony?" she repeated uncompromisingly.

"Our marriage," he explained, with reproachful emphasis.

"Our marriage!" she scoffed. "And pray, when and where did this take place?"

"Westminster Registry Office, after hours, by special license," he replied. "Cost me a great deal of money, but I do not grudge it," he added, with a gleam in his eyes and a little bow. "Ever since one night in Belgrave Square, no other woman has meant anything to me. Superb you looked, potting away at us all with that little pistol. By the bye, I hope you haven't got it with you now?"

"If I had," Miss Mott rejoined, "I should certainly use it. . . . But, why this nonsense about our 'marriage'?"

The man rose to his feet. Fully revealed in the circle of lamplight, his long, narrow face seemed more sinister than ever.

The man's eyebrows went up.

"Nonsense?" he queried. "Do you doubt that we are man and wife?"

"Of course I do," she scoffed. "It isn't possible. No one can be married without knowing anything about it."

He produced from his pocket an oblong strip of paper and held it out to her. It was the usual printed form, carefully filled in and purporting to be a record of a marriage between Walter St. John Meredith—Bachelor—forty-four years old, and Lucie Mott of Branksome Mansions, aged twenty-two. She pushed it away.

"You know that it is a forgery," she cried.

He shook his head.

"It's genuine enough," he assured her smoothly. "There was a little trouble with the Registrar owing to your condition, but he happened, fortunately, to be a friend of mine. So were the witnesses. . . . Poor place for a honeymoon, I'm afraid," he added, looking around deprecatingly. "A short one, too, alas. I can only spare four days."

"You beast!" she sobbed.

"My dear!" he expostulated, the menace in his eyes reflected in his tone. "How unreasonable you are! You break up a famous gang of lawbreakers, you take away our very prosperous occupation and send us flying to all parts of the world, you separate two loving hearts—my Figaro and the girl to whom he was engaged—and see how I treat you! I could have had your company here for four days, my sweet little spitfire, without going through this tiresome ceremony. I respected your possible scruples. I gave you my name—in the first place that you might not be able to give evidence against me, and secondly, that you might—"

Miss Mott struck out at him fiercely, but he only laughed. He held both her wrists with one hand, while the other encircled her waist. He drew her to him, regardless of her desperate struggles. His face was bent over hers, and the scar on his cheek was like a line of fire. His lips touched her eyes, then moved downwards, notwithstanding her frantic screams. . . . He raised his head for a moment to listen to the gurgling splash of waders in the back hall. The butler made his appearance at the door.

"My wife's a little overwrought," Meredith murmured.

"Just so, sir," the man acquiesced. "I came to inquire about dinner."

"In here at eight o'clock," Meredith directed. "The 1911 champagne. Two bottles."

The butler departed, closing the door firmly behind him. Miss Mott, who was saving her strength, lay almost passively in her captor's arms. He was not deceived, however.

"So you will need taming, my little love bird?" he mocked. "That will amuse me. Too good sport to hurry over. I'll get out of these clothes. After dinner I'll read to you from the prayer-book."

He laughed and laid her lightly in an easy-chair. As he straightened himself he suddenly stiffened. He turned his head towards the window and remained transfixed in an attitude of listening. Very cautiously, too, Miss Mott also raised herself in her chair. A faint streak of color stole into her cheeks, a shiver stirred her heart as she, too, listened. Sound of any sort was hope, and against the dull background of that monotonous swell and gurgle of water came the thud of the beating of an engine from some distant place—its dull roar echoing through the great void.

Meredith rang the bell.

"Gordon," he told the butler, "put out every light in the house at once."

There was a swift, questioning glance. Meredith nodded reassurance. "We can't entertain any more guests," he confided.

MISS MOTT had drawn aside the curtain and was gazing out into the gathering twilight when Meredith returned from a whispered conference with Gordon. He hurried to her side and together they watched a dimly visible plane riding through the mists. Meredith studied it long and silently. Then he went to a gun rack built into a recess by the fireplace, selected an automatic, loaded it and slipped it into his pocket. He was not taking quite so much notice of Miss Mott.

"The plane is coming down," he muttered. "Some madman who has lost his way, I should imagine."

He threw open the window and leaned out. Without a doubt the plane was circling round and was already much lower.

"Can it land here?" she asked eagerly.

He nodded.

"Can't you see that it's a seaplane?" he pointed out. "It might get down safely if the light holds, but—" he added, turning toward her with a smile

(Continued on page 46)

and do they fall?

Falling hair seldom is kind to the head that ignores it . . . Be watchful, boy, when yours begins to shed . . . Occasional, gradual shedding is a natural function, but a new hair should grow in to replace the old. One of the best ways to insure a vigorous replacement is to keep the scalp stimulated and healthy with regular 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic treatments. At least two nights a week apply the Tonic liberally and massage gently but firmly until the scalp feels loose, and tingles pleasantly. In this way you arouse a lively circulation through the scalp tissues, and encourage the new little hairs to grow. Follow with a careful shampoo. You can get a 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic massage at any first class barber's. Your druggist sells it in two sizes of convenient shaker-top bottles.

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When baby has a cold, Mistol Drops give quick, soothing relief. Nothing helps a cold more than rest and sleep, but you can't sleep when your head is stuffed up, and you don't enjoy your food when you can't smell and taste.

If you want to have your head clear, enjoy your food and sleep peacefully, just buy a bottle of Mistol, put a few drops in each nostril and see how much better you feel immediately.

The nice part about Mistol is that it is so easy to use, is not messy and unlike many other products it contains no irritating ingredients and does not sting.

Mistol Drops

Use MISTOL DROPS for your children... they'll like it.

Small 25¢
Large 65¢

Mistol Drops

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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF NUJOL

(Continued from page 45)

of derision, "do not be deceived, my fair visitor. Whoever this may be—it is for us his visit is intended and not for you. Your clever uncle would never dream of so romantic a way of seeking for you."

"I don't care who it is," she declared, "so long as it's someone who's going to stay—so long as I'm not here alone with you."

He passed his arm around her waist and drew her shrinking form towards him.

"You'll soon get used to that," he assured her.

She wrenched herself away as he turned once more to the window. The plane was skimming the surface of the water now, slackening speed with every yard, and the figure of a man was clearly visible—one hand upon the stick, the other holding a small anchor.

"She's down," Meredith muttered. "A clever piece of work, anyhow." He spoke and had the air of a man in supreme control of the situation, utterly confident of himself and his powers. He watched the slow approach of the man, who had launched a small rubber punt, with mingled curiosity and indifference. As the latter drew nearer, he tapped a cigarette upon the window sill and lit it.

"I shouldn't wonder if that was Violet Joe," he speculated. "Looks like his crouch."

She tried hard to conceal her sense of passionate relief. If only it were! Presently she began to believe it. There was something familiar in the movements of the tense figure. They watched him, with the aid of his long slim pole, make his way skillfully toward them. He was dressed in a leather flying suit, and wore a great vizor over his head, but Miss Mott recognized him and her heart beat with joy. Yet all the time there was terror mingled with her relief. She thought of the automatic in Meredith's pocket and she remembered that Violet Joe went unarmed.

The punt struck at last the edge of the bank in front of the manor. Meredith, who had stepped from the window, held out his hand, and the visitor scrambled up, dragging the punt after him.

"Any trouble?" Meredith asked quickly.

"None at all," Violet Joe declared, shaking himself. "It was you fellows I was wanting news of. No telephone—no telegraph—no trains. Did you get to the river?"

Meredith nodded gloomily.

"Bolton and Hartigan are both of them safe on the Lavinia and well in the Channel by now," he reported. "I lost the draw, of course. I offered the purser another thousand to slip me on board, but he wouldn't. You'll find I've discovered a compensation for another seven days in this infernal hole, though," he added, with a glance back into the sitting-room.

THE two men stepped through the open window, Meredith leading the way, his hand firmly in his jacket pocket. His companion, following, suddenly recognized Miss Mott standing in the middle of the room, her eyes like stars, torn between passionate hope and deadly fear. In the twilight she saw nothing of Violet Joe's face. She heard only his words, and they sounded cruelly cold and indifferent.

"Why, it's little Miss Mott!" he exclaimed. "What on earth is she doing here?"

"Mrs. Meredith, if you please," Meredith corrected. "Congratulate me, Joe, and wish the young lady every happiness."

"Rubbish!" the newcomer exclaimed tonelessly.

"Special license yesterday evening," Meredith announced. "I couldn't help remembering that she's the only person who could swear to my identity, and a wife can't give evidence against her husband."

Violet Joe laughed.

"Clever fellow! Well, it's not my business anyway. Give me a drink, Walter. Had a ride for nothing, it seems."

Meredith smiled and remained warily in his place. He pointed to the sideboard. Miss Mott found her voice.

"It is not true that I am married," she cried passionately. "I was chloroformed and brought here by force. If ever I was in a registry office, I was unconscious."

Meredith chuckled.

"What does it matter, dear, so long as you are here? Joe, if you really came thinking that Bolton, Hartigan and I were stranded, it was sporting of you, and I am much obliged. If you came for any other reason, you can see that you are not wanted—not wanted, Joe."

HER heart sank as she looked in vain at the man whom she had hoped might be her deliverer. Violet Joe was apparently resigned to his dismissal. He avoided her eyes. Was it possible that he believed Meredith's story? He deliberately mixed himself a whisky-and-soda at the sideboard. A tumult of words was quivering on Miss Mott's lips, but some instinct kept her silent—an instinct which seemed to come straight from heaven into her brain. Violet Joe was weaponless. He was fencing for time. Even she knew the meaning of Meredith's right hand toying with something in his jacket pocket. She pointed out of the window and gave a little cry.

"What's that? Listen."

Violet Joe leaped toward the window, by the side of which stood the gun rack just out of sight of the spot where Meredith lounged. He seized a twelve-bore and a handful of No. 4 cartridges.

"A flight of teal, Meredith," he shouted. "Look sharp."

"I've shot teal till I'm sick of them," Meredith growled, as he sauntered round the corner to look into two long and deadly barrels.

"Perhaps you're right," Violet Joe replied. "I've Number Fours in here, Walter, and they make an awful mess of a man. Up with them, and bring your right hand out of that pocket empty! Quicker!"

Meredith obeyed without hesitation but his expression was satanic.

"You came for the girl," he snarled.

"Of course I did," was the cool retort.

"You're one of my men," Meredith reminded him. "You know what you'll get if you interfere with my concerns."

"I'm one of your gangsters," Violet Joe acknowledged, "but when you forget our creed, I forget that you're my superior officer. Take off your coat and throw it into that corner. I've a steady finger on the trigger, remember, and if your hand goes near your pocket—you'll die in agony. You may get me but I'll get you first."

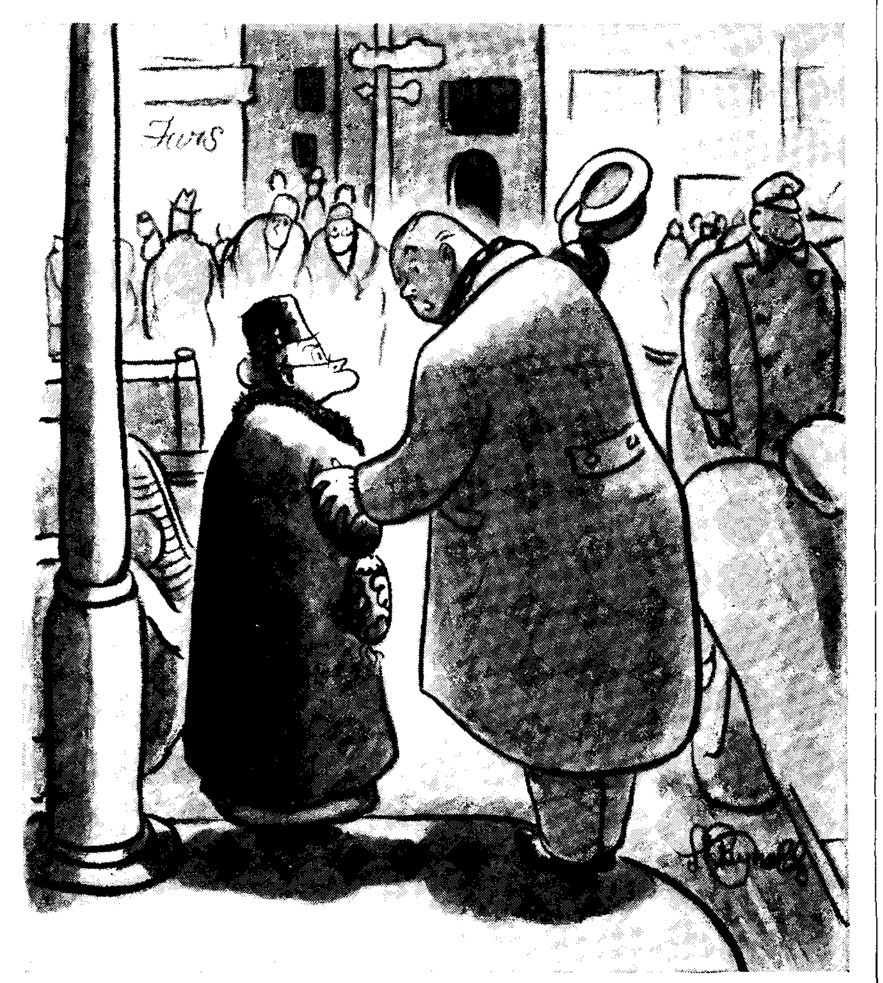
Meredith obeyed with a curse. He knew his man better than to attempt to snatch at his gun.

"Get your coat, Miss Mott," Violet Joe enjoined. "Come straight out to the punt as soon as you can. First of all, though, take the automatic out of that pocket and throw it into the flood."

"I'm afraid of that man—the butler," she confessed, as she hastened to do his bidding.

"Keep the automatic, then, and shoot anyone who attempts to interfere with you," Violet Joe snapped out. "You needn't be afraid of Gordon. I saw him sneaking off in the dinghy as I landed."

TEN minutes later Miss Mott, with the stars and pale moon shining down on her through a lacy mist, was flying happily to London.



"You're the third one today. What's the matter with you fellers, scairt to cross the street alone?"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

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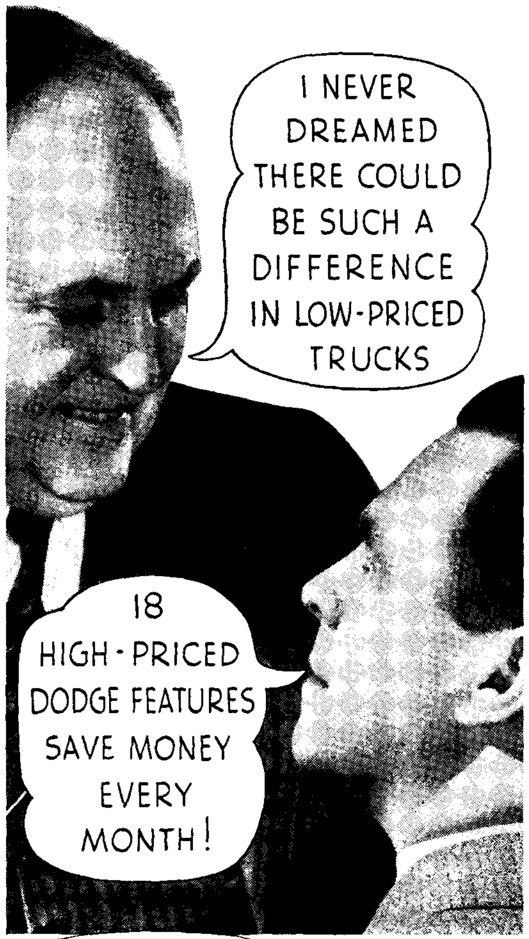
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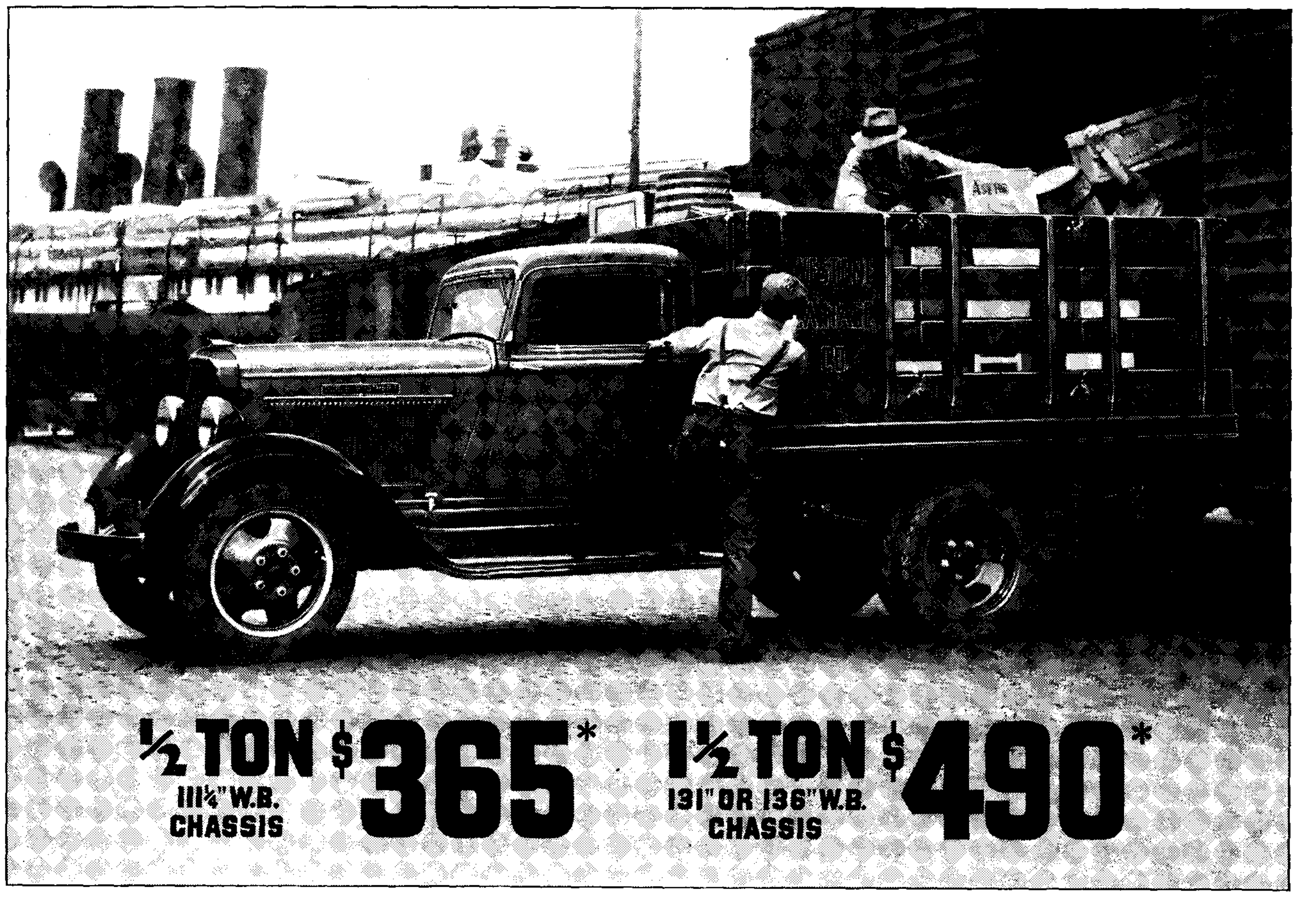

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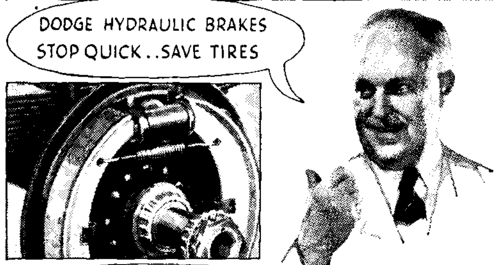
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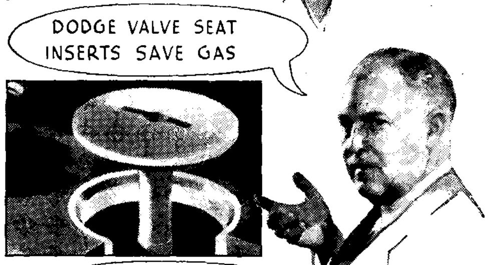
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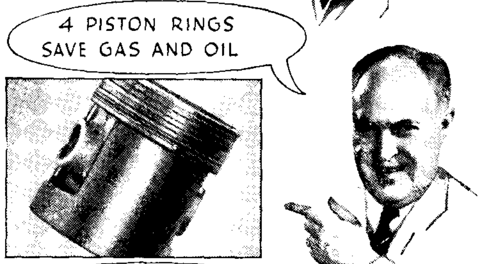
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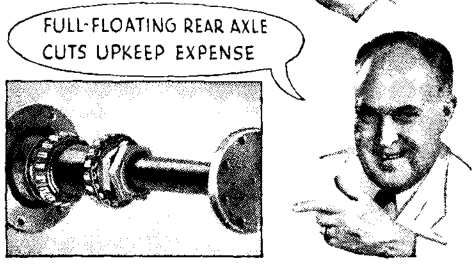
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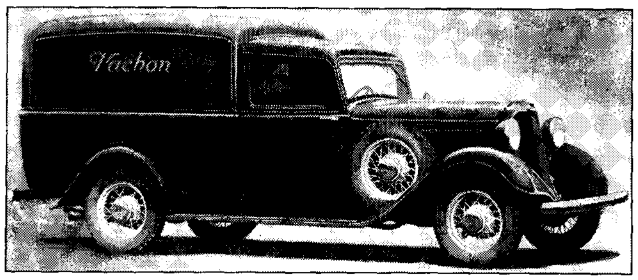

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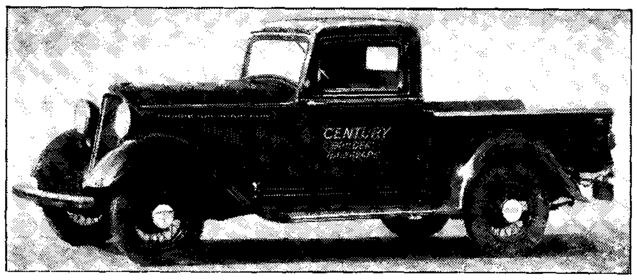

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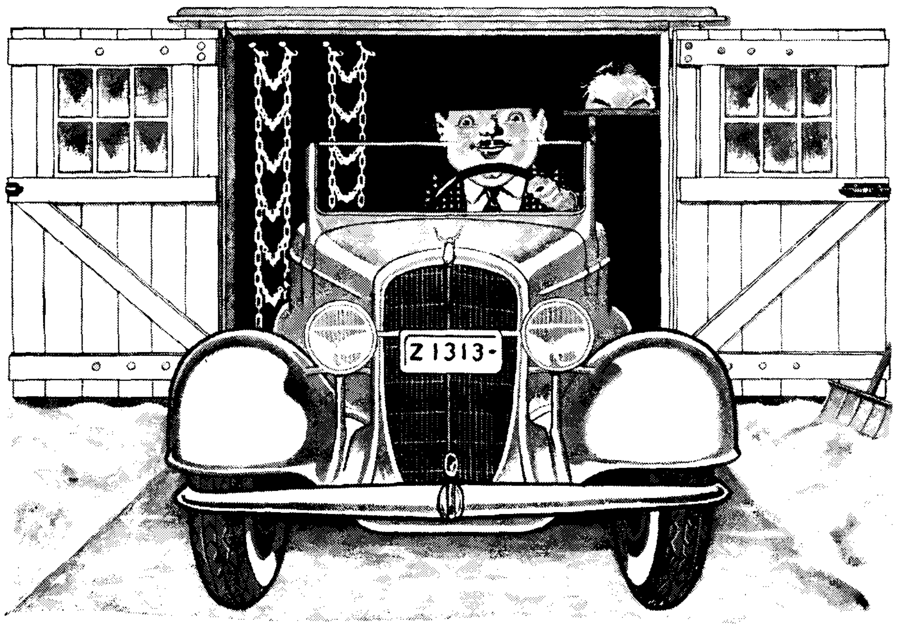

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must be *used* for the safe operation of automobiles

● Practically every car in operation has *Weed Tire Chains*—in the garage. Even the novice knows there are times when he cannot drive safely without them. The trouble comes in making drivers think to always carry them in their cars and think to put them on the tires before driving on slippery streets and roads.

Give your *Weed Tire Chains* a chance to perform their mission. Don't leave them in the garage. Carry them with you and put them on the tires *before* the elements whip the streets into deadly skidways.

COMPARATIVE STOPPING DISTANCE ON PACKED SNOW

Bridgeport Test, *Weed Chains* on 4 wheels from 20 m.p.h.	29½ ft.
Bridgeport Test, Bare Tires, from 20 m.p.h.	55¼ ft.
*Michigan Test, *Weed Chains* on 4 wheels from 20 m.p.h.	28½ ft.
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**Tests by Public Safety and Police Departments, Grand Rapids, with cars using 4-wheel brakes, proved Weed Chains vitally necessary in both deceleration and acceleration.*

NOTE: The New Weed American Tire Chains add 15% to stopping power of Weed regulars used in the above tests. A product of AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, *Inc.*
Bridgeport, Connecticut

4 NEW FEATURES . . . DOUBLE THE MILEAGE

1 Bar-Reinforced Cross Chains double the mileage.
2 Weedalloy, a tougher, wear-resisting metal.
3 Electric Welded Side Chains, stronger and non-kinking.
4 Lever Lock End Hooks for quick sure locking.

Thousands of visitors to A Century of Progress saw a poster similar to the above advertisement displayed with a pair of Weed American Bar-Reinforced Tire Chains, in the Crowell Publishing Company's Model Farm House Garage

Hard and Smart

Continued from page 8

stand on their awning-covered terrace and look down upon the city. He liked to linger beside her and identify the places he knew along the jeweled lane of light that was Broadway.

No other April was quite like that. He had a feeling there wouldn't be another. Ed and the constant thrill of her—something to come home to—someone to leave reluctantly. He liked to surprise her with extravagant gifts. To Sherry a shopping expedition held laughter and excitement. He never imagined he could be so domestic. The honeymoon in their lofty sky-top suite lived on through May and into June.

One night Sherry saw Charlie Vannis in the Cocktail Promenade. There was no mistaking the plain-clothes man. Vannis was big, clumsy, flat-footed. He wore a stiff straw hat on the side of his mouse-gray head. He leaned heavily on the bar, apathetic, but his eyes were alert enough when Sherry nodded to him.

"Hello, Vannis; off duty?"

The headquarters man knocked the ash from his cigarette.

"Just looking around. Nice place you've got. How's business?"

"Falling off."

"That's to be expected with the warm weather, and roadhouses getting the play."

"Have one on the house, Charlie. Spotty makes a swell champagne cocktail."

Vannis' red face wrinkled into a grimace.

"Keep 'em for the skirts and the geraniums. Much obliged. I've had my single tonight. By the way, Spotty was telling me you're married."

"Since April."

Vannis let his gaze wander out of the promenade and into the foyer.

"What's become of that warbler they call Indigo?"

"He's around," Sherry answered casually. Deliberately, he added: "So's Pete Burchell. You remember him?"

"Sure, guy that looks as though he ought to be nailed together. Big mug with an empty pan but two of the finest teeth I've ever seen in any face. I remember him. And he's in circulation, too?"

Sherry's eyes turned diamond-hard.

"He's here nearly every night. Didn't want to see him about anything special, did you?"

The plain-clothes man shook his head.

"No, nothing special. Well, guess I'll be getting along. The wife's poison when I'm late. How's your frau when you don't show up on the hour?"

Sherry laughed.

"I don't know—I'm always on time."

FOR an instant Vannis turned his cold eyes fully on Sherry. They moved over his slim, youthful figure. They took in the details of his gray flannel suit and sports shoes.

"That's the way to be—always on time. Be seeing you."

Sherry thoughtfully watched him push down the brim of his straw hat and shape a course toward the brightly lighted entrance. He shrugged and went upstairs. In his office, Burchell removed his feet from the desk and closed the past-performance chart he had been studying.

"Why don't you get an electric fan, Joe? It's hot in here."

"Your old pal Charlie Vannis was downstairs," Sherry said briefly.

Burchell's eyes narrowed.

"Vannis? What did he want?"

"He asked me if you and Indigo were still in the picture."

"He knows something!" A muscle twitched in Burchell's cadaverous face. "Listen, I'm going to scram out of this burg."

Sherry looked at his watch. It was a few minutes after eleven o'clock.

"Where's Indigo?"

"Do you really want to know?" Burchell's haunted face was shadowed. "I saw him around seven. He was going uptown to get Ed then."

"Ed?"

"He said something about taking her down to Long Beach."

Sherry snapped off a couple of the lights in the office.

"Seems to me I remember Ed saying something about having a date with him," he murmured carelessly. "How about a nightcap before I shove off?"

THE apartment was cool and dark. A breeze from the Palisades stirred the summer draperies. Sherry took a cigarette out to a wicker chair on the terrace. The earthy smell of the shrubs in their green tubs was pleasant. The city lay like a magic carpet, spread out below. How long he sat there he didn't know. After a time he heard voices in the living-room. A door opened and closed. A ripple of laughter drifted out to him. He got up and went inside.

Ed was stripping off her fancy fabric gloves. Indigo was propped up against the door, smiling at something she had said.

"Hello. How long have you been home, Joe?" Ed bunched her gloves on a table and went to him. She stood on tiptoe, offering her lips. He kissed her. "It was so hot. Indigo asked me to go down to Long Beach. We had a swim. It was swell; the place where we went in had big spotlights on the water. I wish we could live down there for the summer."

"Maybe we can," Sherry said.

Indigo put on his hat.

"So long, people. Time for me to turn in and kip."

"'Night, Indigo." Sherry's voice was amiable. "Much obliged for taking care of the missus."

"That's all right."

Sherry lighted a fresh cigarette. Ed pulled a chair around to catch the breeze that came in through the open French doors.

"I ran into Al down at the shore. You know, Al Laidlaw, Spiegle's dance director. He's doing a new piece for Johnny Holden's Venetian Inn up near Englewood. He wants me to sign with him, says he'll give me a break, let me do a specialty. When I told him I was married he asked me what difference it made. It seems that Velma Spiegle is in the same show."

"A minute ago," Sherry said, "you were saying you wished you lived at Long Beach. Now you're talking about the show business again. What's the idea?"

Her blue eyes were enigmatic behind their lashes.

"I don't know. I guess the novelty's worn off. Once I thought it would be grand to be married and not have to work. It was all right for a while, then I began to get sort of restless. It would be different if I hadn't always had to earn money—back home—here. When you get in the habit it's hard to let up."

Sherry poured himself another drink. He shot some seltzer into the glass, stirred it and squinted at the mixture.

"Do me a favor. Cut out Indigo.

He's no prize package for you or any other girl to be seen around with."

"I'll think about it, Joe."

"Thanks," he said dryly. "Don't get a headache."

Two days later she told him she was back at the grind. The Laidlaw she had complained so bitterly about was teaching her new routines. Sherry was careful not to let her know how he felt. Wisely, he did nothing to interfere with her plans.

Burchell stopped in at the office a few days later.

"I'm on my way, Joe. Write me in care of General Delivery, 'Frisco. I'm heading for the West Coast."

"Going into pictures?" Sherry asked sarcastically.

"Beating it before they check my pictures in the gallery. If I were you I'd do a piece of sightseeing in Europe for a spell. You think I'm screwy; some day you'll find out I'm not."

"So long, if that's the way you feel," Sherry said, shaking Burchell's thin hand. "Got enough kale?"

"The poke's lined."

When Burchell left, Sherry had to talk with his manager about menus. When he went back to his desk it was nearly five o'clock.

He telephoned his apartment. The colored maid answered. Ed was out. She had come back at four o'clock and left about twenty minutes later. Sherry spoke with the colored girl for a few minutes longer. He asked questions and listened intently to her answers. When he hung up, his hard, young face was like a stiff plaster mask.

He heard the orchestra arrive and tune up. After a while a saxophone hooted and a slow, sensuous rhythm came up the balcony stairs to him.

Somehow it made him remember the first night he had met a girl in a green evening dress; a girl whose arms were girded with many bracelets. He could see the shaded lights trapped in the gold snare of her softly waved hair. He remembered the deep, clear blue of her eyes. He shook himself, put on his flannel coat and unlocked the bottom drawer of his desk. When he went downstairs a few minutes later he asked Benny, the doorman, to get him a taxi.

"Much cooler, Mr. Sherry," Benny observed.

"Yeah, seems so. Better get your fur coat out."

A taxi wheeled into the curb. Sherry gave the driver an address and climbed in. Behind him the lights dwindled as the Park approached. It was like riding out of a pageant and into a wilderness. He reached for a cigarette, leaning further back against the worn upholstery. The clean fragrance of the trees brought the smell of springtime sharply to his mind. His lips twisted in a smile. He reminded himself there was no cause for complaint. From the first he had told himself no other April would be like the one that had hurried by on fugitive feet.

IT WAS after eleven when the same taxi he had engaged in front of his night club wheeled into West End Avenue. Sherry paid, tipped and dismissed the driver. For a moment he stood on the corner watching the cars flash along Riverside Drive. Finally he turned into the apartment building and took an elevator to its roof.

"Mrs. Sherry home?" he asked the colored maid, when she came out in the hall after he closed the door.

"No, suh, she ain't back yet."

There was no light in the room opening out onto the terrace. Sherry raised the awning. He went back for a bottle of Scotch. When he was halfway across the square, glazed tiles he heard the distant ring of a bell. He listened.

"Yes, suh, he's home. You can go right in," he heard the colored girl saying.

He set the bottle down on a table. As he stepped through the French doors, Vannis and another man entered. Sherry's expression was unchanged when he went forward to meet them.

"Hello, Vannis. What's the trouble?"

Vannis pushed his straw hat back on his perspiring forehead.

"You!" he said shortly. "I've got a warrant for your arrest."

"What's the charge?"

"You know. That Harry Decker matter."

"I don't get you. Who's Harry Decker?"

The plain-clothes man exchanged a look with his companion.

"Don't stall, Joe. It's in the bag. This Decker party was down at your place one cold night last January. He got in a dice game and cleaned six grand. Remember it?"

"Sure, now you speak of it. So his name was Decker? Later we found out he was using loaded cubes. Switching them in and out and muscling the roll. What else?"

VANNIS wiped his forehead with the palm of his big hand.

"After Decker left your place that night he went over to the bowling alleys on Eighth Avenue. You and a couple of your pals tailed him. The three of you tried to get the six grand back. When he wouldn't molt you drilled him. Remember?"

Sherry shrugged.

"Then what happened?"

"You got him out through the back door, put him in a car and dumped him on the lower West Side. At the corner of Varick and Greenwich Streets, to be exact."

"Know your story by heart, don't you?" Sherry said. "Where'd you get it?"

The detective's red face mirrored an expression that made Sherry tighten his mouth.

"Maybe you wouldn't want to know."

"Go on! I can take it."

Vannis drew a breath.

"Indigo spilled it this afternoon. Seems like that ex-balladier is all coked up over some jane. He wants to be clean for her sake. When he propositioned us we let him talk. He gave us the facts and figures. Joe, it's on the hook. Get your hat and we'll take a ride downtown."

He nodded to the man with him. The other stepped closer to Sherry. He ran swift, searching hands over the trim gray flannel suit. When he backed away he handed Vannis a flat automatic revolver.

Sherry walked over to the table. A pair of fancy fabric gloves were bunched together on a pile of magazines. He looked at them thoughtfully for a minute before he picked up his hat.

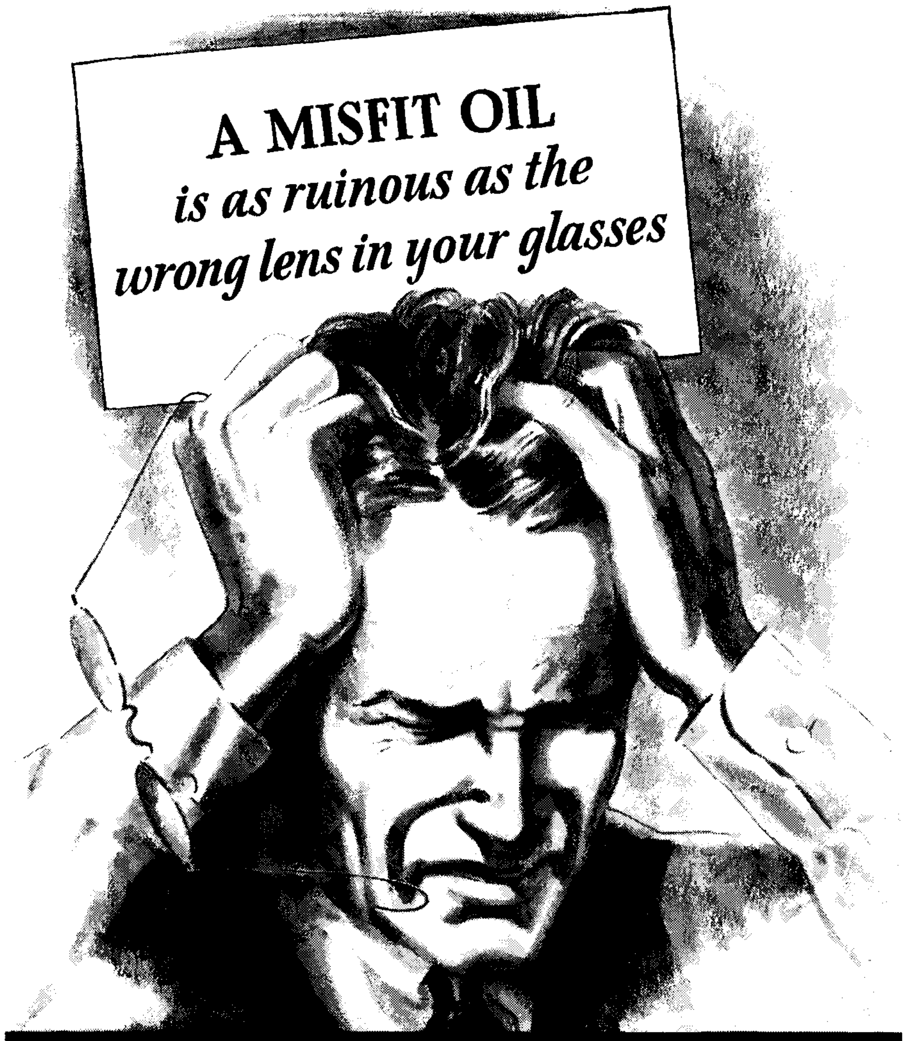
"This," he said, "don't mean as much to me as you imagine. Let's shove off and get it over with."

Charlie Vannis' quick laugh held a note of relief.

"Joe, I'm surprised. Me and Regan came up prepared for trouble. I didn't know it was going to be like this. I always thought you were hard—and smart."

A fleeting smile shadowed Sherry's set mouth. He put on his hat, watching the magic lights of Broadway wink and glitter.

"Indigo was in love with my wife. She's the jane he wanted to be clean for." He turned away from the terrace, the threaded pattern of the incandescent carnival below. "Hard and smart. You're right; I am. If you don't think so stop in at Indigo's flat and have a look!"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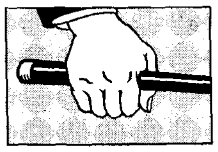
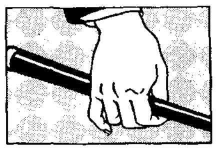


WRONG GRIP



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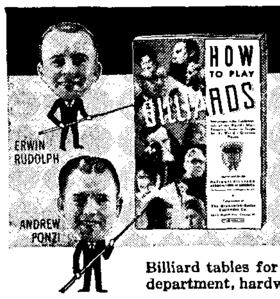

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Jam in the Saucer

Continued from page 26

"The matter is," said Mr. Sheridan grimly, "that some so-and-so has lifted my two weeks' salary."

He proceeded upstairs in something of a mood, just in time to see a crook delicately removing the fur coat from a gentleman's frame. Mr. Sheridan, in general exasperation at life, went over and socked the crook and then lugged him down to the basement. Coming upstairs again, he gathered his bluecoats about him and began to pick up the well-known gangsters in the audience. They were taken to the basement and slugged.

The races are still big business but the receipts have never attained the high of $340,000 which they reached in 1925. The best done last year was $200,000 for the spring race at the Garden. The riders are in on daily guarantees. Alf Goullet, who was the highest paid of all, used to get $1,000 a day. Peden probably gets $200 a day at the present time, and the others average about $100.

It's a Nice Life

As for the physical effects of the grind, consider these items: Torchy Peden takes on ten pounds in weight during the course of a race. He does away with six meals a day, composed almost entirely of T-bone steaks, and fills in with 150 to 500 units of Vitamin D every day during the race, his sunshine in capsule form. He refuses to take a rub-down, arguing that it uses up muscular energy, and he disposes of a basket of grapes a day. The grape sugar, he maintains, is priceless natural energy. The riders actually get about six hours solid sleep a day. When the ushers are cleaning out the arena in the late hours of the morning, one rider of each team remains on the track and goes through sufficient motions to keep the franchise. His partner is down in the dressing-rooms getting a sound nap. Anybody stealing a lap at this time would be attended to by the assembled competitors at a later date.

Everything has been attended to, including sex appeal. At one time George Leander was the rider assigned by heaven and the management to bring in the ladies at matinée time. The new idol is Jules Audy, who is also a Canadian and looks like Sidney Wood, the tennis player. He is frail and blond and considerably handicapped by the female sighs which sweep out on the track and befog him as he sails by.

Thinking the race itself needed help, they once went in for extra added attractions. They tried dancing and had Joan Sawyer swaying about on a platform in the infield while the riders swayed around on the saucer. It was successful with everybody but the patrons. "Get that bum out of there!" they yelled from the upper decks and Miss Sawyer departed. Next they took on Daredevil Schreyer, who started at the top of the Garden on an incline and rode his bike off into space, landing in a canvas tank of water seventy-five feet below.

"This is all very good," said Jimmy Johnston, present boxing head of the Garden, who had a hand in many a pie in those days, "but it lacks something." Mr. Johnston put his finger to the side of his nose and considered.

When Schreyer made his spectacular leap next night, a man stood by the side of the tank. When the bicycle struck the water, the third party let out a yell: "He's drowning!"

Whereupon fourteen candidates for the Carnegie Award leaped out of the stands and dived to the rescue. The police in turn came to the rescue of the rescuers, with the result that when the tank was finally emptied a police sergeant was found prostrate at the bottom. Next night they cut out the act entirely.

The most famous American bike-racing family is the Walthours. When Bobby Walthour, Sr., was in his prime, Mrs. Walthour presided over the racing activity, bringing Bobby, Jr., to the track direct from his cradle and housing him in the track bunk when Bobby Sr., was not using it. She cooked her husband's meals, looked after his condition and made such threatening gestures as were necessary in the direction of opponents who were too free in elbowing around the turns. Bobby, Jr., is now racing and there is cousin Jimmy Walthour to complete the picture.

For years Brocco, the Frenchman, was the idol of the New York fans. Whenever the little guy set out to steal a lap, the Garden would be filled with roars of "Broc-c-c-c-o." He won only three New York races in his career but he was the most popular man on the track, no matter how far behind he might be. He was succeeded in popularity by Georgetti, who used to clear $35,000 a year for his efforts. Letourner came along later to be the hero, and he was also a big winner and money maker. The most-hated pedaler was the best rider of all—Alf Goullet. Just how he acquired his ill fame is not remembered, but he was booed and hissed for years, thriving on disrepute. The louder they hissed the better he rode, capturing seven New York races and being the big-money man of all time. It is estimated that he took in $250,000 as a rider.

When Torchy Peden came down from Vancouver and took ten out of the first fourteen races he entered, it was a thing of wonder. His only rival in sheer force has been Pete Van Kempen, who is still a great star, even if he has boycotted the New York races because of a dispute with the management. Most of the riders either get their start in the motor-paced tracks of New Jersey or in the big foreign events such as the Tour de France. The latter is the most famous of all bike contests, taking in practically all of France, including valleys and mountains, and necessitating a high degree of speed and stamina.

Times Have Changed

In this country the sport has spread from New York to the other large cities. John Chapman has managed the New York races for years but he now has competition nationally from Arthur and Willie Spencer, who were former spring champions and six-day men, and from Alf Goullet.

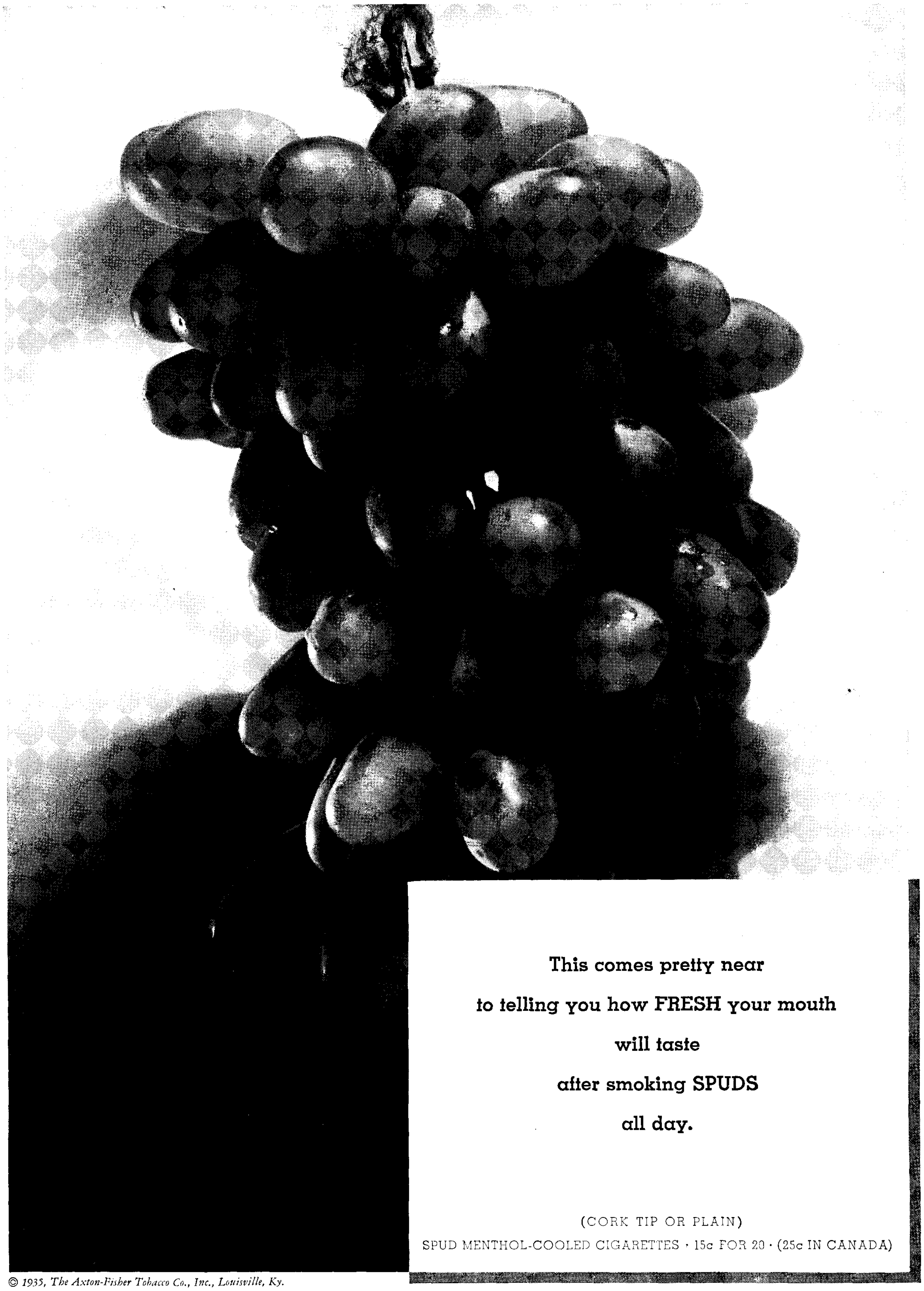
It was in the old Garden, however, that the sport reached its climax. It was there that a kindly lady in the lobby was much upset by the treatment accorded a gentleman who was seemingly intent on leaving the building. He was a little fellow and obviously humpbacked and the lady was indignant at the way he was being mauled about.

"It's cruelty!" cried the lady.

"It's worse than that, madam," said the officer in charge. "It's larceny."

And he began to unpeel the little humpbacked figure, taking off, in all, four overcoats and restoring the little man to his normal lithe figure.

But there is nothing as charming as that in these good moral days, alas!



Arthur O'Neill

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Story in Pictures

Continued from page 9

and Yukon for the first time. You can't fling thousands of ill-clothed, ill-armed men upon a frozen desert—where hunting is stopped by darkness and blizzards and deep, deep snow for months on end; and there is little enough to hunt, at best—and expect them to remain plumped full of vitamins.

Starvation clawed at the pitiful shelters and blood-stained open trails; but Washington did not forsake our own. Doctors said the prospectors needed plenty of fresh meat—reindeer meat, that's what stands by you when the north wind blows. The Department of the Interior quickly arranged the purchase in Norway and shipment to Alaska of sufficient reindeer to succor the gold seekers and start a reserve. With the walking victuals came two deer-herds; both members of the Lapp race, which inhabits the attic of Scandinavia and provides good and true citizens for Norway or Sweden or Finland, wherever the tents may be.

Reeking of Realism

Trouble was, the expatriate reindeer could not find any too much to eat in Alaska, either. Now, if there is anything besides eating too much reindeer that makes a Lapp melancholy it is to see his beloved reindeer eating too little—scratching futilely at the snow-bound tundra in search of a wisp of moss or a brushwood twig. Your Lapp will draw up his reindeer-hide pants, tie his reindeer-thong belt, put on his reindeer-fur coat, take a swig of reindeer milk and a hunk of reindeer cheese, and go right out and scratch (the ground) with the hungry reindeer.

Our two Norwegian-Lapps and their reindeer, all homesick together, browsed vainly on a wintry day and found nothing but pebbles to reward their diligent breaking of the ice crust. Even the pebbles did not seem right; one of the Lapps noticed that, and he took a handful of them to camp and put them in a shovel and held it over the fire. The "pebbles" melted; for they were nuggets of pure gold. You may guess the rest, from romances you have read. The Lapps had made one of the richest strikes in history, and came out of Alaska with more wealth than your impoverished reporter is able to count. One Lapp went home; and one became a pillar of San Francisco, and he is the man our hero went to see with the Norwegian consul.

Old homeland loves and memories flushed the rugged face of the former deerherd as he listened to the young art director. Indeed, he cut Harshe short and turned to a secretary. "When does the next boat leave Christiania for the States?" he asked. It was evidently her business to know such things offhand: "Friday," she said. "Three days hence," he said. "Plenty of time to prepare the art for shipment, wouldn't you say, Mr. Harshe? Cable"—to his secretary—"Christiania at once. Tell them to hire as many packers as necessary. Tell them to charter the whole ship if necessary. Tell them I'll pay all expenses."

The Norwegian exhibition of paintings and sculpture came and was hung and stood; and everyone was delighted both with the splendid quality of the collection and with the elusive flavor of realism that attended it. Art critics and lay visitors alike lingered in the Norwegian gallery throughout the first day of the show, persuaded by an indefinable and delicate exactitude upon which no one seemed able to plop a thumb. Harshe, puzzled, studied the crowd; and in its tide perceived an unwitting onset toward a picture of fishermen hauling up a catch in the lee of a spumy fjord headland. He joined the bemused onlookers, and overheard one remark: "Why, it's so real you can smell the fish!"

Here was criticism that ignored schools, brushed off affectations and posturings, and came upon truth. You *could* smell the fish! This was the secret of the noteworthy verity of the Norwegian exhibition.

It was discovered, upon investigation, to be due to the fact that the ship which brought the art works to San Francisco had also borne a cargo of herring. The odor of the fish had permeated the canvases and been taken up by the oils. There was no way it could be got rid of; and to the end of the Panama-Pacific Exposition it haunted and stirred uninformed observers. Even so, it is possible that Harshe and his colleagues might have been able to look upon the funny side, but for the cats.

Before the Fine Arts Building was open to the public, and indeed until long after the last Exposition visitor had clicked out months later, the alley cats of San Francisco stormed it. Tiger cats and tabbies, tomcats and tailless, gray cats and yellow, tattered cats and beauties by the hundreds yowled and scratched at the side door which led into the international wing; climbed the rain pipe, searched the roof, and drooled upon the windowpanes of the Norwegian gallery.

Each morning directors and workers literally had to wade through cats to reach their jobs; and before the visitors' gate opened — and constantly throughout the day—doormen had to broom away the mass attacks of hungry cats that had been driven by the smell of fish into a frenzy of ingenuity and persistence. It all grew very complicated. Even on warm days the windows of the Norwegian gallery could not be opened; the tang of herring could not be let out, for the cats then would be enabled to get in, because the heaviest screens were no more formidable than lace curtains to that horde.

A Digest of Genius

This information, I trust, will be of great aid and comfort to you if ever you have to get up an exhibition of art. Do not, however, allow your prudence to relax once you have made sure your foreign exhibits will not be shipped in vessels the main cargoes of which are seal blubber or cheese or whale oil or fish. If you do, worse things than ribby tomcats may plague you: because the difficulties of your job will be as countless as unpredictable. Doctor Robert L. Harshe can tell you that; and he thanked the astral influences for his experience in the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco when, a generation later, he was head man in the job of arranging the Exhibition of Paintings and Sculpture which formed an important segment of The Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago.

Down the years he has become an international authority, full of honorary degrees and foreign decorations and that dusty sagacity which men pick up in libraries and museums. He has been director of the Oakland, California, Public Museum; Assistant Director of Fine Arts of the Carnegie Institute; and, since 1921, Director of the Art Institute of Chicago. He has been hung in the Luxembourg Museum in Paris; also in the Museums of Brooklyn and of Los Angeles. His experiences, his successes, have been satisfying and fruitful and dignified; yet, whenever he starts to get up a show, he recalls the cats of San Francisco—gratefully. Their furry ghosts meow in the background of his recent magnificent achievement in Chicago.

If—as your reporter and the Dawes boys of Chicago piously believe—The Century of Progress was the most culturally significant, as well as the most physically impressive, fair in world history, then by the same yardstick the concurrent art exhibition run by Doctor Robert Bartholow Harshe was equally notable. The Fair proper gave a different and classier show the second year. So did Harshe, giving in 1934 the most comprehensive and inclusive digest of American genius yet projected.

Exhibition Headaches

In 1933 he borrowed Whistler's Mother from the Louvre; and it is easier to be hung in the Louvre, or to steal one of its works, than to borrow from it. Altogether and roundabout, he borrowed more than a thousand masterpieces, some of them being publicly exhibited in the United States for the first time. In 1934 he stuffed 43 galleries with 744 paintings and 131 pieces of sculpture, with a side show of more than 400 outstanding prints to boot—the lot quite likely worth a hundred million dollars. He had motorcycle escorts and ballyhoo, and Jack Dempsey and Mrs. Roosevelt and several million Americans hiked the long way up Michigan Boulevard from the Fair itself to look at his pictures and statuary—no more than an inconsequential minority, we hope, moved by the kind of art love that had lured them into the Streets of Paris and Venus on the Half Shell.

Again, you might believe, from museums you have visited, that all you need to get up a first-rate art show or museum are a blank check from your fabulously wealthy Uncle Chester in Quincy, Massachusetts, ten overstuffed Irishmen for guards, and a couple of granite lions for the front steps. Doctor Harshe will clear your mind on all these scores, if you will come with me to Adams Street and Michigan Boulevard for a chat with him in his graystone citadel there, and a prowl through rooms wherein a thousand years of man's time on earth tarry in lovely fragments.

All is serene that meets your eyes and ears, but when you remark to Doctor Harshe how you envy his gracious days he says humph! and tells you of the many things you do not see or hear in this and other museums, in Chicago or in your home town, when you pay your quarter—or, after the custom of your reporter, visit on a free day.

It seems that as well as being in a repository of culture, you are in a public laboratory—surrounded by X-ray and expert chemists and fingerprint hawks. Vigilance pulses in these corridors, for here walk the world's most talented crooks, swindlers and confidence men. That exquisite Angel Gabriel of Fra Angelico, for example, is like a man in jail; armed deadshots will make sure that it does not get out. And that bronze head of President Roosevelt by Jo Davidson is as zealously guarded as its subject in the White House. Drama invades these long halls by day and by night. There are villains and lurking perils; and police dogs to sniff into the shadows.

If you are a painting or a statue it is awful if you are never invited to a select gathering or show. All over the United States, after the lists for each noteworthy exhibition are completed, disappointed owners turn the faces of their paintings to the wall.

Valuations of art, financial and technical, are not standardized. In fact, it is difficult to find among critics or artists or directors a man brave enough to tell you what a painting is. Cennini, Italian master writing centuries ago, said of painting that it is an "occupation which calls for imagination and skill of hand, in order to discover things not seen, hiding themselves under the shadow of natural objects, and to fix them with the hand, presenting to plain sight what does not actually exist." That definition might mean one thing to you and something else to me.

Fixing an exhibition of paintings and sculpture parallels in many ways the headaches of getting up a gala official dinner. The White House worries about rank at table. The art director worries about size; for there are fat pictures and lean pictures, short ones and long ones, oval and hexagonal and oblong ones. He worries about colors; for there are dull pictures and vivid ones, loud pictures and delicate ones, and each must be hung not only in a space where it looks neither lost nor shoehorned, but also in a light that is kindest to its values. Doctor Harshe spent many weeks at his desk with a large book, each blank page of which represented a gallery or room, and a ruler, and a list of paintings and their sizes—writing, erasing, measuring.

Then invitations went out—to museums, to private collectors, to dealers. Most of the domestic invitations went to the East, because there are not many important collections west of the Mississippi. Some museums are closed to borrowings, on account of the nature of bequests. Many private owners are tough. The King of England won't lend any of his palace collection, although he borrows. Moreover, before the invitations were sealed, every one of the thousand prospective "guests"—wherever its home—of The Century of Progress Exhibition was visited and scrutinized by Doctor Harshe or one of his aides to make sure it had blue blood. This chore of traveling, required in advance of all important shows, has led museum representatives into adventures the world over which called for ingenuity and sometimes a little recklessness.

Packing is an Art

The Century of Progress Exhibition in Chicago in 1933 and 1934 did not have a war to deal with; but Doctor Harshe, or any other museum director, will trade you a depression for seven wars any day. Wars have been known to enrich libraries and museums. Then, too, you can always borrow a battleship if you know a congressman; but you cannot always catch the gift eye of a philanthropist when the market is spongy. Yet Doctor Harshe and the Chicago Institute matched the success in hard times which made the Fair itself unique; despite falling membership lists and kindred discouragements he engineered the biggest moving feat in the modern history of art.

When you invite a work of art you are responsible for it from the moment it leaves its home wall until it is safely rehung there after your show. You cover it by insurance, of course, in transit and in your gallery; the insurance on The Century of Progress Exhibition reads like unpaid war-debt statistics. But insurance money is arbitrary consolation—art masterpieces are so tragically irreplaceable. Therefore, exquisite prudence encompasses them. The packing of art is itself an art; not a casual job for a man with a hammer, three nails, and a wad of excelsior, but the concern of well-rewarded experts.

(*Continued on page 54*)

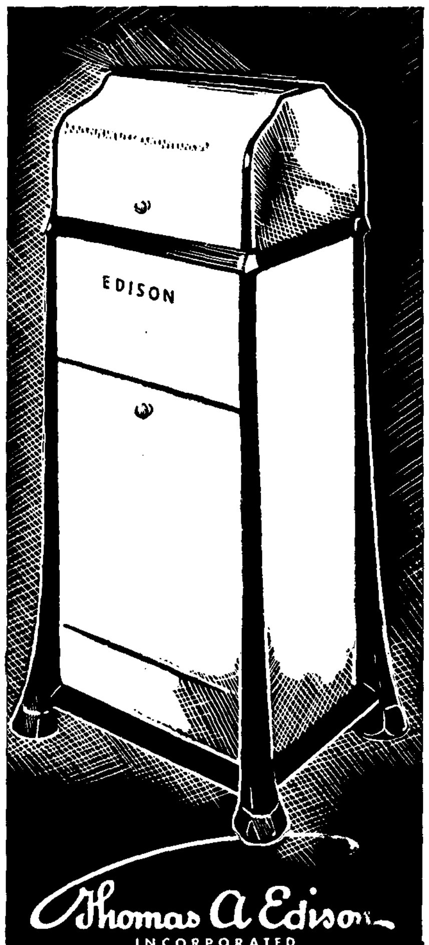
There is never an overproduction of brain-power!

>>Too much rain—and it's drained off. Too much cotton—and it's plowed under. Too much pork—and pigs are killed.

>> But—there is never an overproduction of brain-power! Brains make for progress and prosperity. There are two ways to increase brain-power:—1. to employ additional brains, which is usually expensive; 2. to make the brains you have worth more.

>>Edison makes it easy for you to increase the value of the brains you already have—with Ediphone Voice Writing! With Pro-technic Ediphone equipment there is no time-eating, expensive waiting for secretarial service. At *any hour*, and on *any day*, dictators turn to their Pro-technic Ediphones, as easily as telephoning. They think once...write once...at once—and accomplish more. Brain-power increases—and profits, too!

>> TELEPHONE THE EDIPHONE, YOUR CITY. Without obligation, an Edison man will call, and show you how Voice Writing can increase the brain-power in your organization.



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(Continued from page 53)

Each museum has a staff of packers and handlers, while certain private firms of movers maintain specialists: one company, in New York, has ten.

You can be too careful. One time a Bellini painting on wood panel in tempera—that is, without oil; the pigments being mixed with water and white of egg—was shipped to the Fogg Museum at Harvard. By the use of transverse strips of wood it was cradled in a zinc can, which was then hermetically sealed to exclude dampness. When the Fogg people opened their prize all they found was a bare, wormy panel; with a pile of colored pigments in the bottom of the can. Evidently, the wooden framework used to hold the painting had been made of green stock, which had sweated in transit and the humid air had loosened the pigments. The Museum secured a photograph of the painting; and its experts spent years fitting and gluing scraps of pigment, after the fashion of a jigsaw puzzle. Now you cannot tell that the Bellini was ever adrift.

On Guard

For all that, a museum packer would rather deal with paintings than with sculpture. Bronzes, of course, are virtually unbreakable; but stone, especially those with spears or hat feathers, or with a naked young man or woman balanced on one toe while the other leg and both arms go in many directions—"starfish sculpture," it is called—are engineering problems that cause resignations.

Rodin said that a first-class piece of sculpture ought not to have obtrusive points but should be a simple mass, which you could roll downhill without breaking—the statue, it is presumed; he could not have been thinking of the citizenry.

Travel hazards being what they are—one worthy group of contemporary Americans in a freight car in Cleveland was forever dissolved when a gasoline tank on the adjoining track caught fire—Doctor Harshe combats them in a characteristic manner, when the load is not too great. He puts the boxed frames, with all due care, in the baggage car; but if you open them before his personal arrival you will be shocked to find only gaping holes. For he takes the canvases out beforehand, rolls them up, and snuggles them into his berth with him.

If getting works of art into your museum or show requires stern and labored attention, and provides excitement, keeping them in demands equal diligence, and has far greater potentialities for excitement. Art institutes normally present a rich trove for thieves; The Century of Progress Exhibition in Chicago, with its hundred million dollars' worth of fine arts, caused sly mouths to water in every capital of crime.

Doctor Harshe and his staff devised, of course, extraordinary safeguards. Pikers of the underworld, ordinary gangsters, are not to be feared. It takes a thief who has taste, background and sophistication gained internationally to do a museum job. Besides, an art masterpiece in illicit hands is dynamite with a fast and short fuse already sputtering; to get clear profitably you must have desperate ingenuity. There is another kind of art thief, one uninterested in pecuniary gain; the connoisseur of warped mind who covets a work for the joy of secret and sole possession. Here are two of the most dangerous and cunning varieties of robbers.

The situation of the Chicago Art Institute, a central landmark on the city's finest thoroughfare, where police aid might be swiftly mobilized, was a natural safeguard for The Century of Progress Art Exhibition against daylight raids. The gravest danger lay in the possibility someone might hide inside the institute until after visiting hours; then pass works to confederates lurking outside.

That is how the Brooklyn, New York, Museum was looted several years ago. So, at night, each gallery of the Chicago Exhibition was closed off by iron shutters; a person trapped inside could not cut his way out except through the use of noisy equipment. There are no windows in the galleries; and the skylights would look higher than heaven to a thief.

In addition, the guards on their rounds were accompanied by police dogs, especially trained to ferret out secreted persons. The dogs made perfect marks in severe tests. In the daytime a scare would set alarm bells to ringing, the gallery iron doors to close, and Chicago policemen to surround the institute; then, if the bulge in your waistline was due not to unrestrained eating but to the twenty-five-inch bronze head of Clarence Darrow by Jo Davidson, you might wish the police dogs had got you.

Thieves are neither the only, nor even the worst, enemies of art museums. Doctor Harshe cherishes a pet fear: airplanes. Whenever a motor drums overhead his palms sweat and his stomach feels like a rain barrel in a drought as he thinks what might happen if that plane should come unbidden through the roof of his nice gallery, spurting fire and destruction. He has never forgotten the time a dirigible fell through a bank roof in Chicago, with unhappy consequences.

Most of Doctor Harshe's art colleagues, however, agree the chief daytime threat to a museum lies in crank vandals; you can't do much about it unless you have a guard detailed to every single visitor. Most of the famous museums have had experiences with "art assassins"; the National Gallery of London, for example, had its fine portrait of Henry James by Sargent butcher-cleavered by the Suffragettes. The Century of Progress Exhibition, constantly scouted by plain-clothes men as well as uniformed sentries, came through its two years unhacked. Museum staff experts do not mind sharp cuts; unless sizeable fragments are gone, they can get out their microscopes and needles and thread and gluepots and put back an ear or nose or sew on a leg as trimly as a surgeon.

Diseases of paintings cause them more concern; distortion, because of warping of panels; blisters, due to movement of wood or shrinkage of canvas opposed to the immovability of the pigment base; the effect of oxygen on linseed oil, which causes the browning you find in so many seventeenth- and eighteenth-century works. Picture doctors plane down the backs of ancient panels until only a thin skin, holding the painting proper, is left; this is remounted on a non-movable panel—usually modern composition board, of the sort used to insulate your home.

Packing 'Em In

Some paintings are varnished, some are glassed with a velvet ribbon under the frame to allow breathing to combat dirtying, fading, discoloration and other ailments. The trouble with glass in museum pictures is that it picks up reflections; you see not only the self-portrait of Lorenzo Decredi the Florentine, but your own face, and Mr. Ike Prieskel at your shoulder, and the rubicund guard at the door. The foremost British museums avoid reflection troubles by hanging a black curtain along the center of each gallery room; this gives their shows the jolly air of mortuaries. They also put antimacassars on every painting.

Next to getting noteworthy paintings and sculpture into his show, and keeping them in, the art director's most difficult task is getting visitors in—and keeping them healthy, comfortable and happy. The paintings must be hung within a certain vision field—otherwise we are exposed to a definite ailment, known by a long and technical name to museum experts, and to you and me as just a plain crick in the neck, which comes from tilting our heads back and moving them up and down through a couple of long galleries. Benches must be provided, too; for there is a specific muscular complaint—let it go as charley-horse—due to over-enthusiastic museum prowling.

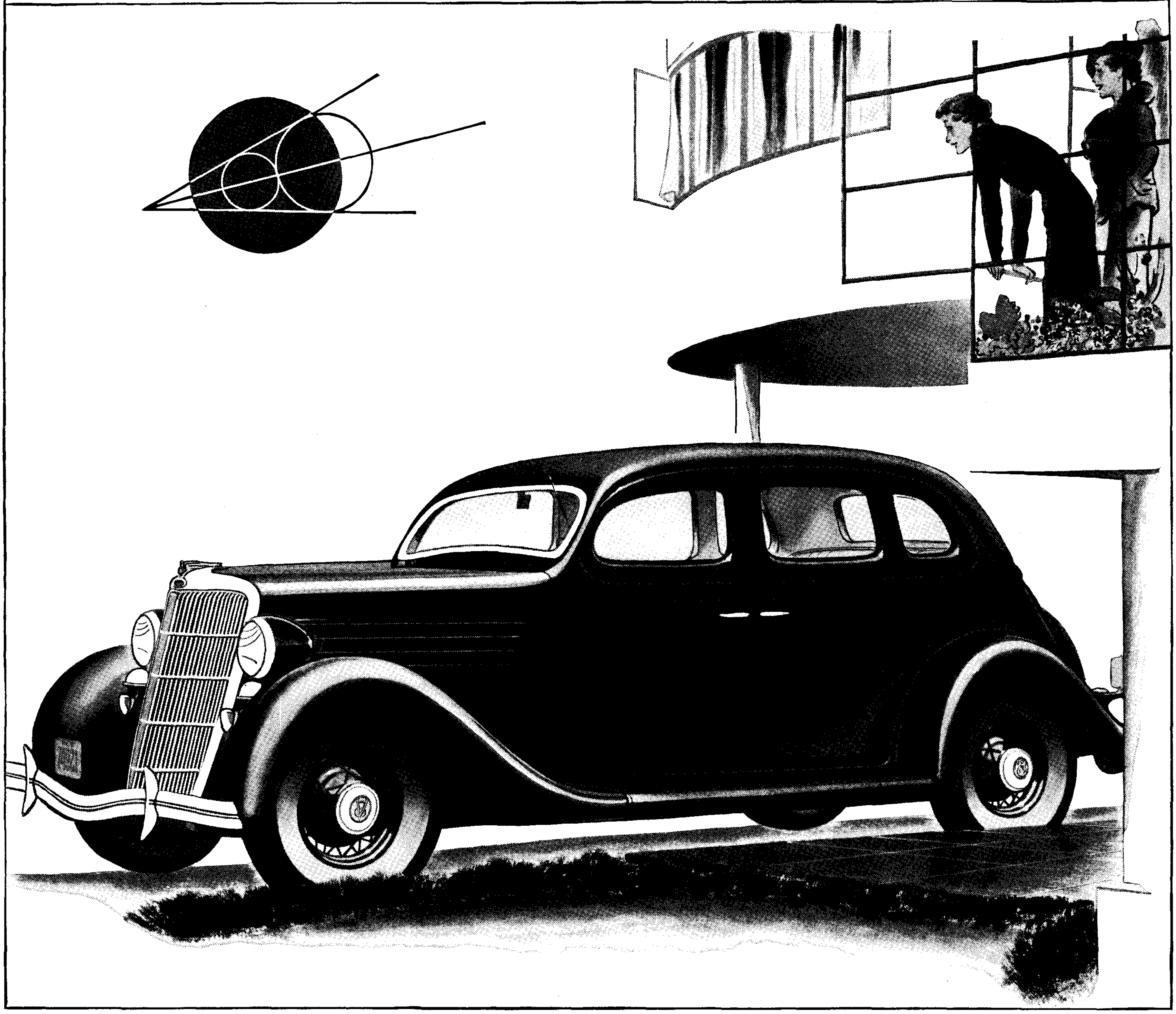
The Century of Progress Art Exhibition, as the main side issue drawing upon the crowd reservoirs of the World's Fair, did not utilize the Ziegfeldian qualities of its director; but Doctor Harshe, in common with all in his profession, often has use for showmanship. Museum dodges to attract you may range from the incident in Paris, where a thermometer fixed at a high temperature was clamped to Monet's painting of the Folies Bergère, and the implication "permitted" to get around that here was the hottest picture ever painted—to the adventure of the dignified Metropolitan in New York with a Van Dyck. The picture, a great one, had been there a long time without furor; until one of the curators rigged a small spotlight and a big reading glass to it. Thereafter you could hardly enter the room, through the crush of visitors fighting to get their eyes to the glass. For The Century of Progress Exhibition, Doctor Harshe consented to police motorcycle escorts for some of the visiting pictures. He persuaded Jack Dempsey to enter a gallery and be photographed looking at George Bellows' painting of the Dempsey-Firpo bout.

Out of the Ash Can

Alas, he also learned that showmanship may get out of hand. One of the stunts used to advertise the second year of The Century of Progress Art Exhibition was public balloting for the most beloved painting. The Song of the Lark, by Jules Breton, won. More reproductions of this than of any other painting hang in American parlors. Now, art critics generally concede its inferiority as a painting; they place it almost as low as Millet's Angelus. It had not been included in the first year's show, nor in the plans of the second; indeed, there is a suspicion in Chicago that when the result of the plebiscite was announced Doctor Harshe had to excuse himself from the directors' room and sneak down into the cellar to dig the Lark out of an ash can. The good people wanted it, however, and got it; and Mrs. Roosevelt unveiled it and hundreds of thousands of visitors stepped on one another's toes for to see and for to admire.

This enthusiasm, of course, if not wholeheartedly shared by art critics was at least pleasing to them. And everything would have been hunky-dory except that Doctor Harshe likes fireworks. The Century of Progress Fair gave elegant displays several times weekly. But when pyrotechnical genius, soon after Mrs. Roosevelt's visit, expressed itself one night with a blazing "set-piece" reproduction of The Song of the Lark translated in roman candles and pinwheels and sparklers and colored fire pots, Doctor Harshe, according to reliable witnesses, was distinctly heard to chuckle. For there are limits to what a man who is an artist, as well as a director of one of the world's greatest art institutes and head man of what was certainly the greatest art show ever given, may bear without letting himself go.

THE NEW FORD V·8 FOR 1935



Beauty—Comfort—Safety . . . and V·8 Performance

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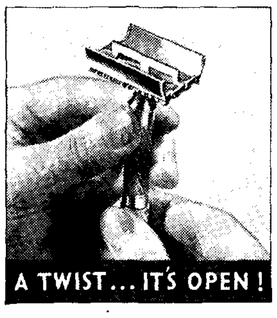

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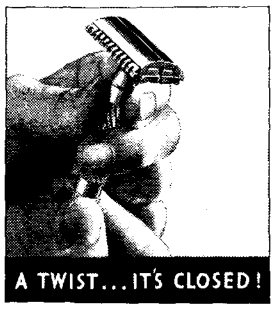


The Scourge of Tabasco

Continued from page 11

Youngsters, rising gravely to extend greetings to *el señor visitante*, would assure me how happy they were to be free from their "slavery to the priests," and little Indian girls would declare furiously, in crude verse, that all churches ought to be torn down, giving way to tennis courts, gardens and swimming pools. One particular song, shrilled by several hundred children, deserves repetition:

The genuine man of the Revolution,
The Liberating Sun that has risen,
For the good of Tabasco and all the nation
Is the tremendous figure of Tomas Garrido.
He defends the worker and puts down the bourgeoisie,
Snatches from the clergy all their power
And stands potent and superbly unmoved
Before a flood of cruel and destructive calumny.
He closed the saloons and the centers of vice
Where the worker parted with his daily wages.
He developed new guides for humanity
By destroying the priests and the feudal lords,
He solved the agrarian problems in the land,
Giving to farmers the rights justly theirs.
And for these things he merits the name Liberating Sun
That will ring with pride through the Twentieth Century.

Garrido hates illiteracy no less passionately than religion and alcohol, and even his enemies admit that he has doubled and trebled the number of schools in Tabasco. Moreover, he has related education to the lives of the people instead of letting it stand a thing apart. At the Rural Normal School in Villa Hermosa, where four hundred girls are given a six-year course, the instruction is in domestic science, hygiene, sanitation and agriculture as well as books, the idea being that each teacher must be able to lead her village to standards of higher living.

Public Schools in Fields

In addition to their academic studies, the students do the cooking, washing, housework, painting and carpentering, and also farm a thirty-acre tract. Each group has a plot of ground, raising yucca, corn, beans, pineapples or sweet potatoes as a vote decides, and after the needs of the school have been supplied, the surplus is sold for the benefit of the group. It is a system that not only teaches agriculture, but gives practical training in the formation of coöperatives and marketing.

Public schools are run along similar lines, for Don Tomas has taken them out of buildings and placed them in the fields. Thatched kiosks, open on all sides, provide shelter for the classes, and all around are garden patches where the youngsters learn how to plant, graft and handle plows and oxen. As in the Normal School, each group decides for itself what crop will be raised, and markets its surplus in the town, dividing the proceeds.

Out in the Indian villages, greater stress is placed on vocational training, for it is Garrido's insistence that each community shall be self-contained. At Epigmenio Antonio, for instance, far back in the interior, the central assembly hall (what was once the church) is surrounded by kiosks and a full score of workshops where the Indians are taught tailoring, shoemaking, carpentering, mechanics, tanning and woodwork. The forests furnish mahogany for houses and furniture, the rivers are thick with alligators whose skins are tanned for leather, and various fibers provide material for hats and baskets, not to mention the crude rubber that is made up into *ponchos*.

The natives of this village, so it was whispered to me, made the fiercest kind of fight against the dismantling of the church and the burning of the images, many of the old men and women retreating into the mountains after successive defeats by Garrido's soldiers. Those remaining seemed to have accepted the new order placidly enough, for as we sat under a mighty laurel tree, listening to the school band and the school orchestra, the village orators assured me that they had never known happiness until "the shadow of the church had been lifted, letting in the sunlight."

Huts Replaced by Stable Dwellings

Whether the Indians like it or not, Garrido means to civilize them according to his own ideas. Three years ago the village of Vicente Guerrero was nothing but a huddle of thatched huts in the jungle. Today it has streets, each citizen owns his own piece of land, properly fenced, and in addition to the usual shops operated in conjunction with the school there is a bustling brick yard and a crude sawmill. Already the villagers have built a very creditable brick municipal building, and from Don Tomas has come the decree that bamboo and palm-leaf houses must give way to more stable dwellings.

If nothing else, Garrido is thorough. The native swine, a razorback variety, is being crossed with Duroc-Jerseys; stallions from Kentucky are giving size and speed to the small Tabascan ponies; Rhode Island Reds and good old Plymouth Rocks are supplanting native chickens, and some very interesting experiments are being carried on in cattle breeding. Finding that Holsteins and Herefords were highly susceptible to ticks, Don Tomas has crossed Swiss cattle with the native stock, getting a strain admirably adapted to the country.

Collective bargaining and coöperatives are also Garrido objectives, and he has driven to them in his usual thorough fashion. The Central League of Resistance in Villa Hermosa has a membership of 525 unions, and controls the destinies of 16,000 workers, for every Tabascan, whether in factory or field, must belong to a union. Collective bargaining is the law, and when a contract has been made between employers and employees it has the backing of the government, and must be carried out to the letter. As a result, Tabasco is free from the strikes that convulse other Mexican states.

The League has its night schools, and members are obliged to attend under penalty of expulsion; it operates a system of savings banks, and is the agency that administers sickness insurance, workmen's compensation and the old-age pensions guaranteed to all over sixty who have been employed for twenty-five consecutive years. There is also an unemployment insurance plan worked by contributions from employers, employees and the state.

All producers in Tabasco do business through the medium of coöperatives.

The League of Banana Growers, as an example, is composed of thirty-five units, scattered over the state, but marketing is a matter of collective action entirely. A flight of forty minutes, landing in a pasture, followed by a horseback trip of five miles through blinding rain, took me to Rosario, where I talked with Manuel Tellaeche, one of the largest producers in Tabasco.

Various Garrido "reforms" were quietly eliminated from the discussion, but in the matter of the banana coöperative, Señor Tellaeche waxed enthusiastic. In 1934 exports amounted to four and a half million bunches as compared with a previous high-water mark of three million, and not only are the growers getting a twenty-five per cent advance above former prices, but the workers have had their wages doubled.

The Association of Cattle Producers numbers 4,328 members, and controls 110,413 head. All slaughtering in the state is done by permits issued from the Central Office, based on the daily needs of the various communities, and a system of rotation gives each member his fair chance at the market. The principal export demand is from Campeche and Yucatan, and here too the Association exercises supervision, shipping only in such quantity as to prevent a glut and maintain prices.

Lots at Fifty Cents Per Week

The cocoa industry amounted to little until Garrido put his driving force behind it, organizing six communities into a Central Coöperative, and enforcing new methods of cultivation and marketing. It used to be that producers had to sell when they could for what they could get, but today they can deliver their cocoa to the Central Office, borrow money on it for immediate needs, and sit back in full confidence that it will be adequately warehoused and sold to the best advantage. All pay a charge of two per cent to a reserve fund for the financing, and five per cent for administrative expense. Between March 1 and November 30, 1934, the cocoa producers of Tabasco divided $852,364, representing the highest prices ever received.

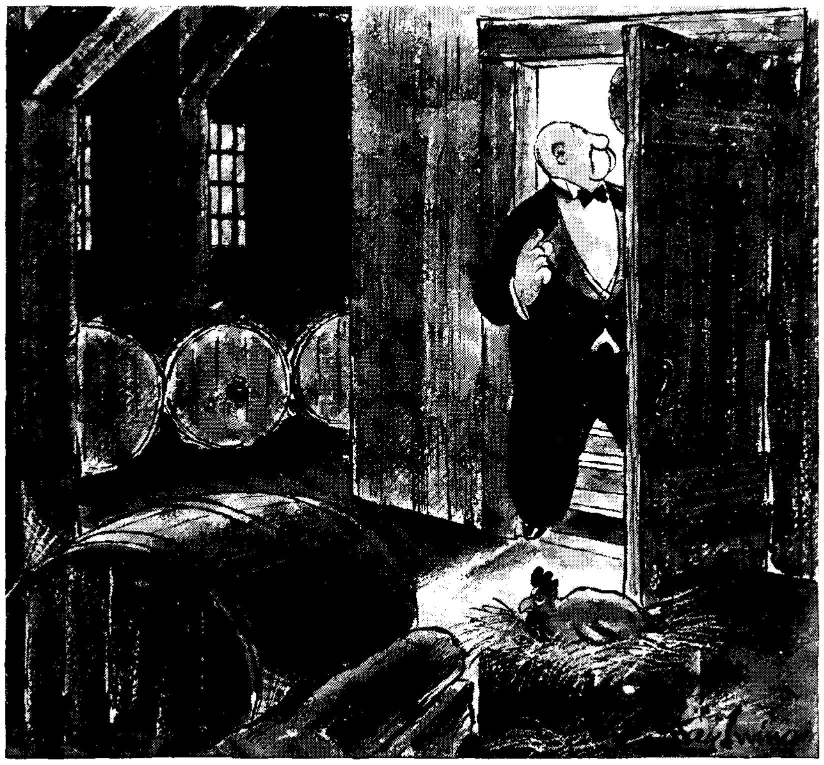
Garrido, curiously enough, proclaims himself an ardent Socialist, even naming one of his sons after Lenin, yet his whole intent and purpose is to make every man a home-owner. Under his direction, the state has bought various tracts of wild land, cleared them off and sold them in small lots to industrial workers, who buy them on installments running around fifty cents a week. Even the *Jovenes Revolutionario*, who consider themselves out-and-out Bolsheviks, have no higher ambition than to own a piece of earth.

To show the extent to which Don Tomas carries his beliefs in "self-ownership and self-support," even prostitution is recognized in his scheme of things and is assured independence. No prostitute is allowed to work for another, each being required to keep her own establishment, or else join with others on a coöperative basis. They have the right to walk the streets on personal errands, but "cruising" and any impropriety of conduct are sternly prohibited. There is no insistence on medical examination, although free service is rendered.

The force, originality and demoniac energy of the man may not be denied, for along with his campaigns against religion, alcohol and tobacco, his reorganization of education, industry and agriculture, his *culturales*, his experiments with cattle, poultry and pigs, his town planning and social insurance program, the dictator is driving at the development of new crops and new industries, and plans maternity homes and a "house of the cradle" in every community along the lines of those now maintained in Villa Hermosa.

Naturally enough, such a personality excites unreasoning enthusiasm or equally unreasoning hate. His enemies, all outside the state, by the way, deride him as a demagogue, a madman, who has imposed his "half-baked ideas" on a state by force of arms, while in Tabasco his supporters point to a balanced budget, a pay-as-you-go policy, an increase in well-being spread over the whole population, and the "tranquillity of the people."

It is impossible to get the exact truth from those who have been driven into exile, or from those who still remain under the eagle eye of the dictator. There can be no question that he has vastly improved the material welfare of his state, but the effect of his anti-religion campaign on the life and future of the people is something that cannot be estimated now, and remains to be seen.



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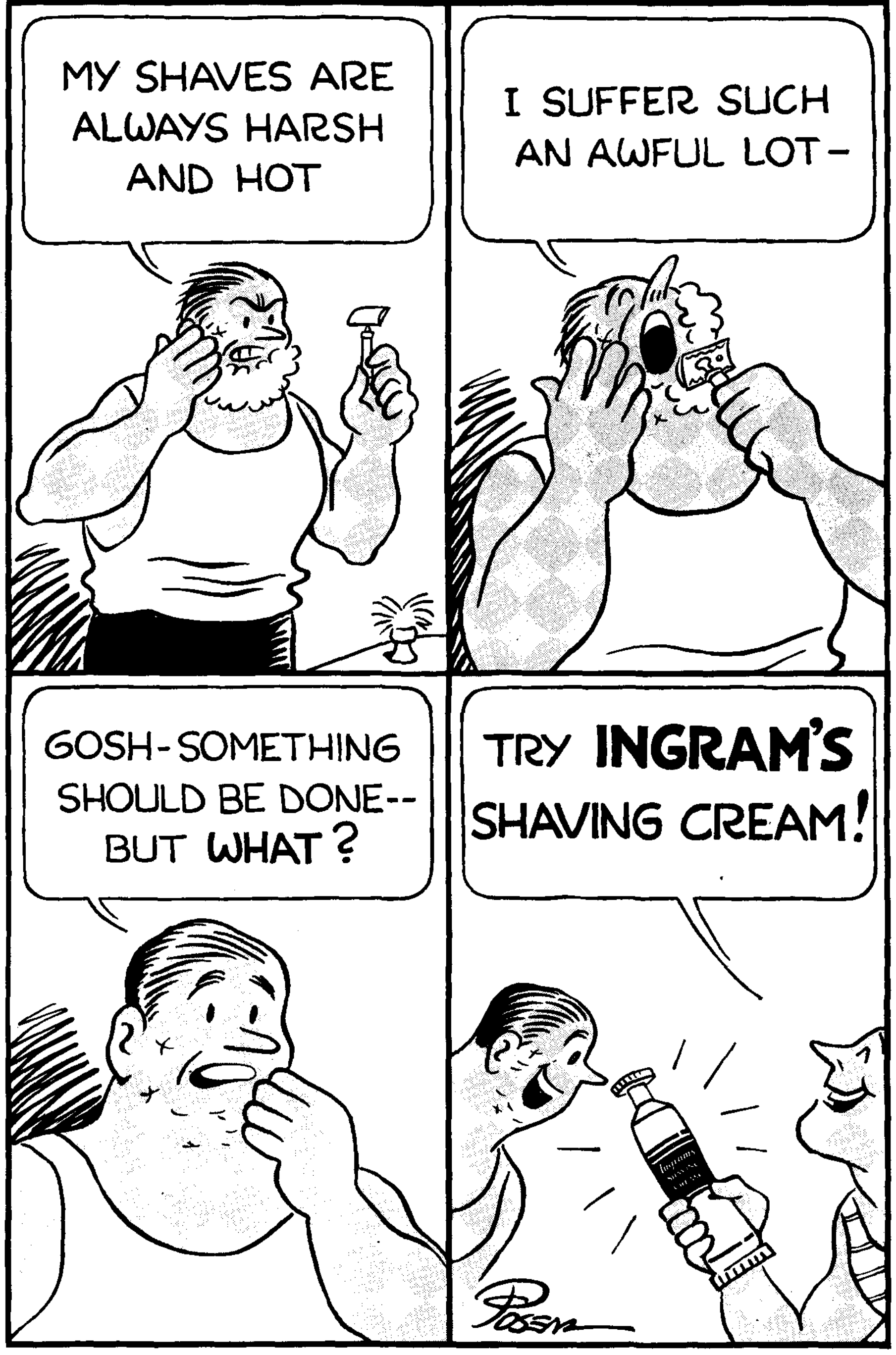
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The Boy Grew Up

Continued from page 13

the middle of the afternoon, but Anne was still out. Franny rolled her eyes wildly and ran her fingers through her short curls until her hair stood up in spikes upon her head. Then she called Bob Wagner. "Robert! 's Franny. You come over here this minute and tell me the lowdown about Anne! I'm simply popping with curiosity!"

Bob's story was disappointingly like her mother's, except for the additional and quite incredible information that Anne was working regular hours for Dr. Kittredge and receiving a salary of ten dollars a week.

"How long has this been going on?" Franny demanded.

"About two months," Bob answered. "Myles Kittredge came up here some time in May and—"

"Myles Kittredge!" shrieked Franny. "Oh, my poor darling! My beloved Annie! Myles Kittredge spent a summer here once, when we were kids, and he was the most dreadful, appalling boy—"

"Maybe he's changed," said Bob.

She shook her head. "He couldn't. Bob, drive me out to this bird nonsense this minute—and pray we are not too late!"

LONG POND lay blue and unruffled in the afternoon light. Not even a man would see, at first glance, the abandoned duck-hunter's camp on the shore, camouflaged by a high stockade of woven pine branches. Within the shaded enclosure, floored with fragrant brown needles, Anne Haviland and Myles Kittredge were eating a late picnic lunch.

"And it all comes under the name of sport!" Myles remarked. "Look at this, Anne." He pointed to a small electric buzzer fastened to the weathered bench beside a peephole in the screen—so that the man on lookout could inform the brave huntsmen playing poker inside that birds were coming in, he explained contemptuously.

Anne shook her bright head.

"Myles—when are you going to Guatemala?"

"About a month, I guess. Why?"

"I just wondered. . . ." Her voice trailed off; she got up and walked out of the enclosure to the edge of the pond.

"We'd better finish with the traps," Myles called, following her, and when she did not stir he added, rather fiercely, "What's the matter with you, Anne? Getting bored?"

She turned and smiled slowly at him. "Let's go," she said.

He started to speak and then thought better of it; they walked in silence along the shore to the first trap.

"Let's see how much you know," he said, and sat down and watched her take out the birds.

A thrush, a starling, a white-crested swallow . . . she looked up from the trembling little bunch of warm feathers in her cupped hand and smiled at Myles wistfully.

"He's so sweet," she said.

He frowned at her. "Well?"

"It's an English sparrow," she answered. Suddenly her eyes widened, and she flung out her arm and opened her fingers and the bird flew off into the bright sky. She scrambled to her feet and looked down at Myles Kittredge defiantly. "Yes, I know!" she cried. "They break other birds' eggs and they're destructive and quarrelsome and horrid!"

"So you turn it loose," he commented. She looked like a crazy girl, her eyes dilated, her mouth quivering, and he stood up and caught her wrist. "Anne—"

"Oh, go on!" she cried passionately. "Say it's because I'm like an English sparrow myself, why don't you? It's the sort of thing you usually say to me!"

"Why, Anne!" said Myles. "What's the matter with you?"

"I know what you think of me," she said bitterly. "Ever since you came back here, you—"

"Anne!" he said. Suddenly he reached out roughly and pulled her against him, kissed her warm mouth and brushed the tangled, pale hair back from her moist forehead. "You crazy girl—"

She looked up at him, like a child. "Don't go to Guatemala!" she begged. "Oh, Myles—I love you so!"

For a second his arm tightened about her, and then he pushed her away. "Car," he said. "Who in thunder—"

Bob Wagner's roadster came crashing down the slope over the woodland road that led to the camp, dead boughs and pine cones crunching beneath the tires. A girl sat beside him, a girl in a white dress and a red beret. Anne stared, dazed, and then rushed up the beach toward them.

"Franny! Franny Moore!"

"Anne!"

Myles frowned and lighted a cigarette, and joined Bob; behind them the girls' voices rose, shrill and excited. ". . . *ador*able dress, Franny . . . those overalls . . . most divine time . . . second officer was . . . big bottle of perfume and . . ." Then Anne's voice, lower in key, "You remember Myles Kittredge, don't you, Franny?"

Franny's brown eyes glinted. "Perfectly!" she said. "And you're still learning about the birds and the flowers, they tell me!" She did not offer her hand; she stood and looked at him insolently.

Myles looked back at her, his mouth twitching.

"Of course!" he exclaimed. "The girl friend! I'd forgotten all about you—never thought to ask Anne if you were still knocking around!"

Anne flushed. She hadn't even thought about Franny in two months, and she felt guilty, disloyal.

"How'd you happen to come back here?" Franny was asking Myles. "As I recall the last letter you wrote, you never intended to set foot in the place again!" She chuckled. "Remember it, Annie? He certainly told you where to get off!"

ANNE'S face was crimson. "Oh, Franny, don't! It was all so long ago, and we've all grown up since then." She looked at Myles pleadingly.

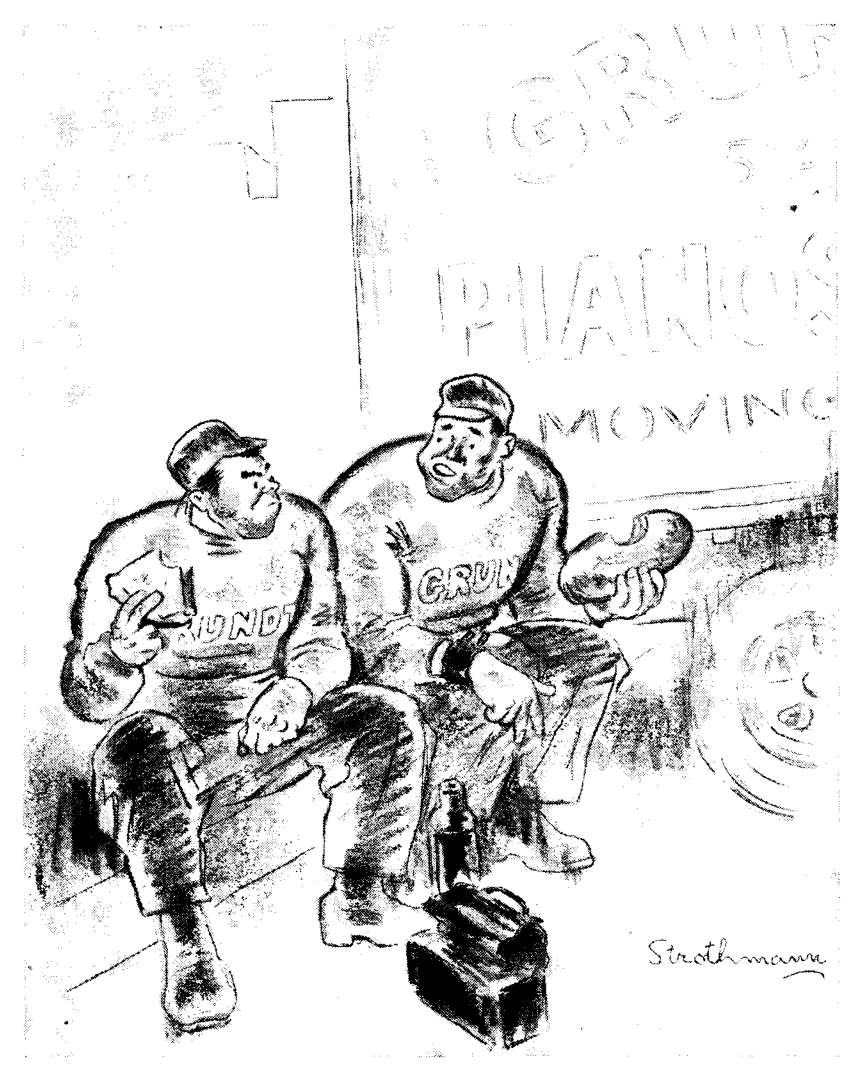
"Frances seems much as I remember her," he remarked, plucking from the depths of his subconscious the memory that she had disliked being called Frances.

Franny tossed her head. "Oh, people don't change much, do you think?" she countered. "Once a bore, always a bore is what *I* say!" She smiled at Anne. "Come on back to the house and help me unpack."

Anne was on the edge of tears. How could Franny be so rude and hateful? Bob was looking amused, and Anne tried to make Myles look at her, but he seemed purposely to be avoiding her eyes.

"Run along, Anne," he told her diffidently. "We've about finished, any-

(Continued on page 60)



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The Boy Grew Up

Continued from page 58

way—and you and Frances must have such a lot to say to each other."

There was a lot to hear, but Anne had surprisingly little information of her own to impart. Nothing much had happened during Franny's absence. . . .

"Anne, you lie in your throat!" Franny declared. "Nothing much has happened—and here I come back and find you toiling in overalls, a cross between Audubon and Little Eva! You can't be in love with this bird boy!"

Anne looked at her crossly. "You don't have to be in love with a man just because you're working with him, do you?" she inquired.

"*I* don't," Franny retorted. "I wouldn't know about you." She laughed. "That would be a hot revenge!" she added.

"Revenge?" Anne echoed. "I don't know what you're talking about."

FRANNY was more than willing to explain. "If you *had* fallen for him, I mean. Honestly, Anne, I bet that was his little game—he looks conceited."

She didn't think he looked in the least conceited, Anne said stiffly. And as for a little game—well, really!

Franny leaned toward her eagerly. "You don't understand. Don't you remember how *awful* we used to be to him? I used to rescue you with all sorts of fake messages—that his mother wanted him, or—" She giggled. "Will you ever forget the time I told him his house was on fire? He got white as a sheet!" Anne was stonily silent. "I bet anything I'm right!" Franny insisted. "Return—what is it, eight years afterwards?—and of course he has improved—enough to justify—"

"Franny!" Anne interrupted her coldly. "I think you're letting your imagination run away with you. I can't quite imagine a grown man wanting to revenge himself for—for child's play, eight years ago!"

But Anne was not telling the truth. She could imagine it . . . and that night in her bed, with the darkness exercising its black powers of exaggerating and intensifying, she began to be convinced of it.

She lay, wide awake, recalling all the hours she had spent with Myles Kittredge. She remembered every detail of the dance where they had met again; saw, from an entirely new angle, his mocking, bantering attitude that had so intrigued her. *I think your pride is wounded because eight years ago I managed to pick up the pieces.* Franny's voice, laughing, unaware, seemed to emanate from the darkness. *That would be a hot revenge . . . if you had fallen for him!*

Well, she had, of course. Her cheeks burned, as she heard again her own voice. . . . *Oh, Myles, I love you so!* It was true; there was no evading it.

Resolutely she sat up and put on her light, crossed to her desk. The bottom drawer was a catchall for miscellaneous things she had saved through the years—football programs, faded flowers kept for forgotten sentiments, snapshots, theater-ticket stubs, letters. Her scalp collection. . . . Yes, she had kept those screamingly funny communications from that red-headed boy. They were worn on the folds, smudged from the many fingers that had held them up in derision. Her eyes stung and her throat throbbed as she remembered bringing them forth, at boarding-school, at home. Oh, she had displayed them, often!

The uncertain handwriting wavered, as she read: *Your eyes like bluebirds in the spring . . . your hair like finches' feathers a-wing . . . Your hands like butterflies, all white . . . Your laugh a nightingale, at night. . . .* After eight years, a tear fell and hallowed the ruled paper.

She unfolded and read the letter which, eight years ago, had doubled her slim body with mirth, had sent her rolling on the floor, kicking her heels together: *I realize now that you never liked me. Friends (persons) have told me things you said about me, such as I was Myles the Bird Boy with the Brain of a Sparrow. I do not wish to apologize for anything. I now deduce the fact that I have amused you as much as I have bored you. So be it. I would like you, however, to realize that I do not even think you pretty any more, though I freely admit that when we were first introduced in Stenback's drug store (where we had a pineapple ice cream soda, you may recall) I thought you were the prettiest girl I had ever seen. I fell in love with you, then. . . .*

Anne put her head down and sobbed. It wasn't a funny letter at all; it was tragic, heartbreaking. And she had carried it about, displaying it right and left, screaming with shrill, cruel laughter. She hadn't even bothered to conceal her conduct from Myles; he had gone back to school shortly afterwards, and that, until two months ago, had been the end. How he must have hated her! How he must still hate her!

Revenge, Franny had suggested. Not revenge . . . it was justice; it was her due. If he told everyone in town how she had clung to him, and cried, "Oh, Myles, I love you so!" if he made mock of her, of her tagging after him from place to place, eagerly learning the names and habits of birds to please him, begging to help, maneuvering just to be near him, she wouldn't care! She deserved it, every cruel thing he could do to her, and more.

She crept back into bed miserably, and put out the light.

ON HER breakfast tray, in the morning, there was a note from Myles; her fingers shook as she tore it open. Like the other, it was written on ruled paper, torn from a notebook, but there the resemblance ended. *I'm off to New York—I've closed all the traps, so you take yourself a vacation. Tweet-tweet. Your Bird Boy.*

It had not been the darkness of night, then; daylight reality was just as black! She stared somberly at the note. *Tweet-tweet. Your Bird Boy.* She held back her tears. He was giving her back her own medicine; an eye for an eye—and a heart for a heart.

She set her teeth and squared her shoulders. Well, she could take it, her justly deserved punishment. She wouldn't flinch.

Franny telephoned. "Are you giving the birdies their music lesson this morning, or could you associate with me?" she chirped.

"I'll be over as soon as I'm dressed," said Anne.

The blue Swiss frock did not look like a hair shirt, but none the less it was one. In the seclusion of Franny's chamber, Anne made a clean breast of everything, dry-eyed, determined.

"Oh, darling!" cried Franny, in warm sympathy. "Anne, are you sure he doesn't care about you, too?"

"Of course," said Anne, looking quite like Joan of Arc at the stake.

"But you said he kissed you!"

Anne shook her head. "I kissed him,"

she corrected. "I'm not at all sure he kissed me back. And anyway—"

"*Dar*ling!" said Franny. "Maybe when he finds out what you're really like, maybe—Bob thinks Myles is an awfully good egg, you know. I guess he's changed a lot. Perhaps he—"

"Dear Bob!" Anne murmured. "He's been a good friend to me, Franny—I hope I've never hurt him."

Franny's brown eyes glittered. "Bob's all right," she murmured, and Anne looked at her with dawning interest.

"Franny! You aren't—"

"Listen, Annie, this is a lovely day. Let's not moon here in the house—let's go take a swim!" Franny was suddenly very brisk, but Anne looked at her with sympathetic comprehension. She'd never suspected until this minute that Franny cared about Bob Wagner. For an instant her thoughts deserted her own tragedy. Dear Franny and Bob! She wanted them to be happy.

THAT afternoon Bob asked her, as usual, to the Saturday night dance at the club. Anne shook her golden head soberly.

"I just don't feel like dancing, Bob," she said. "Why don't you take Franny?" She put her hand on his, rested it there a moment.

Bob choked. Love certainly could make a mess of a good girl, he reflected, love and ornithology—and he wondered if he could get over to Franny's and ask her before she accepted someone else.

She honestly did not want to go to the dance, but Saturday night was none the less difficult for her. First her mother, surprised, then curious, then alarmed. "You feel all right, don't you, Anne? You and Bob quarreled?" The sudden speculation in her eyes— "Oh, he's taking Franny, you say? Hmmm." Headlights of cars dashed along the dark road; across the street, Linda King came running down her walk in peach-colored chiffon, to climb into Ted Wayland's roadster.

"Want to play three-handed bridge, Anne?" her father asked.

They were being sympathetic, her parents, as though she had been left out, neglected.

"I think I'm going to take a little drive," she said. "I have rather a headache." . . .

The woodland road was narrow and bumpy; she had never driven here at night, alone, and the woods seemed mysterious, thicker and deeper than they did in the daylight. Long Pond was like a silver plate, shining in the darkness, and the reflection of the moon floated in it like a flat lozenge. She got out of her car and, seating herself on the beach, wept silently. She was glad that Franny and Bob were at the dance; she hadn't wanted to go. She didn't want anything in the world but Myles Kittredge—and he was going on an expedition to Guatemala; perhaps he had gone already! She went over everything in her mind again, and the sum added up to the same answer. Of course he had been punishing her, building steadily all the time toward just this end. It wasn't conceited of him, either, or cruel. Perhaps, though, now that they were even, they could call quits and begin over again, a third time. Perhaps when he returned from Guatemala . . . it was at least a hope.

Something crashed in the woods behind her, and she jumped to her feet, her heart pounding. Then a wide beam of light made a path through the trees, outlining the branches sharply, and she caught a glimpse of a rabbit, its eyes glinting in terror, close to the earth, before a car plunged down the slope and stopped, with creaking brakes, just behind her roadster.

She ran to the shadows of the duck-blind. It was not the hunting season, and even if it had been, these woods were sacred now, sanctuary. She pressed close to the sweet, faded pine boughs, rigid, scarcely breathing.

"Anne! Where are you?"

She came slowly out, one hand still at her throat, her eyes wide. "Myles! How did you know I was here?"

He laughed. "Love guided my tires," he told her in that same bantering, mocking voice. Love, indeed! "I thought you'd be at the club—Franny and Bob said you were at home, and your mother said you'd gone for a drive."

"Oh," said Anne.

He put his hands on her shoulders and looked at her, his eyes bright with laughter. "Well—as I was saying when I was interrupted—" he said, and kissed her.

This time, anyway, it was Anne who did not kiss back; she stood, so passive, so still in his embrace, that he gave her a little shake.

"Wake up! What's the matter with you?" He looked at her closely. "You've been crying! Anne!" She did not speak. "Here I nearly break my neck and certainly the speed laws of three states tearing to New York to get this—" He fished in his pocket. "And to arrange for a bridal suite on the freighter to Guatemala," he went on, "and—here, give me your hand. The other one, stupid."

The diamond glistened like a tear in the moonlight as he put the ring on her finger.

Anne spoke at last: "You mean that . . . that *you love me?*"

He looked at her wildly. "Did you think I was a victim of—what's that disease where you do the opposite of what you mean?"

"After the way I acted? The way I made fun of your l-letter—"

"What was the matter with my letter?" he demanded. "The stationery may have been on the informal side, but—"

"No!" cried Anne. "Not that letter! The one you wrote eight years ago! Th-this l-letter!" She drew it forth from her dress and handed it to him.

Myles Kittredge looked at it incredulously, holding it high in the moonlight. Then, as a thirteen-year-old girl had done eight years before, he dropped to the sand and rolled over, kicked his feet and howled with raucous laughter.

ANNE'S eyes blazed. "Give me that letter! Myles Kittredge, how have you the heart to—" Her voice broke, and suddenly, without warning, she began to laugh, too. After all, it was his letter; he had written it! She sat down on the sand beside him weakly.

"'—had a pineapple ice cream soda, you may recall,'" read Myles aloud. "I hope you hadn't forgotten the flavor, Anne—it may have some bearing on the case later on." His voice softened, as he read on. "'I fell in love with you, then—'" He dropped the letter and put his arm about her. "I guess I did, at that, Annie." His arm tightened, holding her close. "Oh, I won't pretend I haven't thought I was in love with a couple of other girls—" His eyes gleamed and he smiled. "There was an Eskimo lass that was a knock-out—exquisite creatures, those Eskimo lassies, but—"

"Listen," Anne interrupted. "First I thought you shouldn't marry me because of my cruel nature, and now I think maybe you shouldn't because I'm such a complete darn' fool."

"Oh, that's all right," Myles Kittredge conceded generously. "I've got enough brains for us both. And I can teach you about the birds."

She lifted her face for his kiss. "And the flowers, darling," she added softly.

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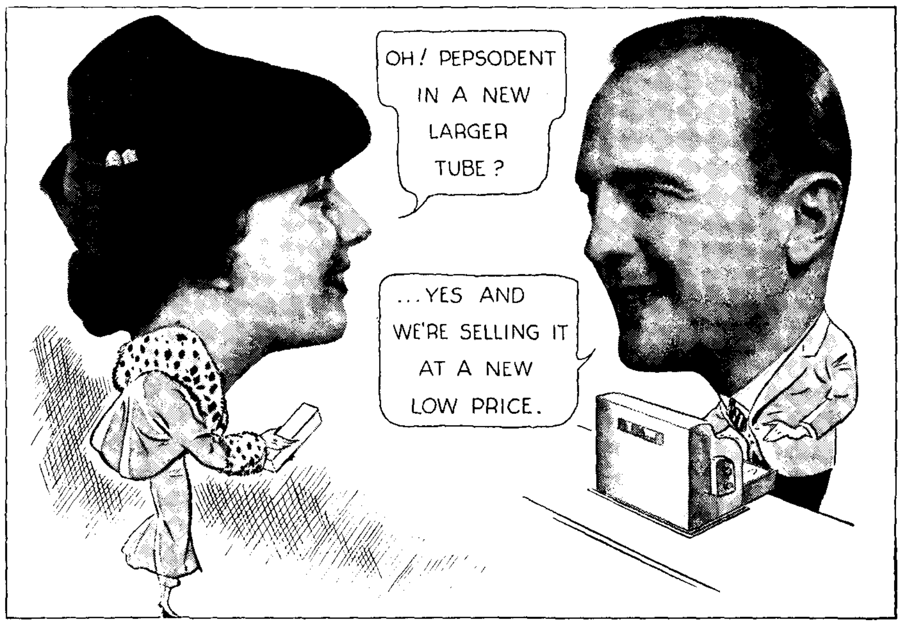
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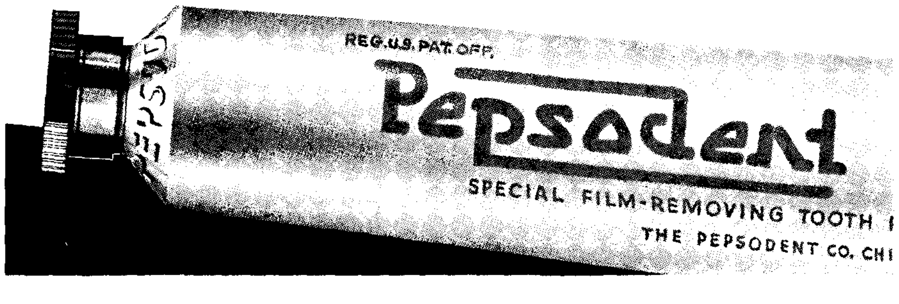

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What Do We Eat?

Continued from page 24

the same inspired creativeness, devices that are efficient on the stove, serenely handsome on the table.

Say you wish to prepare a hot dish before your guests arrive. First, there are the good-looking double boilers which will keep food hot for hours, and which can be transferred direct to the table. Next come muffin warmers, bomb-shaped affairs in which the muffins are heated and carried by a rattan handle to the table and which break in two to offer the muffins, piping hot (be sure to close it after you); then the proud aluminum bean pot; the *de luxe* fish chowder tureen with its own ladle and maple tray—all looking more tableish than stoveish and all considerately supplied with special asbestos trays.

Keeping Hot and Cold

A snack isn't a meal—it's just a bite of this and a taste of that. Only a few things need be served, but the less there is, the better it must be. Better your guests should say, "It's awfully good—what there is of it," than, "There's plenty of it—such as it is." Let it be served so as to make the eye and the mouth water, let the lobster Newburg be seasoned with wicked cunning, let the hot dishes be hot enough to blister and the cold dishes chilled to the bone. To keep them that way, there are not only thermo-insulated utility dishes and beverage coolers, but double-decker coolers which work on the cracked-ice principle. "Pack with ice or fill with hot water" is the slogan of many of these devices. If you plan to have a dish of cold appetizers, such as caviar, stuffed celery, cheese balls, sardines, deviled eggs, etc., you'll be ecstatic over a double-decker cooler with cracked ice below and pie-shaped compartments above for keeping each tidbit in its place. If you're one of those cheese hounds who know their cheeses, you'll revel in a cheese tray guaranteed to keep the Stilton from leaping upon the Roquefort and throttling it, and provided with spaces for every sort and condition of cracker.

If you're a salad devotee, you'll know no peace until you've achieved one of those chic salad bowls of polished maple, oval or round, with its own special side bowl for mixing the dressing, its own salt, pepper and paprika shakers, and its own kitcheny-looking wooden fork and spoon for tossing the salad about to be sure that every chunk is thoroughly coated with oil and that the garlic hasn't missed a thing. A perfect salad needs a scientist to mix it and a madman to toss it. There are those who contend it can only be properly tossed with the naked fingers, but we leave this to your own discretion.

All these devices, while making the food look its best, give it none of the air of having been sent in by a four-star caterer. And that's as it should be.

"How about a few big-hearted notes on food?" asks Jean. "One summer morning when a lot of people were coming in for breakfast, I suddenly felt myself bursting with an inspiration. You know that old silver punch bowl of mine? I put a smaller glass bowl inside it, filled the space between with cracked ice, laid green lacquer laurel leaves on top of the ice for decoration, and guess what I put in the glass bowl? Round, pink watermelon balls on toothpicks! Never saw it done before—just came to me in the night. I'm clever like that sometimes. Of course you could use any sort of melon."

"Whose idea was it, may I ask, to transfix a couple of dozen fledgling sausages, known as cocktail sausages, with toothpicks and stick them into a grapefruit till it looked like a porcupine?" Mary wants to know.

"Old stuff, my angel, those cocktail sausages, though the grapefruit idea is still good. The really swank thing now is the embryo hot dog," says Erin. "They serve them at all the best snack bars, hot as the hinges, dipped in mustard—even at the Ritz in Paris—and higher than that no hot dog can hope to go."

"For a dessert that isn't too sweet," suggests Mary, "and that is ridiculously easy to prepare, you can't beat cherries with cheese, which also should be packed in ice. You simply pile a huge mound of cream cheese which has been put through a strainer in the middle of the bowl and lay down all around it a barrage of great, black, stoned cherries, swimming in their own juice. That's all there is to it, yet it has a new air and a new taste and always scores a big hit."

"As a variation of the midnight sandwich, I suggest toast," Jean contributes. "There's a special little twist to cinnamon toast. You cut your bread—white—an inch thick, then toast, then cut in strips an inch wide, butter freely, spread with honey, sprinkle with cinnamon, and toast under a flame till it bubbles. French toast is another big seller. You soak slices of white bread in a sauce made of one egg to three tablespoonfuls of milk, one tablespoonful of sugar or honey and a dash of salt. Fry, smear with jelly, and serve with frizzled ham or bacon curls."

"But a lot of men can't be put off with any such subterfuges as toast," warns Erin. "Around midnight they develop gnawings and cravings which can only be satisfied by day-laborer's food—ham and eggs in any form and a cup of coffee. There's nothing like Vienna sausage in eggs to quiet these early-morning pangs. Put a tiny Vienna sausage in a custard cup, break an egg over it, and steam on top of the stove or a steam table by setting the cups in an inch of water in a covered container for four or five minutes."

"Salmon cakes are another dish guaranteed to fill any gap," Mary offers. "At a moment's notice, if you keep a few cans of salmon on hand, you can have hordes of ravenous males eating out of your hand. You simply mix the salmon with cracker crumbs, a little salt and pepper, raw eggs and onion juice, and steam or *sauté*."

"Everyone likes to run across a new filling for the sandwich bar," says Erin. "Personally, I know nothing better than the famous O'Brien-Moore whip. It's an old family secret but I'm moved to contribute it to this worthy cause. To one third of a cup of caviar, you add one cup of a special whip salad dressing, one tablespoonful of finely chopped onions, one tablespoon of chopped pimiento, and two hard-boiled eggs chopped. Or if you want to be fancy, you can serve it in scooped-out tomatoes."

Mellow with Wine

"And since prohibition has withdrawn its ugly head," interposes Jean, "we can serve one of *my* old favorites. Just Old English cheese with a teaspoon of chopped chives, a dash of cayenne and one quarter of a cup of Rhine wine, thoroughly mixed and laid down in an old stone crock or deep covered dish with another cup of Rhine wine poured over it and allowed to mellow for twenty-four hours. A four-star hit."

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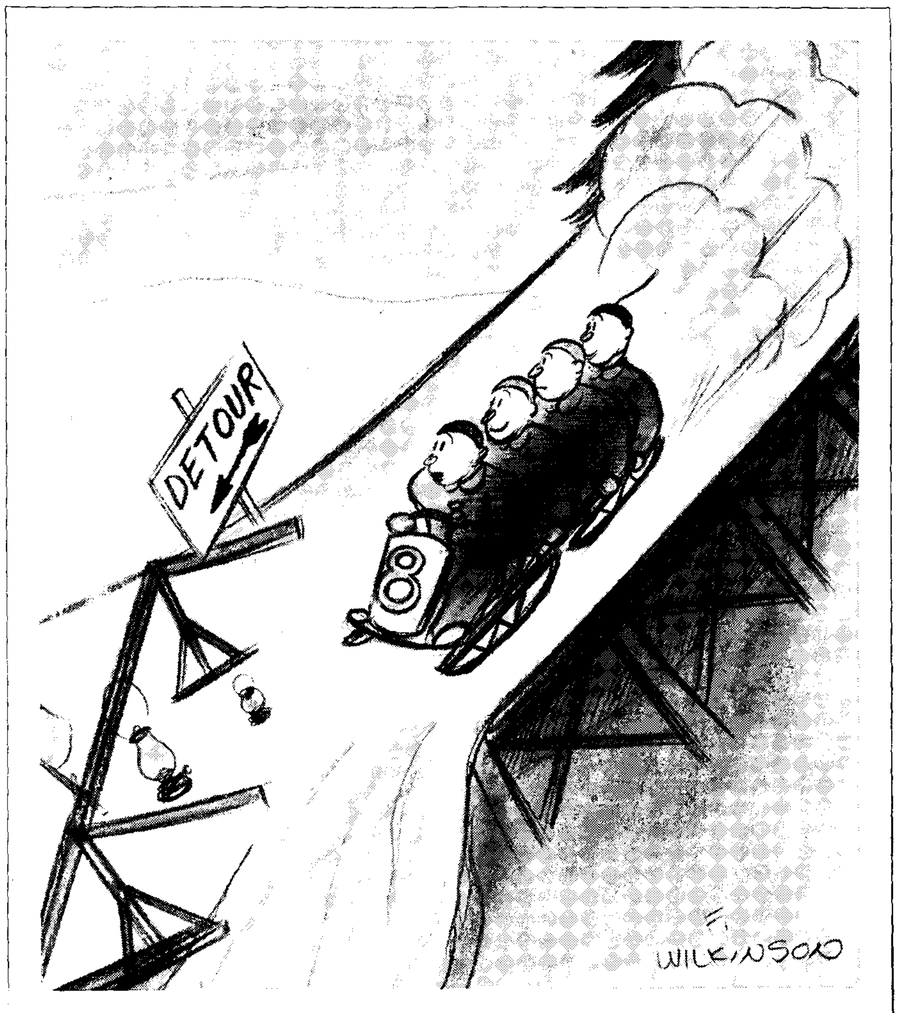

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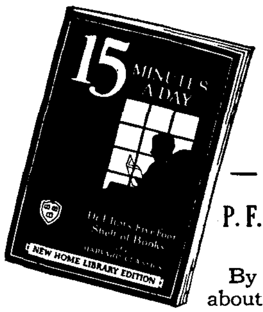

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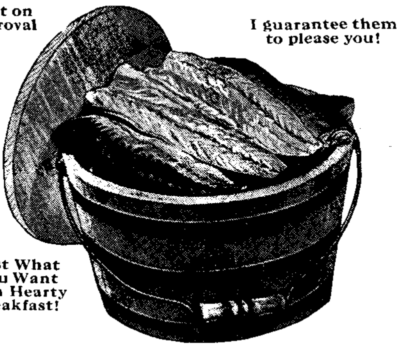

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GLOVER'S ANIMAL MEDICINES

Woman of the Family

Continued from page 21

"Yes. Yes. I remember!"

"Lennie's very, very jealous—"

"Of course Lennie's jealous. All men are jealous."

"And so they should be, shouldn't they? But he didn't mind her leaving off her ring for the office. In fact, he suggested it. She had wanted to wear the ring; she's proud of it; a bride is. Still—"

"It's well known Sir Edgar never engages married secretaries."

"Eve, things seem so—so torn out of my hands."

"She's being unkind to you, Mother."

"Oh, no, no; she doesn't understand. That's all. She's such a baby; such a baby!"

"Is she, Mother? I used to treat her like a baby too, didn't I? But go on, dear. You've come to tell me all about Sophia and Lennie. And they sit about in dressing-gowns and are late for breakfast, and worry you. And you wonder about her job, and you know she is quite inexpert at it, and if she lost it, she'd be very unlikely to get another, except as a part learner at a very few shillings a week."

"Oh, Eve, Sophia couldn't work for a few shillings a week. Lennie wouldn't let her."

"I know that. You sit and rest, Mother, and tell me whatever else there is to tell after I have made you some breakfast."

SHE went out to the kitchenette; and, there being just room enough between the cooking stove, the refrigerator and the minute sink for one so slender as herself, she could have the momentary relief of shutting herself in.

For a few minutes after her daughter had left her, Mrs. Langham relaxed in the easy-chair. She knew that, on top of her own troubles, she had been angry, envious, despairing and frightened at seeing this pretty flat again. The envy and the anger were understandable; and the fright arose from the tangible way in which the place seemed to say that Eve had shaken them all off, and henceforth was going to spend her earnings on herself.

Painfully Mrs. Langham faced this possibility and then she got up very quietly and with noiseless feet went into the other room, through the archway from which the door had been taken.

"Apple-pie order," was her housewifely thought.

The divan showed no signs of having been slept on; the windows were thrown up; all looked swept and dusted, polished even up to Mrs. Langham's standard for other people—however she fell from it in her own home.

She stared at herself in the long mirror. And she had a thought which was strange to her: "A lot of women of my age are quite beautiful. They are not old, they haven't lost all their attraction. It is the way they live, the way they live!"

Touching a table whose depth puzzled her a little, she found that the top lifted and became a lid lined with mirror glass. In the depths which the lifting of this lid revealed were Eve's toilet things; simple, scanty, not like the accumulations of Sophia.

The air was perfumed.

Scent of Eve's bath salts!

Eve—the useful daughter; the Cinderella; woman of the family!

Mrs. Langham closed the table again. She felt like a wondering tourist looking into the secrets of the beauties of Babylon. But just now, for a rebellious womanly minute, she wished that she lived in Babylon too.

And she heard the little chink of china being carried into the other room, and hastened out, confused by her thoughts and her prying; and returning there, her eye fell at once on the elephant of white jade, a sizable figure, marching on the black mantelpiece. But though she went to it and picked it up, and knew it for a thing of value, as Eve said nothing, she refrained too.

"I just went to your glass to straighten my hair, Eve. I came away from home looking very untidy."

"You look very nice, Mother; sit down."

Mrs. Langham saw, on a wicker tray, hot coffee, hot milk, cream, a bunch of grapes and an omelette. Unconsciously her eyes widened. She had never thought of a breakfast like this. It was—it was—it was . . . the word cosmopolitan occurred to her.

Quite suddenly she said: "It is a long time ago, but an omelette reminds me: after our wedding your father and I went to Bournemouth for our honeymoon, and we had such good omelettes there. I don't believe I have eaten one since. Can you really make omelettes, Eve?"

"I can, Mother."

A little color stole up in her face. If the omelette reminded Mrs. Langham of a long-ago honeymoon at Bournemouth, it reminded her of an evening just over two weeks ago, the first time that Jonathan Horne had come to this flat, and they had cooked a dinner together. Much water under the bridge since then! No longer was it a surprise to see him at unexpected, odd times, even as early in the morning as Mrs. Langham was here now. There would be a rattle of the iron gate—she had not yet put her own doorbell at the top of the stairs. It would be, in some way, a rattle of gay quality, not like Mrs. Langham's puny, furious assault; and there he would be standing, large and *debonair*, looking through the lacy scrollwork at her. Twice he had had flowers in his hand; once magnificent flowers, orchids; heavy clove carnations; and the next time they had been simply a bouquet of sweet peas.

Though every time he came to the flat he looked at the white jade elephant, only once did he speak of it: "A white elephant. White elephant, my dear! I can never feel surprised when you get rid of Jumbo."

He meant: Sell it?

"I couldn't sell my lucky elephant."

"Isn't gold luckier?"

YOU couldn't always answer him. He was too unkind.

Everything he did puzzled and sometimes still affronted her.

So it was silly to remind oneself of a meaningless dinner *à deux*, simply because of that omelette.

"I suppose you entertain your new friends a great deal, Eve?"

It was her mother's voice, again with that note of jealousy in it; but wistful jealousy.

"Not much, Mother. I haven't many friends yet, you see."

"'Yet'? That means you're going on living here, Eve?"

"Yes, indeed I am."

Mrs. Langham finished the omelette and helped herself to grapes.

She was more dangerous to Eve's peace of mind when she was wistful and gentle than in the strident moods.

"Lennie and Sophia ought to have a little home of their own, Eve."

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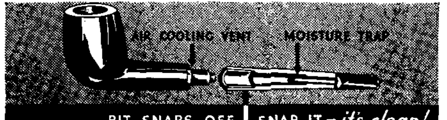

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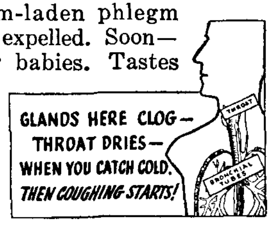

PERTUSSIN
Tastes good, acts quickly and safely

"They must get themselves one, Mother."

"If you came back to Father and me, Eve, I am sure they'd take this little place off your hands."

"Mother!"

Mrs. Langham kept silent.

"They shan't have it," Eve cried with passion. "No one shall have it. This is my home and I am not coming back to you and Father."

"Oh, Eve!"

There was a long silence and then two tears trickled down Mrs. Langham's cheeks. Eve knew that there was something very desperately worrying her mother—no imaginary worry, but a real one.

"Tell me what you've really come for, Mother; what definite thing."

"It's the money," Mrs. Langham faltered.

"But you seemed so sure that you'd be better off without me as long as you had Lennie."

"One makes mistakes," said Mrs. Langham weakly. "After all, one can't help mistakes; people are so deceptive."

"You mean deceitful."

"Do you think Lennie is deliberately deceitful?" asked Mrs. Langham humbly.

"I haven't any doubt of it, Mother."

"But Sophia," Mrs. Langham cried, "my baby; she isn't deceitful."

SOPHIA'S sister replied only with her silence.

"If she is," Mrs. Langham countered that silence, "Lennie has made her so."

"I thought you adored Lennie, Mother."

"I liked him, Eve; I—I—" She stumbled over it. "It was Sophia who adored him, and he seemed to adore her, and I, in a motherly way, would have liked to adore him too, you see."

"Why do you say he *seemed* to adore her, Mother? Doesn't Lennie adore her?"

"Funny adoration!" cried Mrs. Langham. "Very funny, to my mind. Of course they have only been married two days. But while they were engaged, he was out every night—every night, *late. Not once did Sophia go with him.* Father asked me about it persistently, and I asked Sophia, and all she said was that she quite understood."

"She did understand, Mother. She knows what his work is."

"What is his work, Eve?"

"Well, part of it, Mother, if you could call it work, since he does it mostly for his dinner and such useful acquaintanceships as he can pick up, is at a dance club. There is no salary attached, but—" Eve said cautiously, "knowing Lennie, you ought to guess that he would prefer a West End chef's cooking to yours."

"Oh, Eve. Does he really?"

"He does."

"His other hours are so erratic," said Mrs. Langham bewilderedly, "in the daytime, I mean."

"Well, he is just a commission man, Mother."

"The commissions are erratic."

"Naturally; and then he isn't industrious when he's made a pound or two. He doesn't trouble about doing anything else until he has spent that."

"You mean," said Mrs. Langham, obviously trying to console herself, "that he has just a happy-go-lucky nature?"

"I mean he's a waster."

"Eve! My son-in-law, your brother-in-law, Sophia's husband—"

"A waster, Mother."

"I don't like telling you," said Mrs. Langham after a pause, "but you see, Eve, Sophia's given me no money since she started with Sir Edgar. She's had only two weeks' salary, so far, I know, and of course I quite understand that the child would want to keep it at first to buy some pretty things for her trousseau, and I thought she *was* going to buy some pretty things—"

"Didn't she?"

"No. She—she—Lennie hadn't a tail coat. Only a dinner jacket. She bought him a tail coat and two white waistcoats at a place where they sell what-do-they-call-them—misfits. You know, Eve. Made by first-class tailors, but—"

"I know, Mother, I know. So all of Sophia's first two weeks' salary went on that?"

"Yes. Of course he used to meet her every day while they were engaged, and give her lunch."

"That was kind of him, Mother! I have so often paid for his lunches. But go on. Hasn't he given *you* any money?"

"Perhaps he has forgotten," said Mrs. Langham feebly.

"Have you asked him?"

"I hinted once."

"Hints won't get money out of Lennie. What does Father say?"

"Father leaves it to me, Eve."

"And you leave it to me."

"I always have come to you," said Mrs. Langham in a whisper. It was a long silence between them, then.

Eve had not sat down. She walked about. She looked at her dear curtains, her dear rug, the china from which Mrs. Langham had breakfasted. She looked at those green treetops, bright under the summer sun, and turning round from the window, in an effort at self-protection whose inefficacy she knew only too well, she cried:

"I won't keep Sophia and Lennie. I won't."

And she looked at her mother and saw that, for the first time in several stormy years, Mrs. Langham was on her side, completely and humbly. But she saw something more in the light of that subconscious understanding that she had always had of her mother's fretfulness and nerves. She saw that, although Mrs. Langham was about to confess the entire justice of her elder daughter's attitude, it would not alter or lessen in one degree her pleas for Sophia and Lennie.

Yet were these pleas entirely on behalf of the two young people? Weren't they a confession of Mrs. Langham's whole weariness, timidity and general refusal to cope with Lennie and Sophia, right or wrong?

SO, FOR a moment, Eve looked at her mother, and then she said: "You want me to lay down the law about it, do you? You don't want to have to do it yourself."

And she thought: "It shocks and hurts me just as much as it shocks and hurts you. I don't *want* to bawl and brawl." But, as always, she squared her slim shoulders for the fight.

"I am tired of quarrels," Mrs. Langham began.

"Oh, Mother, I thought you liked them!"

Yet she knew, deep down in her heart, that her mother had not liked quarrels. Only, to browbeat her elder daughter for money and to be successful in obtaining that money would save her from worse bickerings with others less merciful. It was a case of choosing the lesser of two evils.

Eve said: "I have always given in to you, Mother. I have always let you have anything I could. The others wouldn't. They look soft, but they're a damned sight harder—"

"Oh, don't say 'a damned sight.'"

"A damned sight harder," Eve repeated, "than I am. Isn't that so?"

Mrs. Langham's lips moved over a "yes," but she did not answer aloud. She nodded her head slowly.

Again her eyes wandered round the room, but now it was not in hostility

(Continued on page 66)

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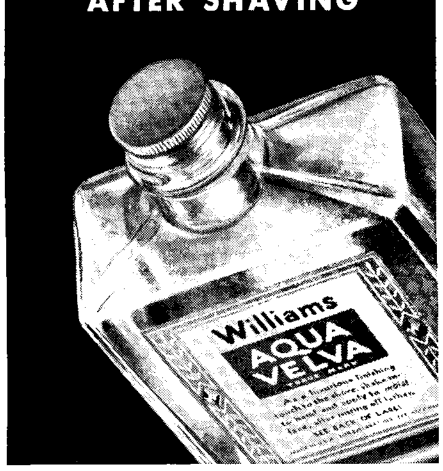

(Continued from page 65)

nor envy. She wanted to avoid her daughter's straight gaze.

"Now, Mother, do you and Father expect me to keep Lennie?"

"It is not a case of expecting anything," said Mrs. Langham. "It is just—my purse is empty."

"Supposing you let Lennie come in for his meals and find his plate empty too?"

Her mother faced her again, and now her look was steady. Never had Eve seen those eyes so clear. There was truth between them.

"I'll answer your question, Eve. You know that I couldn't do it. Sophia would just give him half hers."

"Not she."

"Yes, she would," said Mrs. Langham quietly. "She's changed; she isn't my baby. She's that man's wife."

"'That man's,'" Eve repeated softly. "I thought he was 'Lennie, dear boy.'"

"You mustn't laugh at me, Eve. If I quarrel with Lennie, I shall lose Sophia."

"You won't lose her to Lennie, that's certain, unless she can support herself! He doesn't want to keep a woman."

There was another silence.

"Families are a problem, aren't they?" said Mrs. Langham, appealing to her elder daughter as woman to woman.

And again there was silence, till Eve said:

"Lennie makes a good bit in the way of commission here and there. Doesn't he offer you *any* of it?"

"He says he will," Mrs. Langham murmured, "but—but—my purse is empty."

"Are the weekly bills paid, Mother?"

"Not last week's, so I've to come to you."

"And last week's bills?"

"R-r-rather larger than usual, I am afraid, Eve. I g-g-gave them a sort of little wedding breakfast, very modest of course, but—".

"But I have to pay for it," Eve whispered, and she turned and went into her bedroom.

SHE fought with herself for some minutes before she could subdue the rising tide of her fury. She felt helpless and trapped for all her independent air, just as often before she had felt helpless and trapped in the face of the family's demands. One knew that it was stupid, mistaken, weak, even almost criminal, to give what they asked so recklessly, but when the bills were due and the purse empty what other course was there? She daren't let her mother get into debt.

The debts to the butcher, the baker, the milkman, and all the rest of them would collect and increase like a snowball ceaselessly rolling.

She sighed quiveringly, seized her bag and marched back to her mother.

Mrs. Langham's eyes fastened on the bag immediately.

"How much must you have, Mother?"

"How much can you let me have, dear?"

"Only just what is necessary."

"Five pounds," said Mrs. Langham timidly, but a little defiantly.

"Five pounds? Oh, Mother, we never spent five pounds a week!"

"We—we have to now."

Her mother's hands were trembling. She had taken off her badly mended thread gloves, rolled them into a ball, unrolled them, fumbled with them; and those thin hands with their badly kept fingernails, their coarsened skin, fumbled not only at the gloves but at Eve's heart.

"Here are five pounds, Mother."

"Thank you, my dear."

"And next week you will want another five pounds?"

"I will try not to, Eve." She stood up. "But surely it isn't too hard for you, is it? You seem to have everything you want here, just everything." And she cried femininely: "Oh, it is a lovely little flat!"

"You don't ask about my work, Mother, or how I get this money that I am giving you."

"Well, dear—"

Mrs. Langham's eyes flickered away, excusing herself.

"You're not interested, Mother?"

"Of course I am interested, dear, only I have been too worried over the others—"

"To think about me?"

"You mustn't be unkind," said Mrs. Langham. "You don't need thinking about. They do. You see, Eve, you always seem so strong."

"It isn't that, Mother. But you always tried to supervise me and order me when I was at home. You sat up for me when I was late. You questioned my every movement. Now, quite suddenly, you stop. Why?"

BUT she knew. It was as she had said to Jonathan Horne three weeks ago: "They only want me for what I give them. They don't *care*." Heartache came back; heavy. "Don't let's argue," Mrs. Langham implored. "There have been enough arguments in the flat this last week. They've just beaten me, those two. I—I'm *beaten*."

Eve made a sound of pity.

"I shall never argue with you again," said Mrs. Langham. "I'll trust you; I've got to. . . . You must have very well-paid work to keep a little flat like this."

"I have very well-paid work for the moment."

"For the moment? Oh, don't lose it, my dear. Don't give it up on any account."

"You don't even know what it is, Mother."

"I am not asking," said Mrs. Langham blindly. "I won't ask. You will tell me in your own good time, I'm sure."

"You're not even sure of that, Mother."

"I am. I am," Mrs. Langham cried. "And I won't argue with you or question you any more, dear. I won't envy you this dear little home. It will be nice for me to feel that I can come to it sometimes and sit and rest and talk to you." And another sob broke her voice. She let it break, knowing the power of tears, as she cried:

"I can come again?"

Then Eve ran and put her arms round her mother and kissed her again.

The dreaded encroachment had happened. The family was here, its foot on her neck, its hands in her pockets. It had her address, her telephone number. It would not be long before this representative of it, now sobbing here, would know, via Lennie, that the income of Miss Eve Langham, dance hostess, was as much as ten pounds a week. She knew that unestimated demands might be made upon her again at any moment; and yet, kissing and comforting her mother, she said tenderly:

"Of course, darling. You must come whenever you like and tell me everything. But because I want to tell you things too—I'm a dance club hostess. It pays."

"What you do will be right," whispered her mother astonishingly.

There was a little cry outside—a call: "Eve!" so urgent that Eve fairly rushed out.

Sophia clamored there.

The morning seemed crammed; crammed with the family and its affairs, as Sophia came defiantly, trustfully, covertly, in.

There were secrecy and fear written all over her.

She drew back on seeing her mother, and then, faltering forward, sank upon the divan, the picture of despair. But whereas, until so lately, she had been soft and babyish with her childish, changing moods, now suddenly she showed herself grown up, a woman; her eyes opened wide to the tragedy that life might show her.

She was lipsticked and perfumed and alluring, as if she might have taken her usual hours over her dressing; but Eve remembered that her mother had left her at breakfast with Lennie, and she thought: "When Lennie saw Mother go out, he guessed where she was going, and he hurried Sophia off too."

They were a pack of them—a pack!

"Baby," Mrs. Langham cried.

But she did not utter it with the old yearning, foolish tenderness. She cried it faintly as if she saw the new woman in Sophia, and knew that the child had slipped away.

"Mother's come to tell me all about the troubles," said Eve, "and I suppose yours are the same as hers. So I have heard it all."

"There's more than Mother knows."

"'More'?" Mrs. Langham echoed feebly.

"Should I be here," Sophia demanded, "if there wasn't more trouble? Shouldn't I be struggling through his dull letters with that beastly old man?"

"Yes, yes, you should be at the office," Mrs. Langham cried out. "I'd been telling Eve I couldn't understand you loitering about at breakfast this morning, when you should be with Sir Edgar."

"He's found out I am married."

Eve turned and looked at her mother. She could not help that look. It was a lovingly accusing look, saying: "You've connived at it all."

Mrs. Langham murmured nothings feebly.

"He found out last night," said Sophia. "One of the girls told him." She pulled off her gloves and twisted them. "I showed her my wedding ring. I'm proud of my wedding ring; a girl ought to be—"

"I remarked that to Eve just now," wailed Mrs. Langham.

"It—it all happened in ten minutes! Oh, I think it's dreadful! I didn't even see Sir Edgar again, and the girl who told him—she's got my job."

"Oh, how harsh! Oh, how unjust!" Mrs. Langham cried out, knowing that it was neither.

Eve said quietly: "No, Sir Edgar was always fair. He must have been very hurt—very angry."

Somehow, the ways of a Sir Edgar with his blondes were both clear and pardonable to her. For Sophia, no doubt, had strung him along.

"My baby," Mrs. Langham repeated. She was overcome by Sophia's disclosure. "My poor baby."

And Sophia, growing calmer again, said: "So I came to Eve."

And Mrs. Langham was all mother again, soothing, petting her:

"Quite right, my darling."

"Lennie said: 'Go to Eve.'"

"Lennie would!" Eve cried out.

"Oh, Eve . . . oh, Eve . . ."

"All right," Eve said. "I'll help you through—all of you."

AFTER a long half hour of painful planning, Mrs. Langham and Sophia went out.

Eve sat down, still in the kimono, too distracted to dress, saying to herself: "So that's that."

She was sitting there, weighing all the renewed family problems, when she heard the gate rattle again. It rattled in an uncertain, delicate way.

She got up and went to the doorway, and this time she saw, through the laced iron work, Louise Poinsetter.

(To be continued next week)

Pluck and Luck

Continued from page 16

civic record, and he was a man of charming personality, besides being a regular guy. He hadn't an enemy in the world, whereas the bushes were thick with people waiting to reach out and crack down on James Michael when he came along the road. The odds against Curley winning the primary nomination were two new topcoats against your grandfather's old clay pipe.

Cole depended on the prestige of Governor Ely and Senator Walsh to carry him through. Curley depended on himself. He rode the state from end to end, organizing committees, holding conferences, delivering twenty to thirty speeches a day.

Primary day arrived; and the heaviest primary vote in the state records was cast. And when it was counted, lo and behold, James Michael had beaten the convention nominee by more than two to one.

An Amazing Comeback

Even after that smashing primary victory, the side-liners did not believe he could win the November election. "With Joe Ely still sore against him, and Senator Walsh not what you'd call warm, and Washington wishing it was anybody but him, and the Republicans getting ready to put up the toughest fight and their strongest candidate for years—why, he can't make it."

But James Michael made it. He put up another tireless campaign and won by 106,000, one of the fattest pluralities ever given a candidate for governor in Massachusetts.

It was an astonishing victory; all the more astonishing because of what had gone before—not in 1932 alone, but a few years before that. Having served his second four-year term as mayor of Boston, and won recognition as the undisputed political boss of that city, Curley in 1926 decided to spread out and have a go at being governor. He scared every other Democrat away from the primaries, got the necessary nomination and ran for governor. Alvan T. Fuller was his opponent.

Fuller had been an insurgent Republican; his party machine was against him. On the face of it, he shouldn't have been a tough man to defeat; yet Curley emerged from that election the worst-beaten man that ever ran for governor in Massachusetts except one, that one being the now-forgotten man who had the tough luck to be opposing Calvin Coolidge just after the nation had apotheosized him for what they believed he did in the Boston Police Strike.

It wasn't Fuller alone that beat James Michael. More than twenty-five years before this, Curley had violated a federal statute, had been tried, convicted and served time in jail for it. He thought he had lived it down. He was now to learn otherwise. The ancient gossip about him was revived. There were the forthright ones who said openly: "What are we coming to? Must we submit to having this ex-jail bird presiding where so many honorable and distinguished men have in the past presided? Must we? If we must, then shame on the citizens of our grand Old Commonwealth!"

There were also the whisperers, the jolly lads who went around nudging people in the side and pouring only the devil knows what into their ears. In the country districts, where nobody had ever seen Curley, posters were stuck up of a most evil face glaring out from behind jail bars; and underneath would be the caption that here, if the citizens did not wake up, was the next governor of the grand Old Commonwealth.

Now, Curley was never an evil-looking man, and he had committed no horrible crime (more of that later), but the job was done. He found himself submerged under the opposition votes. His first coherent remark, when he came up for air, was: "I'll never be governor of Massachusetts." And the side-liners agreed with him there—he was all through in the state.

They said the same thing of him only two years ago, yet here he is today, governor of Massachusetts.

It was an amazing comeback. A remarkable man? He is!

Jim Curley was born in the Roxbury section of Boston, that same Roxbury where dwelt the immortal John L. Sullivan during his great days.

Young Jim's father died and he had to go to work, but hours were long and wages low, and working for somebody else didn't seem to get a fellow anywhere—he chucked a regular job and went in for politics. He had the three qualifications for success in local politics—he knew a lot of people, he was a good mixer, and he knew how to say what he wanted to say before a crowd.

Those were the rough, tough days in Boston politics; a man had to be a good man with his tongue or his fists, and sometimes both. Heckling a candidate was a regular procedure, and how to handle hecklers was a distressing problem to some candidates, but not to Jim Curley. When one of them put an unanswerable question or made a too pungent comment, Jim would peel off his coat and invite the low-down-four-time-bum to come up on the platform and take a beating. If the heckler could not be identified, the hall being too crowded, say, he would offer to fight any man in the hall.

Curley was not rough and tough by nature, he had merely learned to play the part. It was part of the technique of the game to find out what the other fellow was trying to put over and then beat him to it. He was a candidate for Congress one time and South Boston was part of his congressional district.

They were great ones in South Boston for speaking out their minds. It was in South Boston that Congressman Bill McNary pulled the chandelier out by the roots. Bill was chairman of a ward meeting. A vote had been taken on a question and Bill ruled that the ayes had it; whereupon thirty or forty of the assembled brothers moved up on to the platform. Bill mounted his chairman's table. From the table, the brothers still advancing, he leaped up and took hold of the chandelier. The brothers grabbed his swinging legs and hauled. Bill clung to his chandelier. They hauled, and he clung until the chandelier came out by the roots. And Bill agreed that the noes did seem to have it.

Clubs Were Trumps

A henchman of Curley's informed him that some chaps over South Boston way were saying harsh things about him. "They are?" said Curley. "Wait and hear what I'll have to say about them!" He drove over to South Boston. It was a fine October night, the height of the campaigning season. There were crowds on every corner. Curley drove along until he spotted a good big crowd. He stood up in his car—and he had a superb

(Continued on page 68)

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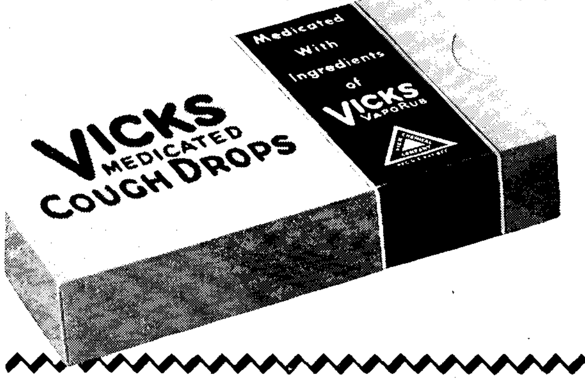

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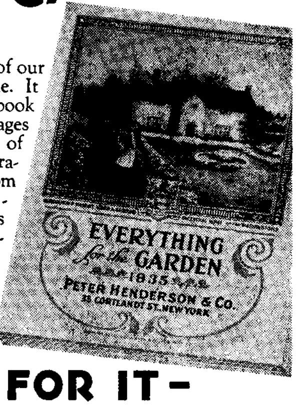

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(Continued from page 67)

speaking voice—and opened up with a sonorous:

"Door Mat Thieves and Milk Bottle Robbers of South Boston, I greet you!" which ended that speech. The corner lads did the greeting for the rest of that night.

James M.'s sense of humor in the old days sometimes glowed with sardonic color. He appeared on the streets one time with a lighted lantern. The newspaper-men leaped to learn the meaning of it. In his grave, sonorous voice he informed them:

"You gentlemen of course have read of Diogenes, that ancient Greek who patrolled the streets of Athens in search of an honest man. He searched in vain. I am on my way to the camp of my opponent to see if I there can find an honest man."

Curley was always organizing something or other. He organized the Tammany Club of Ward 17. The headquarters were over a little corner store in the tenement part of the ward. There was a single room that always looked as if it needed sweeping, a dozen or so of ancient wooden benches and a goodly number of spittoons. The members were mostly men who hoped to get a city vote some day.

There was a platform with a chair and a table. The members sat around and aye-ayed motions when Curley thought it necessary to put them. Curley used to practice his oratory on the members. On two days in the year, the club gave over politics for charity. Food baskets were sent to poor families on Thanksgiving and Christmas. Curley's enemies used to say: "Huh, you'd think to read the papers that Curley was paying for it all out of his own pocket." Which may not have been so, but Curley did contribute heavily from his not over-plethoric purse toward the food baskets.

Up the City Hall Steps

Jim Curley began his political life by running for the old Boston common council. Every young Boston politician of that day began with the common council. It paid $300 a year and most of them needed the money. Nobody stayed in the old council more than a year or two—unless there was something the matter with him. Jim Curley was elected to the council, stayed one year, ran for state representative and was elected.

It was while a state representative that he broke the federal law. He was a great one for hustling around and getting jobs for constituents. It was part of an officeholder's job to get jobs for constituents. A voter in Curley's ward wanted to be a mail carrier, but he feared he could not pass the civil service examination. Jim Curley took the examination in his place. He was caught at it, tried and sentenced to sixty days in jail.

Curley was then in his middle twenties and coming along fast in politics. He was already boss of his ward. That jail sentence looked also to be his political death sentence. It would have been for anybody else. A hostile press was making tremendous capital of it and hammered day in and out at Curley and the Democratic electorate, demanding to know when they were going to wake up and relegate to private life their corrupt representatives.

Curley's friends got busy. "Why all the sudden hullabaloo?" they queried. Men had substituted for other men in civil service examinations before this and no one thought the country was coming to an end. And why weren't some of those others sent to jail? And after all what was it he did? A poor man wanted a job—a job he could fill—and Jim got it for him. Where was the horrible crime?

To the Democratic electorate at large, the loud clamor savored of partisan politics. Also, being mostly Irish, they did not believe in kicking a man when he was down. He did wrong, yes; but he was paying the penalty, wasn't he? Then why not let him alone?

Curley survived that jail incident. He was elected successively to the State Senate, to the board of aldermen (five years as alderman to a reorganized and glorified city council, to Congress (twice to Congress) and then to the mayor's chair—all this in thirteen years.

He was elected mayor of Boston for three four-year terms, not consecutive terms—the charter forbids that. As mayor of Boston he became widely known. He deserved to be known. He knows city government. Back in the days when people who did not know him thought of him only as a roughneck—away back then he was making an intensive study of municipal government. People here in Boston believe that he knows more about running a big city than any other mayor in the world.

Self-Made Man

He had three years of the depression to handle during his last mayoralty term. The big problem was the welfare. He jumped to it, cutting knots right and left. Being called to account for putting so many extra names on the city pay roll, he replied: "I can give a man a city job at, say fifteen dollars a week, or I can put him on the welfare at twelve dollars a week. Giving him the job helps him to preserve his self-respect, and that, I think, is worth the extra three dollars."

There have been murmurings of graft for years in connection with Curley's handling of city affairs. Some years ago, he built himself a big house in an expensive neighborhood. His enemies refused to believe that he got the money from any or all of the various commercial enterprises he had been interested in. The Boston Finance Commission, a sort of local grand jury, once filed charges against him with the county district attorney. Nothing came of it. Not long ago, the Finance Commission investigated Curley's régime in City Hall, and laid its report before the state legislature, which was Republican. A committee was appointed to look into the report. The committee threw out the report.

Curley's political life has been one hard fight after another. He made hosts of enemies, he being the sort of man that other men were either for or against. So many people were standing around wanting to take a crack at him that almost any tramp at all could run against him and be sure of a good vote. He liked to wallop people himself.

As Curley grew older he mellowed. He got to where he could offer, and did offer, good city jobs to men who had once fought him bitterly.

Jim Curley owes his success to himself alone. Other fellows liked to relax, have a good loaf for themselves after a victorious fight; but not James Michael. He was never a playboy or a roisterer in the hard early days; nor in his later prosperous days did he go in for the soft life. He was always the student, studying his game or striving to make up for his lack of early schooling by intensive reading in the hours that he was always managing to save out of his long days of labor.

He is a great reader of serious things—history, biography, essays, poetry. He has a most retentive memory. He likes to roll out quotations from the classics in that Oxford accent of his—an accent that out-Oxfords any Oxonian that ever dwelt under the shade of the elms of that big university across the Charles. Some of the old side-liners would like to see James Michael take that Oxford accent and dump it into the Charles River—he has been known to dump it himself when he gets warmed up on a subject close to his heart—but there is no disputing its profound effect on visitors from afar.

A crude, lawless sort of roughneck is what many of the visiting delegates used to expect to see in Mayor Curley. What they saw, when they met him, was a good-sized, presentable figure, a man of dignified manners and of the widest information, who could tell them things about their own business or profession that some of them never knew before, and he would tell them in a most melodious voice.

The rough old days serve James Michael for reminiscence only, nowadays—when challenged to a personal debate in that last gubernatorial campaign, he replied with: "I must refuse to descend to personalities in this campaign. I leave that to my opponents. For myself, I shall confine myself to the real issues of the campaign."

Coming over the radio as that did—the Oxford accent and the melodious voice—inclined a stranger to say that here was a gentle, scholarly person practicing extreme restraint. But the old-timers chuckled, saying: "James Michael has sure come along since the old Door Mat Thieves and Milk Bottle Robbers period."

He has come along, although in some things he never had to come along. He was always a man of decent, wholesome habits; taking a drink when he thought he needed one, and smoking a mild cigar now and then. He was always a devoted family man; usually he carried around one or more of the children with him. Any soft living is for the children, not himself.

He is a charitable man, contributing cheerfully of his time and money to almost any good cause. He still fills his pockets with halves and quarters and sometimes dollars when he starts down the street. Any bum at all can get something from James Michael even when he knows it is a bum. The morning after that last election he changed five twenty-dollar bills into silver dollars at a downtown bank. It was to be nothing but dollars that day, and it is a sure bet that every last one of those one hundred silver dollars was passed out before he reached home.

Looking Forward to 1940

He is a humane man. He may have handed out his share of hooey in his campaign speeches along the road, but there was never any hooey in his pleas for the down-and-outer. He was always a healthy, vigorous man himself, but he knows what sickness and suffering and hunger are—and not from reading about them. The Boston City Hospital stands today among the world's half dozen great hospitals, and it was the constructive vision and the sympathy of James Michael Curley that placed it there.

Whatever the Massachusetts electorate at large may have thought of James Michael once, they are now strong for him. He is today the unquestioned leader of Massachusetts Democracy, and that means of New England.

The body of intelligent opinion in Boston believes he has it in him to give Massachusetts a wonderful administration.

A thousand people gave him a dinner shortly after his election, and nominated him for the presidency in 1940. And two years ago he couldn't have been elected to a street cleaner's job in his own city of Boston!

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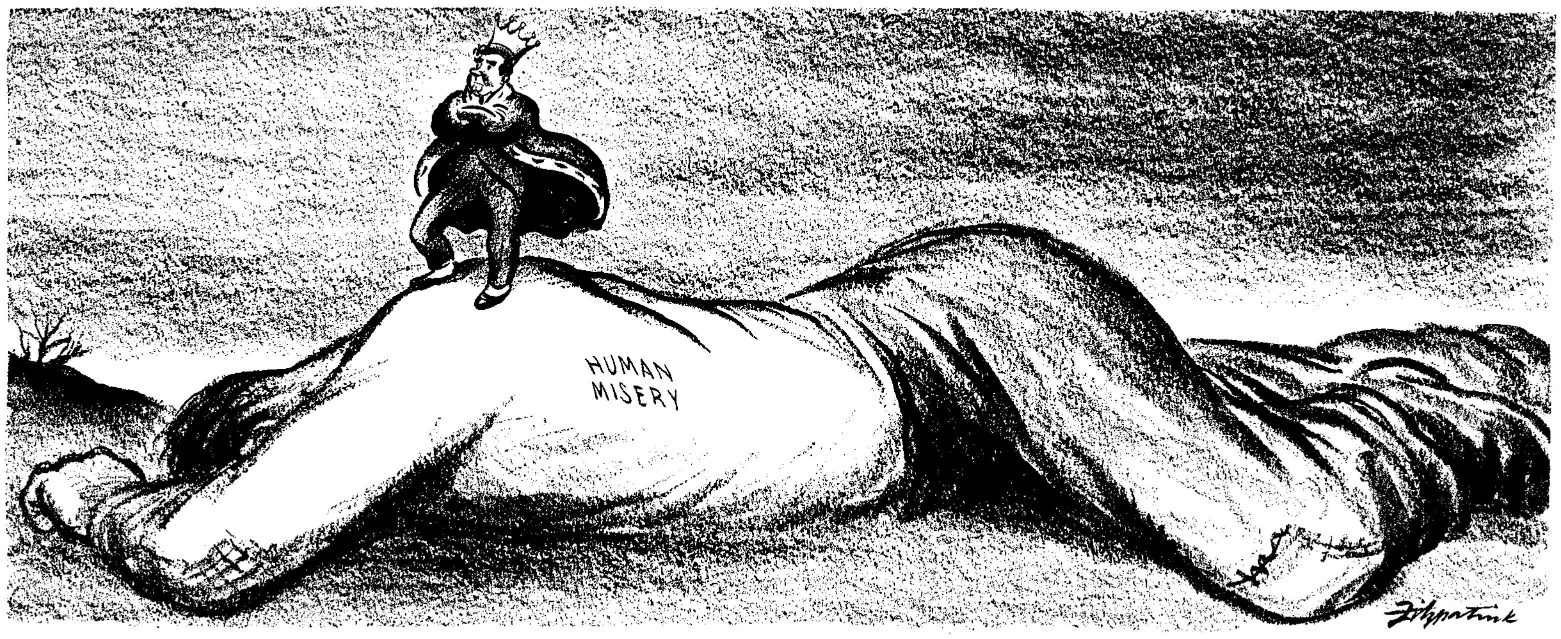

Rabble-Rouser

HUEY LONG, Louisiana's senior senator and political boss, thinks he has a chance to be President. He opened his campaign in the Senate with a reckless attack upon President Roosevelt. Among his other wild assertions, Senator Long accused the Administration of supporting lotteries and vice. Here are his words:

"We had closed down the lotteries that were operating under the guidance of the New Orleans ring government down there, 2,000 lottery shops; and a red-light district 16 squares long and 18 squares wide—the greatest cesspool of hell that has been known to the modern world—that has been supported by the Roosevelt Administration. Who is in charge of it? Well, do not misunderstand me. I said the Roosevelt Administration was in charge of it."

Senator Long is able to utter such false and malicious libels upon the President because of the immunity granted members of Congress by the Constitution. For any speech or debate in either house, members of Congress may not be questioned in any other place. Conscience is the only restraining influence on the tongue of a member of Congress. The conscienceless may exercise the privilege of completely irresponsible speech. Only, however, in the halls of Congress. On the radio and outside Huey Long has been taught to heed the libel laws.

Senator Long's fury was aroused by the indictment of some of his friends and political associates on income tax matters and also by the refusal of the Administration to accept his recommendations for federal appointments.

If the Treasury Department were to call off its income tax investigators and the Administration could swallow his candidates, Senator Long would be amiable enough. Since reconciliation seems impossible, he decided that attack was his only defense. So he became the only Democratic rival of Mr. Roosevelt for next year's nomination.

A presidential candidate needs a platform. Mr. Long outlined his in his attack on the Administration. Here is the significant paragraph as reported in the Congressional Record:

"We have enacted laws that propose to take the taxes in the State of Louisiana off the back of the little man entirely, 100 per cent; which propose that no man owning a home or owning a farm worth or assessed for less than $2,000 shall pay any taxes whatever on that home or on that farm. That is the basis of the so-called 'dictatorship' about which there has been so much complaint heard in the State of Louisiana—that a farmer or a home-owner, owning a home worth or assessed for less than $2,000 should pay no taxes, county, district or state."

This is a simple appeal. Few people like to pay taxes. Senator Long proposes to exempt nearly 60 per cent of the property owners from paying any taxes.

According to the Census Bureau, this is the Louisiana line-up:

	VALUE UNDER $2,000	VALUE OVER $2,000	TOTAL
FARM	47,411	4,680	52,091
NON-FARM	45,077	63,586	108,663
TOTAL	92,488	68.266	160,754

Senator Long is counted most successful of the rabble-rousers. With a promise to exempt 90 per cent of all farmers and nearly 60 per cent of all property owners from taxation, it is not hard to assemble a crowd.

Out in California, Upton Sinclair went even further. Sinclair promised to exempt from real estate taxes all whose homes or farms were worth less than $7,500. Naturally, this would have included most of the state.

Senator Long is a much more sophisticated person than Upton Sinclair. Long promises tax exemption below $2,000, but he has tied an elastic string to this exemption.

His State Board of Equalization has the last word on land valuations for tax purposes. Two neighbors may live in identical houses. The state tax board is free to assess one house at $10,000 and the other house at $3,000.

In this taxing power the Long machine has an unrivaled weapon. If a farmer or a home-owner opposes the Kingfish, his taxes may be raised. If he is complacent, his taxes may be lowered or he may be exempted.

Already in New Orleans assessments have been raised and lowered in spectacular fashion. Business houses have felt the sting. The race track near New Orleans was assessed as high as $800,000, when interests unsympathetic to Senator Long owned it and as low as $300,000 when in friendly hands.

Huey Long is a product of hard times. Like Upton Sinclair, Dr. Townsend, General Coxey of Coxey's Army fame, the Louisiana senator is a medicine man of politics vending quack remedies. Unlike these romantic spellbinders, Senator Long is an extremely hard-boiled political boss comparable to Tammany's Croker, Pennsylvania's Penrose and Vare or Kansas City's present Tom Pendergast.

In Louisiana, Senator Long built his power precisely in the manner of the unscrupulous bosses of many American cities. His methods are Tammany methods at Tammany's worst.

His radicalism is the cheapest variety of claptrap. What he is doing is attempting to capitalize for his own benefit the discontent and confusion felt by helpless people who have been plagued by the prolonged hardships of a changing era. Lust for power, not compassion for the poor, is his driving impulse.

President Roosevelt is lucky even in his enemy. If the President had the privilege of picking an antagonist for his own next campaign, surely he could find none more vulnerable. In such a contest there is no question of the verdict of the great decent and intelligent majority of American voters.

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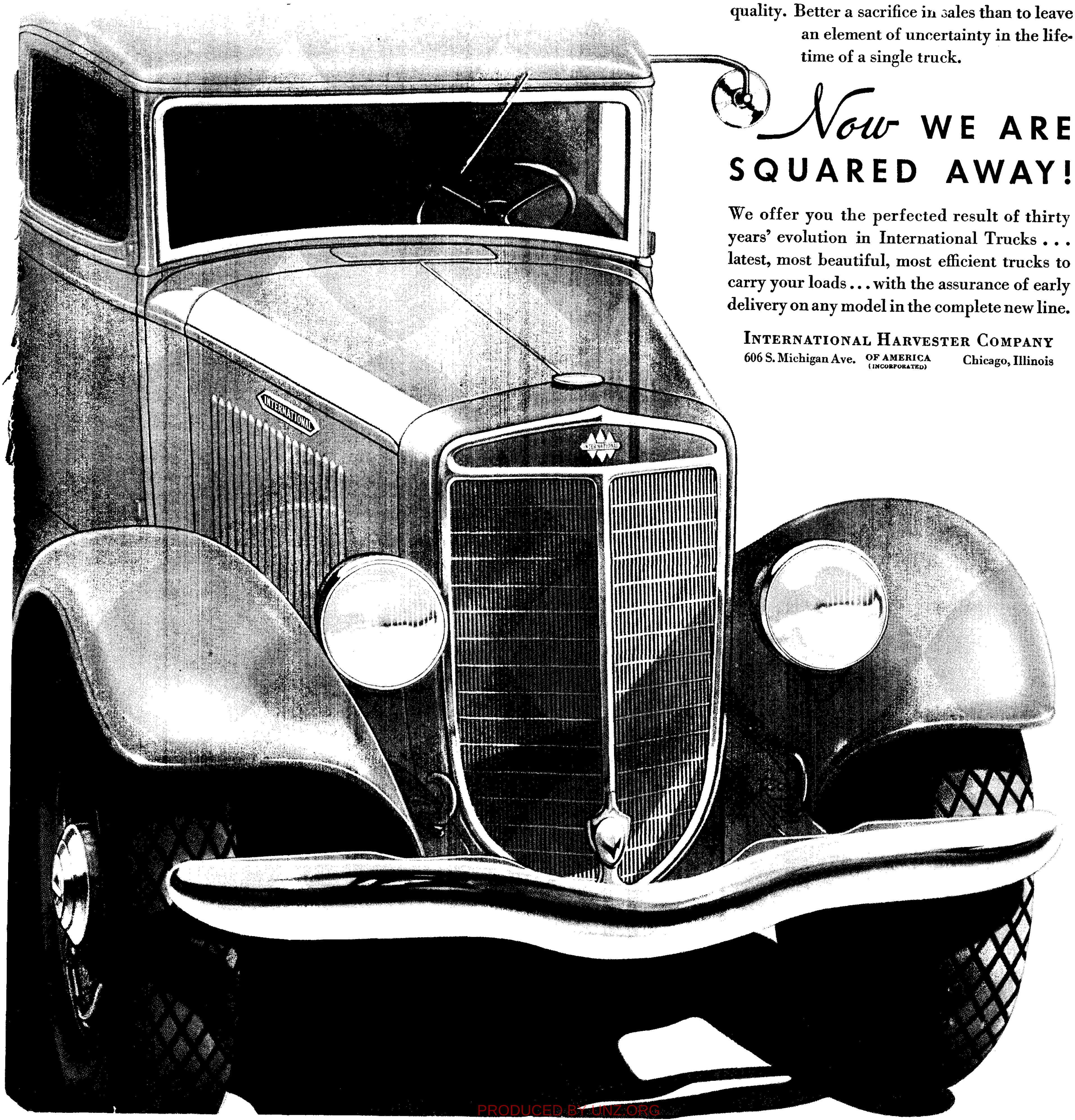

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